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3 easy Recipes

... to please!

please! please!

Rum Recipes Everyone Likes!

Welcome your guests with a pleasant change next time they drop around. Serve them one of these mellow, refreshing drinks. Then listen as they tell you: "I never knew rum could be so light ... so dry ... so smooth!" And "it has a grand, satisfying flavor all its own!"

You'll see immediately why Puerto Rican rum is going to town—all over America! It's rum the way Americans like it—light and dry—not sweet and heavy. You'll find it a welcome change from the same old routine.

1 EL PRESIDENTE, as made at the Bel-Air Hotel, Beverly Hills



1 jigger golden
Puerto Rican rum
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of grenadine

Add ice, shake well and strain into glass. Add a twist of orange peel to enhance the glorious, tangy flavor of Puerto Rican rum.

2 RUM HIGHBALL, as made at the Hotel Nicollet, Minneapolis



1 jigger golden
Puerto Rican rum
Add ice and fill with soda,
ginger ale or water

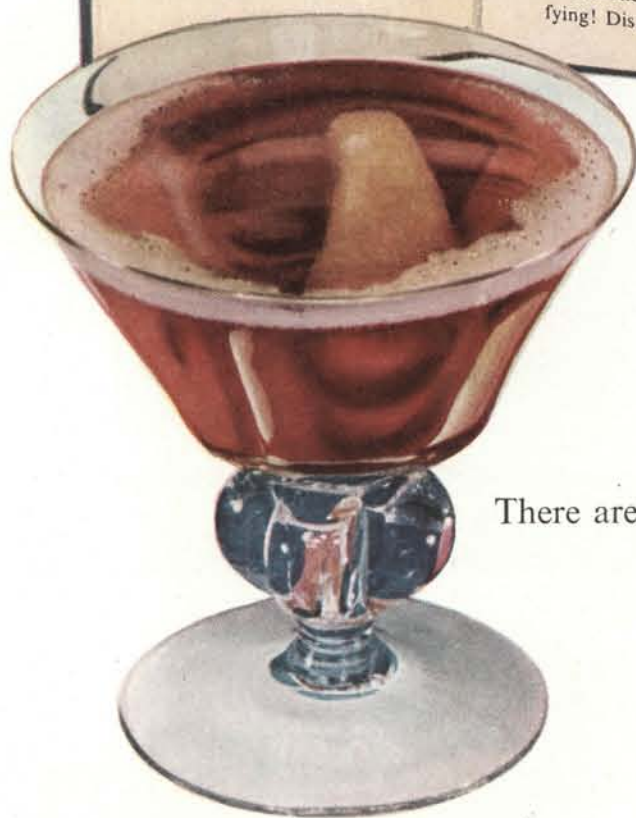
Here's the way to know how good rum actually is! In a highball or even straight, the light, dry smoothness of Puerto Rican rum stands alone!

3 RUM AND COLA, as made at the Hotel Book-Cadillac, Detroit



1 jigger Puerto Rican rum
Juice of ½ fresh lemon
Add ice and fill with cola

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There are many fine brands
—these words on every bottle

Puerto Rican Rum

Light and Dry—not heavy and sweet.



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love . . . too mixed up to
know what they're doing!



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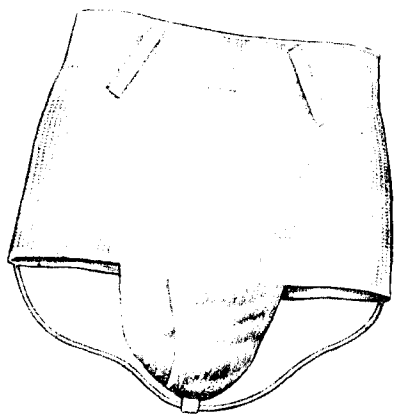
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October 15, 1949

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Week's Mail

Neck & Neck

EDITOR: The article What Happened to
the Fair Deal (Aug. 27th) states: "When
the President laid down the Fair Deal,
none of the bills necessary to translate it
into law had been prepared."

In the case of housing, the following are
the facts:

On January 5, 1949, in his State of the
Union message, the President recom-
mended to the Eighty-first Congress the
enactment of comprehensive legislation, in-
cluding provision of federal aid for 1,050,-
000 units of low-rent public housing.

On January 5, 1949, there was intro-
duced in the Eighty-first Congress, under
joint sponsorship of Senators Ellender,
Wagner, Maybank, Sparkman, Myers, Hill
and Long, S. 138, a comprehensive housing
bill providing federal aid for 1,050,000
units of low-rent public housing, federal
loans and grants for slum clearance and
community redevelopment, federal aid for
farm housing and a broad federal pro-
gram of housing research.

B. T. FITZPATRICK, General Counsel,
Housing and Home Finance Agency,
Washington, D. C.

Good Gosh!

EDITOR: I—as a committee of one—pro-
test not mentioning the nurses in Good Jobs
for Good Girls (Sept. 3d). All of us here
at Rockaway Beach Hospital certainly have
it in for Harford Powel for not giving us a
break. Are we still the underdogs?

Hoping some nice statement may be pub-
lished soon about us. GLORIA PRICE, R.N.,
Far Rockaway, N. Y.

... I think Mr. Harford Powel is wacky.
Any girl who would take a job to get a man
isn't worth hiring, because her mind would
be on men and not on her job.

JEANNE CIMINO, Weirton, W. Va.

... After reading Good Jobs for Good
Girls I can't help but wonder if Harford
Powel isn't perhaps a pen name for Peggy
Hopkins Joyce. H'mm?

JOHN W. HIGGINS, New York City

No.

A Gourmet's Curse

EDITOR: ALFRED TOOMBS' CONDESCENSION
TO ESCOFFIER (Man Over a Hot Stove,
Aug. 27th) RECALLS THE SPROUT PAINTER
WHO SPOKE OF MICHELANGELO AS AN EQUAL.
LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME: JUKE
BOXES WITH HIS DINNER.

SAM JONES, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

The Point Is Six

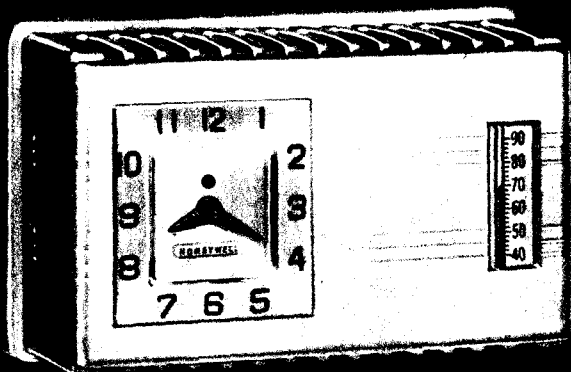
EDITOR: Before we go any further with the
vast number of agencies to aid old age and
to stop the top-heavy administrative ex-
pense so many plans would entail, let us
adopt my Big Six plan.

Let us pay, to anyone who applies, the
sum of \$66 at the age of sixty-six, if he has
resided in the state for six years. Let this
amount be increased \$1 per month on each
succeeding birthday of the recipient, which
would be \$6 every six months.

The plan would be financed as follows:
Social Security to be extended so that every
earner from sixteen to sixty-six contributes
enough so that some earners would collect
\$66 per month. The difference between
lesser payments and \$66 to be paid by the
states. This money to be raised as each
state sees fit, but preferably by a sales tax.

This plan would give an aged couple
enough to live on, which most of present
plans do not do, and would be a plan in
which no one is overlooked. It would
mean only the extension of Social Security
by the government and extension of old-age

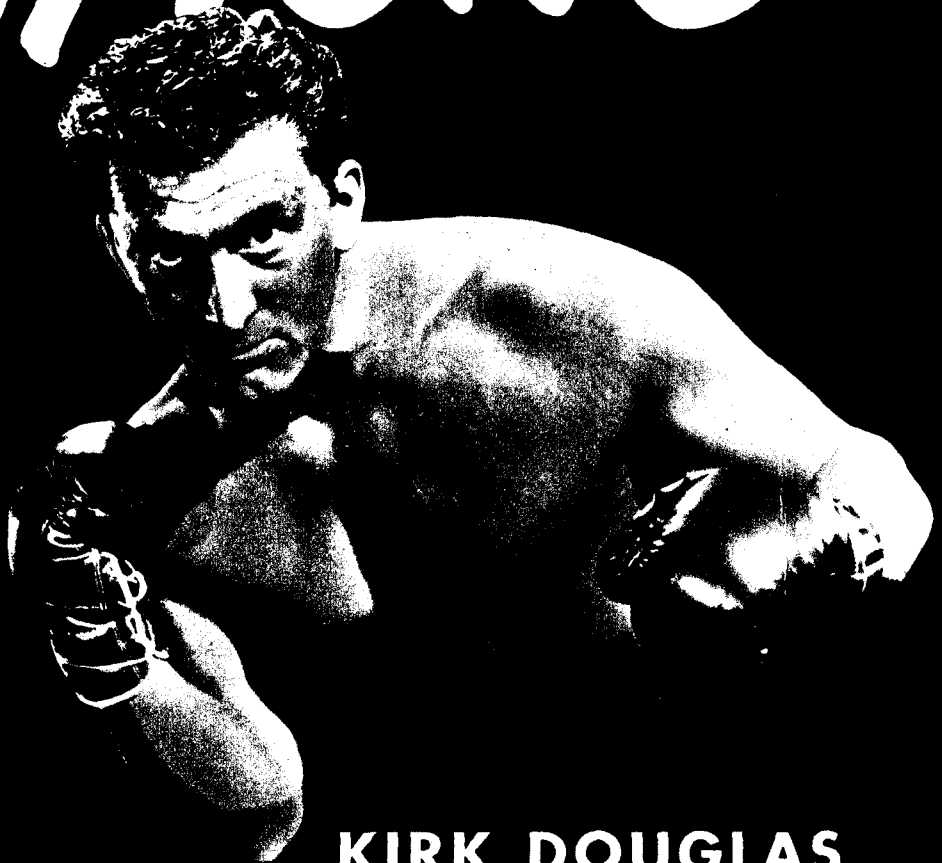
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ELECTRIC CLOCK THERMOSTAT

THE KIRK DOUGLAS HOME IS KEPT COMFORTABLE THE YEAR AROUND BY CHRONOTHERM



KIRK DOUGLAS

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in just a few minutes to replace your present thermostat. Or, your dealer will install it at a slight additional cost.

For real fuel economy plus the greatest heating comfort and convenience you have ever known, make sure that your heating plant is controlled by Chronotherm.

MODERNIZE YOUR HEATING PLANT, TOO

If your heating system is not automatic, or if it has seen long service, it will pay you to have a heating contractor or dealer look it over and bring it up to date. It will give you far greater comfort and convenience—and may save you money, too!

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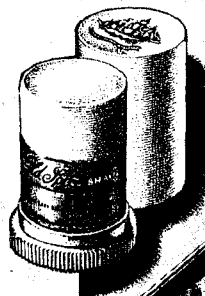
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
FOR MEN

mug



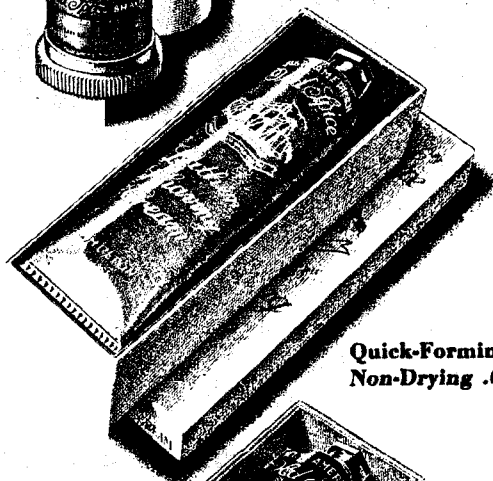
10-12 Months'
Supply...1.00
(refill .65)

stick



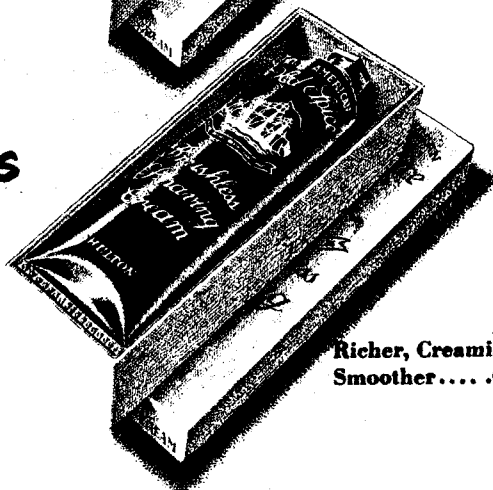
Big, Clean and
Economical .75

lather

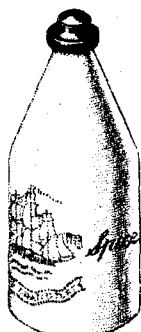


Quick-Forming,
Non-Drying .60

brushless



Richer, Creamier,
Smoother.... .60



... and Now! Old Spice After Shave Lotion
is a better buy than ever — you get 18¾% more
in every bottle! Leak-proof top, too. 4¾ oz. 1.00
9½ oz. 1.75

PLUS TAX

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

assistance by the states. It would be helpful in preventing strikes in unions with their pension plans and would curtail the trend of the present of special aid to special groups, leaving a large part of the aged by the wayside.

GEORGE W. BAKER, Crete, Ill.

He Ain't Talkin'

EDITOR: Thank you for publishing the article 150 Million Noses—Count 'Em (Aug. 20th). Thanks for warning us. Since I do not relish the role of either guinea pig or goldfish, the census taker is going to have heavy going at our house.

I can think of ten questions that are pertinent to a census. These I will answer truthfully and to the best of my ability. But nobody could possibly ask me 70 personal questions without going over the boundaries of privacy. There is a big difference between secrecy and privacy.

After the census taker has asked those ten questions, he or she is going to get as fine a collection of misinformation, fabrication and downright lies as I can invent between now and next April.

AMBROSE CUNNINGHAM, Redlands, Cal.

General Agreement

EDITOR: If I didn't already think Collier's was just about perfect, I'd certainly rate you 100 per cent now, after reading Operation Pop-Off (Sept. 3d editorial).

The shameful part of this is not General Vaughan's making such a fool of himself but his lowering of the nation's respect for our President, who is so openly condoning his actions.

This country is in a bad way when we have to feel ashamed of the actions of the one man, who, next to God, should be above reproach.

MRS. HAROLD COMP, Ada, Mich.

... Your editorial on Vaughan was a "honey." That goes in my scrapbook. By all means keep up the good work.

F. B. STOUT, Santa Barbara, Cal.

He Wrote to the Veep

EDITOR: For the first time in my 72 years I want to comment on an editorial in a magazine. Gulliver in Washington (Aug. 27th) is in line with a letter I wrote to Vice-President Alben W. Barkley before reading your editorial. I was so disgusted with the numerous and foolish investigations that I could not refrain from showing resentment.

I am in the belief that our primary laws are responsible for the class of legislators we have in Congress, as anyone with a gift of gab can get nominated and elected.

ARTHUR W. SMITH, Boise, Idaho

Neglected Virtuoso

EDITOR: In Freling Foster's story about the great organ at West Point (Keep Up with the World, Aug. 20th), he should surely have mentioned Frederick Christian Mayer, architect and presiding genius of the giant instrument. To his perseverance for over 30 years this stupendous memorial must be credited.

Mayer's virtuosity, heard by thousands of visitors in his spring and fall recital series on Sunday afternoons, is organ play-

ing in the "grand manner," affording thrills that even the very best of contemporary organists rarely achieve.

The audiences that gather from 100 miles around to hear him are lucky indeed. The Army does well to maintain this feature, which adds so much to its civil prestige.

WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

Dramatic License

EDITOR: In Bill Fay's The Life of Cary Middlecoff (Aug. 27th) he says... "young slugger Babe Ruth, who couldn't hit a curve ball until Claire Trevor straightened him out..." Does he not mean that the Babe couldn't pitch a curve ball without sticking his tongue out, thus revealing that the pitch would be a curve?

WARREN L. JOLIMORE, Halifax, N. S.

That's the accepted version of the story, all right. But then—you know Hollywood.

You See, It's This Way...

EDITOR: Please explain Collier's cover of Sept. 3d. Thank you.

R. F. JASPER, San Bernardino, Cal.



There was this guide, and a boat for hire, and two girls who wanted a ride, and a photographer, and—well, maybe you can take it from there.

... First picture I ever saw of an outboard motorboat with all occupants looking where they came from. They usually look where they are going. I do.

B. F. BERRY, Murray, Ky.

... May I add my criticism of your pretty but inaccurate cover? The passengers are facing the wrong way.

ARTHUR BLISS CONKWRIGHT,
Palm Springs, Cal.

A Lee Fan

EDITOR: Congratulations to Robert J. Lee and Collier's for the remarkable piece of illustrating accompanying John Godey's short story. The Eyes of Mr. Lovides (July 23d). After the common run of slick-magazine illustration it is a welcome and refreshing change. Let's have some more of Mr. Lee's stuff.

I realize you have to be commercial and reach every level of reader, but the change has got to come sometime, and what magazine except Collier's is better qualified to be the pioneer?

THOMAS P. RAMIREZ, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Clearing up a point in "The Secret Boss"

Our recent article, The Secret Boss of California (Aug. 13th-20th), has been widely acclaimed as a vital and exciting example of responsible journalism. However, Collier's apparently left with Attorney Archibald D. McDougall of Sacramento, California, a wrong impression. In the article it was stated that Artie Samish "startled" McDougall by supporting him for dis-

trict attorney with a billboard campaign. It was also stated that "Artie Samish found a young man just out of law school" when the fact is that McDougall had been practicing for nine years and enjoyed the support of Sacramento's two newspapers. We think our readers should know that while McDougall was supported by Samish, he did not welcome this support.

Best-looking

THAT'S WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT THIS BIG NEW 1949 MERCURY!

Handsome? Yes! And owners also say it's the sweetest-handling, smoothest-riding new car, too—with a lively thriftiness that's unmatched! No wonder they call the 1949 MERCURY the standout buy. For it is!



MERCURY

YES—you get the best of everything with the new 1949 Mercury!

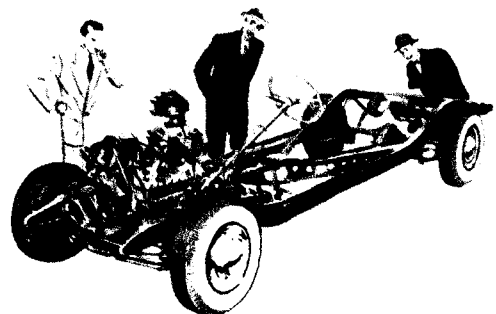
And, best of all, you can be sure that everything's been thoroughly *road-proven* by thousands of satisfied owners for millions of miles!

You get a powerful new 8-cylinder, V-type engine with surprising *economy*!

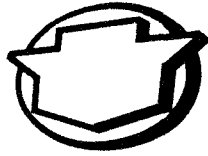
You get front coil *springing*! A truly restful "comfort-zone" *ride*! Easier *steering*! "Super-safety" *brakes*! Increased all-round *visibility*! Plus the luxury of foam rubber-cushioned *seats*!

Compare it every way—and you'll say: "*It's Mercury for me!*"

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



White side-wall tires and rear wheel shields optional at extra cost



In Florsheim Shoes, quality is always more than skin deep; it means the finest of everything, from top grade calfskin to pure silk stitching. And the result? Better looks, finer fit, longer wear and lower cost in the long run. That's Florsheim quality—America's standard of fine shoe value.

Florsheim Shoes

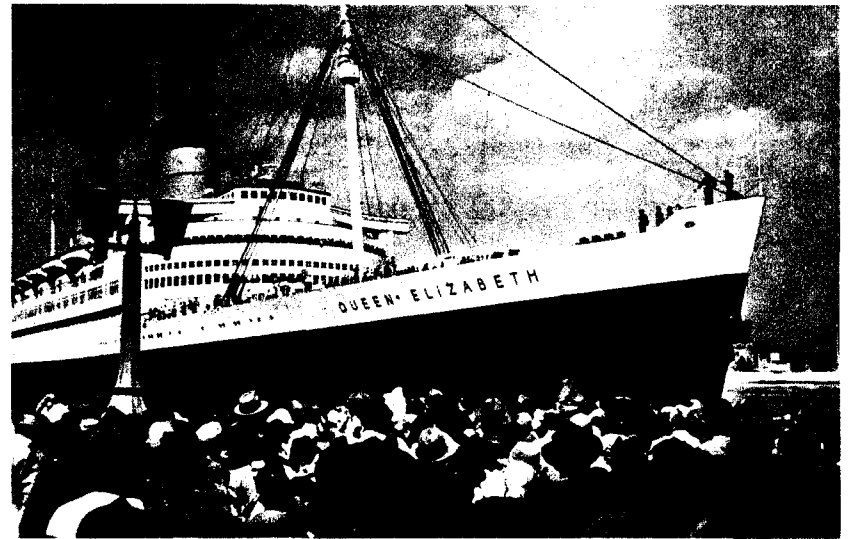


*The Viking,
S-1311*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



The world's largest ship carries food for 100,000 meals

In order to maintain her schedule, the British liner Queen Elizabeth, the largest ship ever built, is sometimes required to depart from New York for Southampton 24 hours after her arrival. During this incredibly short period, the Elizabeth must not only unload and load some 2,200 passengers and about 9,000 trunks, bags and other luggage, but the ship must also be cleaned and prepared for the new passengers, her tanks filled with 1,600,000 gallons of fresh water, and her 125,000 pieces of soiled linen exchanged for the clean supply ready at a laundry ashore. As the Elizabeth buys virtually all her provisions and other stores in New York, she must also take aboard sufficient supplies for a round trip, including 1,700,000 gallons of fuel oil and food for at least 100,000 meals.

A score of editions of the Bible have special names because they contain typographical errors or mistakes in translation. One is the Breeches Bible of 1560 in which the passage in Genesis 3:7 reads: "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches (aprons)." Another is the Rebekah's-camels Bible of 1823 in which the passage in Genesis 24:61 begins: "And Rebekah arose, and her camels (damsels) . . ." But the classic edition, copies of which still exist although all were ordered destroyed, is the Wicked or Devil's Bible of 1631. In it the word *not* is omitted from the Seventh Commandment, making Exodus 20:14 read: "Thou shalt commit adultery."

A strange unsolved murder was that of Charles Keene of Washington, D.C., aboard a steamer on which he was traveling from the capital to Norfolk on the night of May 13-14, 1937. The next morning, Keene's cabin was in great disorder and spattered with blood; and his body was found 17 days later in Chesapeake Bay with a bullet in the head and a weight tied to the neck. Neither a motive nor a sus-

pect was ever discovered, although the killer left behind several articles of his own including a neatly folded necktie, a rare ornamental comb and a guidebook to Florence, Italy. Most mystifying aspects of the case were (1) why the woman who was in the next cabin and was awake nearly all night did not hear the shot or the violent struggle; and (2) why the murderer took pains to plant useless clues, yet left one of real value. He had tied the weight on the victim with a knot that is known and used almost exclusively by seamen.

Cilia, the hairlike extensions of the cells that line the tissue of the human respiratory tract, filter the inhaled air with a peculiar rhythmic movement. The hairs bend slowly inward and then suddenly snap back, expelling the dust particles they have caught. The remarkable strength of this propulsive force has been demonstrated by removing and keeping alive pieces of ciliated tissue. When moistened for lubrication, the cilia, still attempting to perform their normal function, have caused the tissue to creep across a smooth table, even passing up and over such an obstacle as a thin book.

Of the many ways that Léon Daudet, the Parisian journalist, taunted and confounded government officials, the most amusing followed his conviction for libel in 1924. Receiving a six-month sentence and being told he could serve it when convenient, Daudet promptly forgot the matter. Two years later, when reminded of it by the police, he dared them to come and get him. So they did but, as Daudet had barricaded himself in his office, his capture required a three-day siege by 500 gendarmes and three fire engines. Fourteen days after entering Santé Prison, he had a friend, pretending to be the Minister of the Interior, telephone the warden that he had been pardoned. And the official, being so credulous that he did not check the call, released Daudet.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., \$2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

Collier's for October 15, 1949

Hungry? Catch some of these "pan" fish:

YELLOW PERCH—distinguished by an unusual color pattern and the concave profile of the head, which gives a somewhat humped appearance.

BLACK CRAPPIE—also called Calico Bass—has six to ten spines in the dorsal fin. Markings are darker and more numerous than on the White Crappie.

ROCK BASS—a toothsome morsel identified by a short, thick body, dark uneven markings, red eyes and a six-spined anal fin.

The **BLACK BEAR** is marked by a coat that is usually coal-black except for a brown patch covering the muzzle.

You can't miss the mark of a **COTTONTAIL RABBIT**.

When you go camping...
THE **"TRADE-MARKS"**
OF NATURE
identify your neighbors.

You're more likely to hear the tiny **SCREECH OWL** than to see him—but if you do spot one you can identify this noisy fellow by his small size and ear tufts.

When you buy gasoline...
THE **TRADE-MARK**
"ETHYL"
identifies gasoline stepped up
with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History.

A **PORCUPINE** can sharply remind you of his distinguishing feature—a set of needle-sharp "quills."

The friendly **RACCOON** is marked by a club-shaped "ringed" tail, a dark face mask and hand-like front paws that he can use with almost the facility of a monkey's hands.

IF YOU'RE A BEAR FOR POWER...

if you like to zoom up hills...

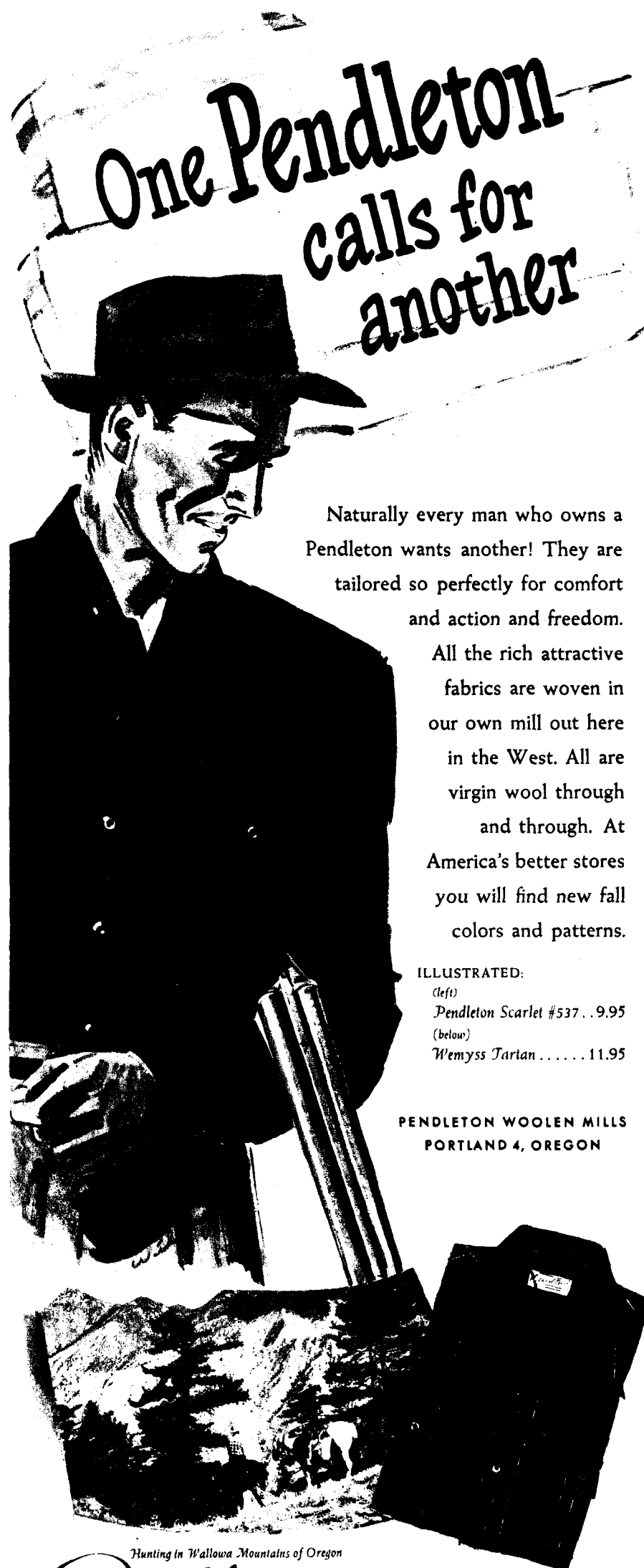
if you like to step along the open road...

if you like to snap away when the light goes green...

ask for "Ethyl" gasoline—high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

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One Pendleton
calls for
another

Naturally every man who owns a Pendleton wants another! They are tailored so perfectly for comfort and action and freedom.

All the rich attractive fabrics are woven in our own mill out here in the West. All are virgin wool through and through. At America's better stores you will find new fall colors and patterns.

ILLUSTRATED:

(left)

Pendleton Scarlet #537... 9.95

(below)

Wemyss Tartan..... 11.95

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS
PORTLAND 4, OREGON

Hunting in Willowa Mountains of Oregon

Pendleton® ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

By PARKE CUMMINGS



At football games I did not offer advice

MAKING out his will, a man recently "bequeathed" upon his heirs the "priceless heritage" that in no way had he helped to originate or perpetuate a certain political party. I am not mentioning the party because I don't want to get involved in an argument. However, it would seem that this guy had something. And it gives me new hope, because if this sort of thing is admissible in the courts, I'm in a position to make out a mighty impressive will myself, to wit:

My dear heirs: My strongbox, I fear, will contain little of finite value, save a half dozen royal coachman flies, but I will and bequeath to you many priceless gifts.

The giveaway program was not my invention, nor have I at any time installed a mechanical wolf whistle on any make, style or model of automobile. I was, furthermore, capable of driving a car without clutching its top with my left hand and, when a traffic light turned from red to green, I always gave the driver ahead of me a reasonable time to proceed before sounding my horn.

When I entered an elevator, I told the operator "fourteen"—and not "fourteen out." When I expressed appreciation I said "thanks" instead of "thanks loads." When I took leave of a person I remarked "good-by" and not "good-by now." To express emphasis, I said "definitely" rather than "but definitely."

I have kept my personal philosophy to myself; nobody has ever heard me remark: (a) "You can't win," (b) "It's a great life if you don't weaken," (c) "The first hundred years are the hardest." And although I am an alumnus of a certain university in Cambridge, Massachusetts, never have I informed anybody: "You can tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much."

I was in no way responsible for the zoot suit, flagpole sitting or marathon dancing. When people asked me, I answered frankly that I knew of no dependable cure for the common cold, the hang-over, poison ivy or the traffic problem.

My house never had air conditioning, but its fixtures included ash trays in which you could deposit cigarettes without their going out, wall sockets you could get at without standing on your head, and a pencil securely chained to our telephone.

I owned a bridge table which, at each corner, had a circular depression for containing a highball glass. Never, during my life, did I permit anyone to put a cover over this table so that an unwary guest might put his drink over one of these concealed depressions and upset it.

I have never given a mortal being a hot-foot or exploding cigar. I have likewise never phoned an old pal at 2:37 A.M. and told him to come right

over to the Hotel Esplanade, Room 1722, for more fun than a barrel of monkeys. I could watch football games without advising our team to look out for a forward pass; and when an opposing pitcher walked my favorite slugger with first base open and a man on second, I never booed.

When I made overnight visits I hardly ever left articles of wearing apparel behind, but when I did, I automatically bequeathed them to my hosts in perpetuity instead of dashing off a note beginning: "I wonder if you would mind sending me, by parcel post—" And likewise, when making week-end visits to people who lived eight miles from the station I either arrived on the train I promised to take or warned them with a phone call from the city that I would be on a later one.

As a host I served no truffles or *filet mignon*; but however frugal our repasts, a guest was always given something more stable than his lap on which to deposit his plate. Furthermore, viands grown in our own garden were served without any comment on that fact.

I never advised anybody how to improve his putting, draw to an inside straight or get rid of crab grass, and it was a matter of complete indifference to me whether any relative, friend or acquaintance of mine pa-



LARRY REYNOLDS

I never gave a soul
an exploding cigar

tronized my own favorite tailor, garage, barber, restaurant, plumber, haberdasher, hardware store or veterinary. When anyone expressed an opinion contrary to mine, I might have made any of a number of comments, but two I avoided were: "Where did you get those figures?" and "What paper do you read anyhow?"

Not infrequently I advised friends to catch a certain comedian on radio or television. When they listened or watched in dead-pan silence, I followed suit rather than assuring them: "He's terrible tonight, but you should have heard him last week." My collection of shaggy-dog stories was limited, and I never told them to the type of person who didn't appreciate shaggy-dog stories.

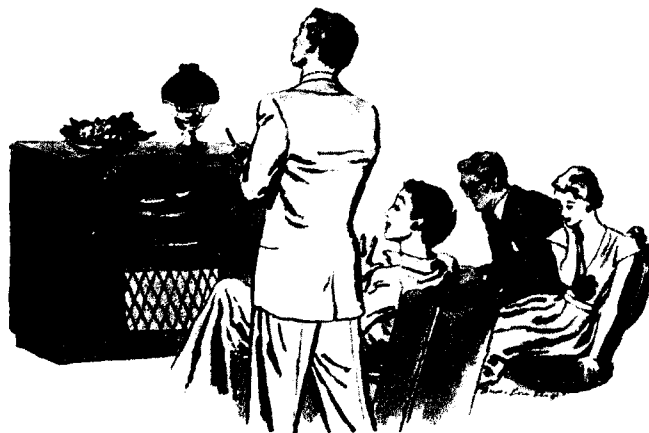
And finally, my dear children, I never possessed, or thought I possessed, a foolproof system for bringing up children, including you. In short, I leave you neither wealth nor fame, but perhaps you can look on your old man as one who did his best according to his lights. I give you my blessing, and confine my advice for your future well-being to a total of only nine words: the trailer truck always has the right of way. THE END

Collier's for October 15, 1949



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MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

... the praise you'll get on this new "Hospitality"* Set. In a matter of minutes, you turn the unexpected gathering into an event.

It's easy to be a grand hostess with this Hospitality Set!



SING A NEW NOTE

in home entertaining with those four party plates of Viking crystal glassware. Convenient for guests, correct for you.

\$32.50

Set includes toaster, tray, four party plates, and three relish dishes. Toaster only, \$21.50



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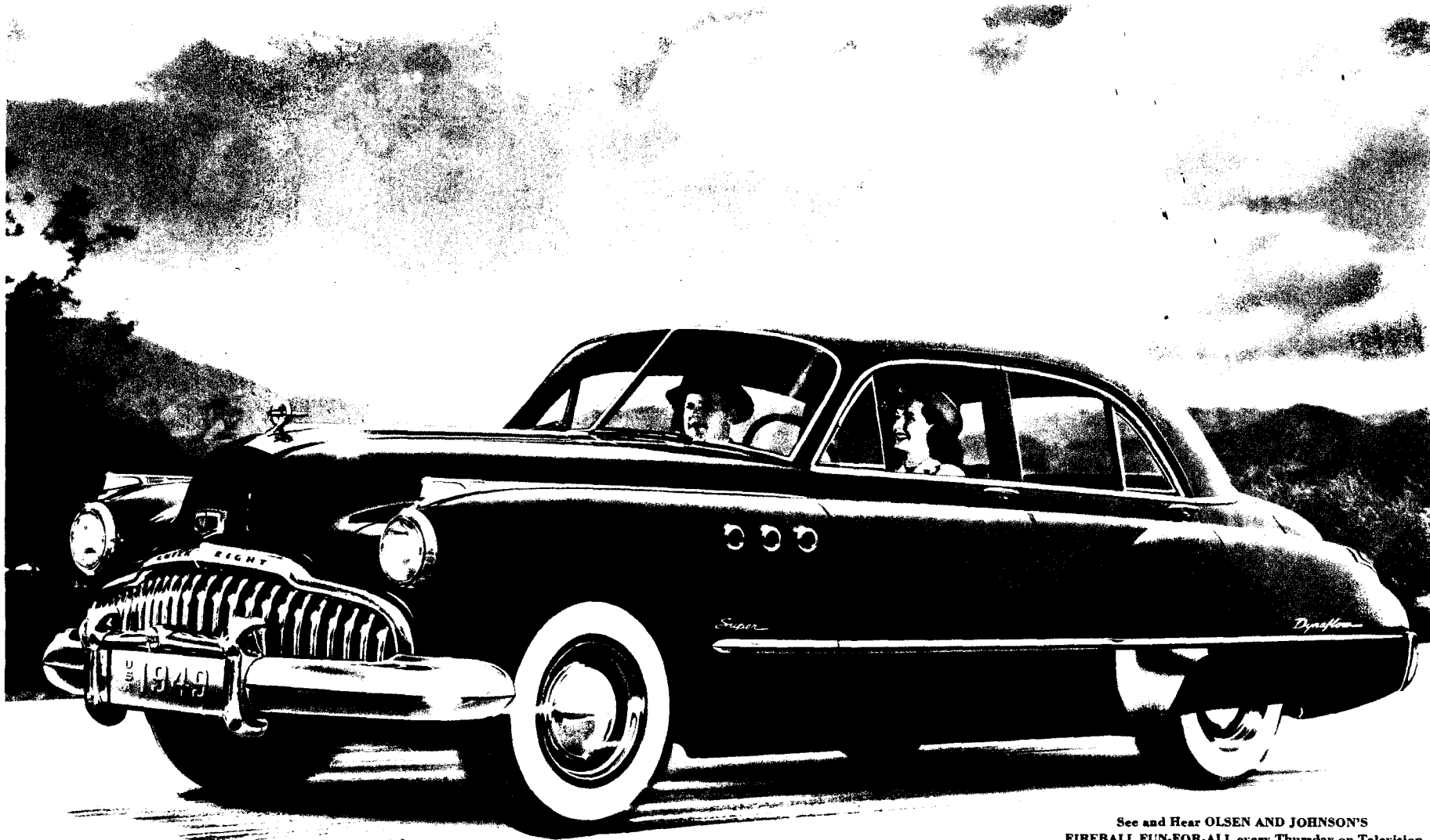
adding sparkle to the simplest snacks. Without fuss, without anything elaborate on hand, you're always ready for guests.



WHAT A SERVICE!

Handsome, hand-rubbed, walnut-veneer tray. Inlaid with simulated leather. Easy for folks to serve themselves. Frees you for fun.

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Got deep-down comfort in those spacious seat cushions, and the regal luxury of a ride that sets the industry's standards . . .

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Buick SUPER a gem among gems — with Dynaflo Drive.*

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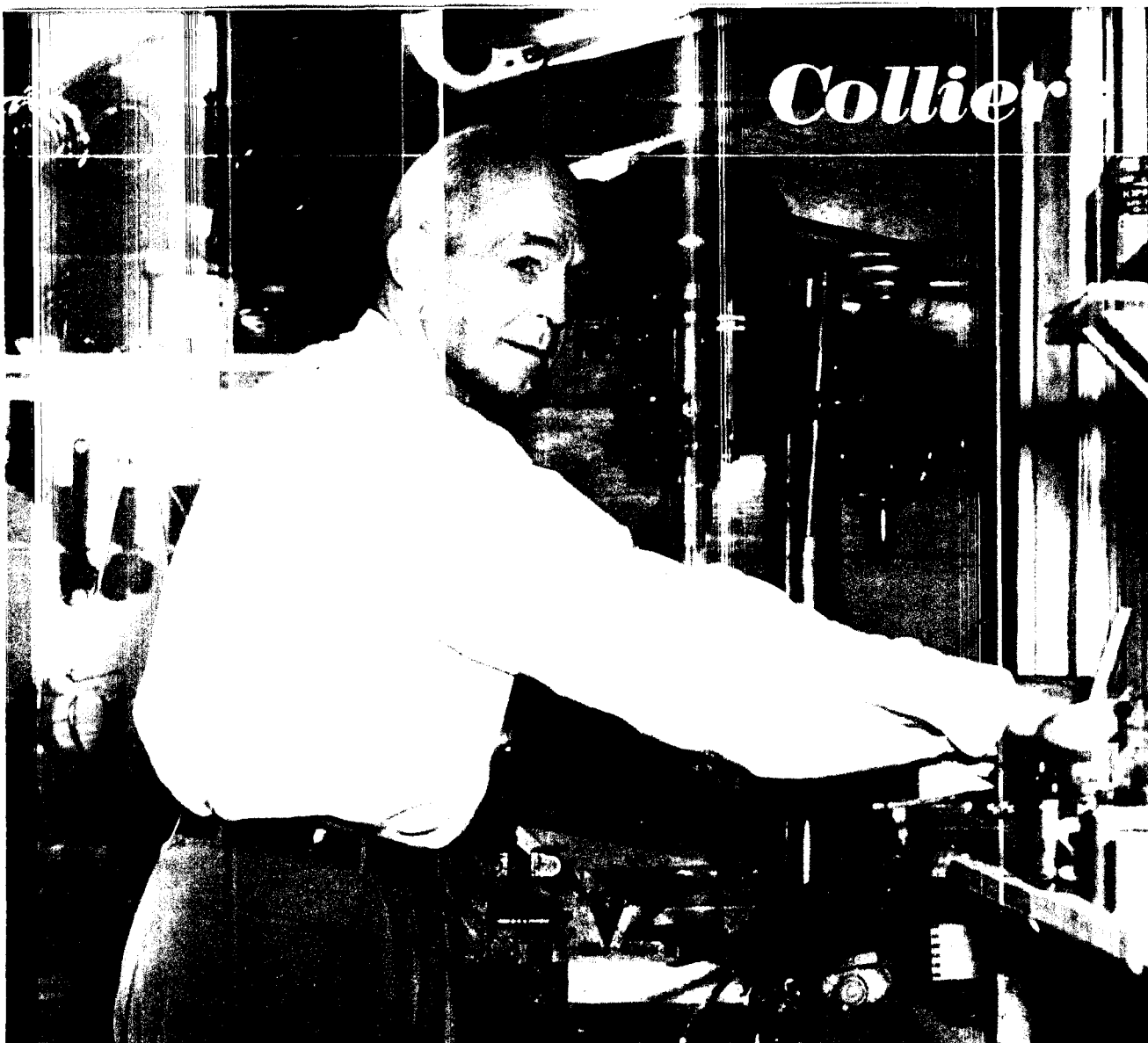
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OCTOBER 15, 1949

The general relaxes in the workshop of his Sonoma, California, home

TRADITION *Can't Win* WARS

By GENERAL H. H. (HAP) ARNOLD

SOME fifty years ago the inhabitants of our coastal cities, towns and hamlets were convinced that the Spanish fleet, then loose in the Atlantic Ocean, was going to bombard, shell or destroy their buildings and homes, and kill and wound the people living therein. These good folk wanted help. But from whom would they get it? Finally, some bright young man thought of the hundreds of Civil War cannon rusting in Army arsenals—so request went to the War Department for these weapons.

I imagine the War Department was only too glad to get rid of that old artillery. It certainly was of no use to the Army. Hence, in 1898 we found that many of the larger towns on the Atlantic Coast were furnished with cannon, vintage of 1865.

The people of the towns were overjoyed. Now they had something with which to defend themselves against the Spanish fleet! It made no matter how far the cannon could shoot, nor what it could hit. What difference did it make if the shells bounced off the sides of ships like oranges, even though hits were made? The people had defense!

They gave no thought to the fact our own fleet was also at large in the Atlantic, and about to bottle up the Spanish fleet. They never considered the hundreds of forts manned by our Army at the entrance to practically every harbor and port along the Atlantic. Those people wanted something tangible; something they could put their hands on, and see at close range. They had the old Civil War cannon, and were satisfied.

When a man who has been a professional soldier for forty-three years takes time out to propose a method of tightening civilian control of national defense, the event is historic. That is what General H. H. (Hap) Arnold, wartime Chief of the Army Air Forces, has done in this article

Today our people again are being enveloped by the same attitude. But this time they are not so much to blame. The country is being flooded with speeches, articles and talks by admirals on the potency of the submarine, and the omnipotence of large carriers; by ground generals proclaiming how the next war must be won by the doughboy plodding through the mud; by air generals telling the power of the large bombers. Partisans of the Marine Corps say the Marines must be the key-stone in our war organization. The Air Force-controlled Air Association goes all out for aerial operations. The Navy League, responsible to no one but itself for what it says, yells to the high heavens that the Navy, and the Navy alone, must be the bulwark of our armed services in the future.

All this propaganda adds up to only one impression: what matters is that we spend a lot of

money; that we have a bigger fleet, or a larger Army, or more formations of airplanes than someone else; something immediately impressive to the eye.

Like the Civil War cannon in 1898, however, an impressive-looking something would not necessarily conform to the real needs of our national security. Wars of today and tomorrow are and will be far different from those of the past. Modern war puts every man, woman and child of warring nations in a position of hazard and danger. In the next war—if it comes—we may well see industry, capital and labor all drafted, along with soldiers, sailors and airmen. That being the case, Mr. Average Citizen must know more about the facts—the real facts—of national security and how it is best obtained.

In World War II we had to match our dollars against Germany's man-hours. We found it exceedingly difficult. The Germans always seemed to be able to produce equipment as modern, and as effective, as ours, always in the nick of time. Furthermore, they brought it out in quantities large enough to meet, partially, at least, the needs of their armies, navies and air forces.

Today, once again, we find ourselves trying to match dollars against man-hours.

To the Russians, man-hours mean nothing. To us, dollars mean lifeblood. Moreover, we are aligning ourselves against a country that has long-range objectives for peace and war.

The Russian objectives (Continued on page 65)

Battle of CALABASH

By WILLIAM BRANDON

A saloon fight couldn't have been dirtier than this brawl between two poets over a girl. They gouged in the clichés and hit below the meter

LINWOOD YUITT and John Broom both came to Calabash in the same winter. Mr. Broom went to work for Mr. Hochsettler on the Republican, which was the Democratic paper. Mr. Yuitt came the following month and hung up his derby hat in the shop of the Democrat, which was the Republican paper, and went to work without a word to anybody. He had been there two days before Miss Fresian, who owned the Democrat, knew who he was; but then Miss Fresian was new to the newspaper business.

The first thing I remember hearing Mr. Yuitt say was, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come," when Miss Fresian discovered that he was the new printer and told him that though he was paid by the thousand cms he was not—even when drinking—to spell waffle "waffliffle" as he had done in the story of the church supper. He was a very good typesetter and complaints didn't bother him. He never made excuses.

He was a tall thin man with a thick mustache and a baggy pocketful of leads. He had bright, blue, kindly eyes. And he had certain gentlemanly ways. He pared his tobacco with a knife and swallowed his spit in the presence of a lady.

He was young enough to take a shine to Miss Fresian. But John Broom, on the Republican, was younger still, and that's how the poetical war came about.

The job of working local poet was always bestowed on the current printer. That was the Age of the Itinerant Printer, who was traditionally a man of many parts. If he was a genuine inspirational poet he made up his verses out of his own head, setting them up in type as he went along. If he was a manufactured poet he used a pencil and paper, a bottle of whisky, and the newspaper's rhyming dictionary wherewith to change the last words of the lines he lifted from Pope or Dryden.

Linwood Yuitt and John Broom were both legitimate poets who composed their stuff directly out of the type case. If Mr. Yuitt and Mr. Broom could have had their way, the Calabash Republican and the Calabash Democrat would have been printed entirely in verse. That was what almost happened, before the great Calabash Battle of the Poets was over.

When Mr. Yuitt came to the Democrat, John Broom had already met Miss Fresian and had taken her to a Halloween social and was calling her Lucy. Mr. Yuitt's natural antagonism toward any opposition paper was outraged by this situation.

Miss Fresian was an old maid in her middle twenties but she was still very good-looking. My aunt usually referred to Miss Fresian as a shameless hoyden, but I thought she was pretty slick and high-toned. My aunt didn't think Miss Fresian's newspaper was a good place for a young boy like me to be employed, but my uncle put his foot down and said it was never too early to start.

Around the shop Miss Fresian was lively. She cussed whenever she wanted to and whirled her petticoats in an engaging way when she hoisted herself upon a stack of type cases to sit a while and talk, and Mr. Yuitt at such times would confuse his founts.

Miss Fresian had a lot of independence, which she came by naturally. Only a few years before, her father, old Mr. Fresian, had singlehandedly taken on the Knights of the Flaming Cross. The Knights were an organization bent on cleaning up sin in Calabash. The first thing they set out to do was burn down the Red Hot Opera House, a place

below the Nickel Plate tracks owned and operated by a lady known as Peppersauce Sal. Mr. Fresian himself went to the Red Hot Opera House and helped Peppersauce Sal cool off the Knights with boilers of hot water tossed from the roof, and after that Mr. Fresian lambasted the organization in the Democrat and tore it apart so thoroughly it never was put together again.

Peppersauce Sal went on with her high-rolling ways at the Red Hot Opera House and Miss Fresian made a point of being friendly to her, which my aunt said was a scandal. My uncle said it only showed Lucy was as bang-up independent as old Mr. Fresian had been, and that was a good thing for the town.

In the shop Mr. Yuitt didn't say much to Miss Fresian. I guessed he didn't think she was a good business manager, but he didn't say so. Miss Fresian let subscriptions run until the subscribers paid out of a sense of shame, and she went on selling advertising to storekeepers who were five years behind in payments. The paper was in debt; but the notes were held by Walter Howard Plinge, another of her father's friends, who had promised not to call them in for ten years. I heard her explain to John Broom that her father had run the paper on nothing but friendliness and honesty and that she intended to do the same.

When Mr. Yuitt would take off his apron at the end of a day's work, he would square his derby on his head and walk into the office and lift his hat and say, "Good evening," to Miss Fresian. Then he would swallow a few times and say good evening again and lift his hat again, and leave. However, one afternoon he got up the courage to ask Miss Fresian if he might call on her after supper.

She told him she was going someplace with Mr. Broom, but perhaps the next night Mr. Yuitt would go with her to the minstrel show. Mr. Yuitt said he sure would, and ran into the wall on his way out.

When the Republican came out next, John Broom ran a poem in it about Mr. Yuitt. It was a good high-caliber poem, or rather song, set to the tune of Pick Up the Pawpaws and Put 'Em in a Basket. It described the adventures of Deadwood shopping for a casket, Deadwood being a play on Mr. Yuitt's first name of Linwood. There was a reference to the show Mr. Yuitt had taken Miss Fresian to see. The poem said that a minstrel had strung up Deadwood and played him for a banjo, twanged his mustache and thumped on his esophagus and showed him off for a musical cuss.

Miss Fresian told Mr. Yuitt she thought the song was wonderful and she hoped Mr. Yuitt would give it an answer. Mr. Yuitt smiled and told her to cheer up, the worst was yet to come.

THAT night Mr. Broom, all smiles, escorted Miss Fresian to the Christian Endeavor Penny Supper. The next night Mr. Yuitt took Miss Fresian to the Odd Fellows Ball.

In the next issue of the Democrat, Mr. Yuitt replied to John Broom with a metrical cannonading. Mr. Yuitt was not confined to mere printer doggerel. He could be a champion poet. His satire was built of majestic, imposing fifteeners balanced against one another with a nice equivalence, alternating one of lightning with one of thunder.

In Indiana, as everyone knows, all children who can learn to spell immediately take up the practice of literature. Those who can't spell go into politics. So the town received Mr. Yuitt's poem with awe and then a roar of pure delight.

Probably the two lines that hit John Broom the hardest dealt with the meager quality of his baby verse, fragile as a butterfly, and with Mr. Broom's secret habit of exercising with dumbbells, a fact Mr. Yuitt had unearthed by spying on Mr. Broom's boardinghouse. The poem complimented Mr. Broom on the graceful lines of his figure and his plump bust, that it said any barred Rock would be proud to own, but cautioned Mr. Broom about the danger of bursting himself with dumbbell well-being. It asked him to consider why pops the pod if not with health.

John Broom was an earnest and sensitive young man. He was rather small, barely taller than Miss Fresian, but he had a tough, roosterlike walk and manner that made him seem big. He had a serious mind and sometimes went to church. He was very saving. He intended to own his own newspaper someday. He never drank except for an occasional neat glass of whisky in the home of the Walter Howard Plinges, when he visited there with Miss Fresian. He dressed well, for a printer.

HE CAME into the shop the day after the appearance of Mr. Yuitt's poem. He walked up to Mr. Yuitt and took his arm and turned him from his work. Miss Fresian snatched up a copy book and ran in from the office and said, "John Broom! Don't you dare start any trouble in here!"

John Broom gave her a bland look. He said, "Why, I want to shake this gentleman's hand."

Miss Fresian watched him with suspicion. "That was a pretty good thing you wrote," John Broom said.

"Well, thanks," Mr. Yuitt said mildly.

They shook hands. Mr. Yuitt's manner was pleasant but in his left hand, out of sight, he held a stick of type like a club. John Broom continued to smile, but the look in his eyes showed what it cost him.

"You made a mite free with painting up a dactyl for an iambus," John Broom said, "but otherwise it ain't too bad at all."

"Maybe the next time I'll unlimber my bravura caesura," Mr. Yuitt said.

"You do that, friend," John Broom said. He dropped Mr. Yuitt's hand and walked into Miss Fresian's office, a smile frozen on his face. Miss Fresian followed him. I sidled over and hung around the Dutchman's gate between the shop and the office. John Broom had stopped smiling. He said, "I'm going to run that baboon out of town. He made me look like a girl."

"Oh, hush. And please run along; we're busy." "Am I still invited to come and call on you this evening?"

"Of course you are," Miss Fresian said, impatient and indulgent. "Goodness! You started it, didn't you?"

"I'll bravura his caesura," John Broom said in a strangled voice. He went out and slammed the door.

In the Republican on the following Wednesday, John Broom showed Calabash that he too had been traveling under wraps. He tore into Mr. Yuitt in a full column of excellent blank verse. He savaged Mr. Yuitt a while and then laid him out and skinned him by the inch and dismembered him and left him hanging in a smokehouse of ridicule.

Calabash was overjoyed. The town read the poem with the exquisite pleasure of cannibals watching the slow roasting of a fat, tender captive. Somehow John Broom (Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARPER GOFF

DEMO CRAY

15



and the shop she was lively. She cussed
when she wanted to and she whirled her
when she hoisted herself on the
to sit a while and talk. At such
times Mr. Yuitt's fangs would get confused.

I skated on marble floors and drew \$60

Confessions of a

FOR twenty years my father was a practicing congressman. I was about six when he was elected and clearly remember being enraptured by the rumor my mother grapevined to me that congressmen's families could draw free goldfish and guinea pigs from the Bureau of Animal Industry's experimental stock.

I got not only the goldfish and the guinea pigs, but various other perquisites and prerogatives which accrue to all Congressional families.

In the District of Columbia there has always been, for Congressional brats, relative immunity to speeding, parking derelictions and general hell-raising. The committee that governs the District can put the heat on the police, and every congressman always has a friend on it. This situation is exhilarating at the time, but like all privilege, it tends to rot character. Some Congressional children, with native moral ruggedness, survive the subtle poisons of the climate in which they are raised, but I would rather rear my children in Las Vegas in an apartment over the leading casino.

At twelve I became a page, of course. My salary and tips (despite the fact that, when tips are due, congressmen are celebrated for being almost as devoid of pockets as a convention of nudists) ran to \$125 per month. This would be equal to at least \$250 today, or perhaps even \$350, for I had no expenses whatsoever.

I am told that the 1949-model pages are disciplined and chaperoned into becoming virtual Little Lord Fauntleroy. I do not know if this is true and it would be necessary to be a page amongst them, I suspect, to find out. But in my day they were as choice a collection of Dead End Kids as could be imagined. They were well dressed and their grammar was generally good; but that was all.

In the catacombs under the Capitol and behind the columns of the East Portico, on which Presidents are anointed and where we discovered that ten is a difficult point to make with a pair of dice, I learned about life from these precocious mites who were far from home and whose pockets were stuffed with spending money. One memorable afternoon I won \$180 in an hour of gambling with other fugitives from the eighth grade and I went home convinced that working certainly wasn't the easiest way to make money.

In my mid-teens I wangled a cruise to Panama and intermediate West Indian points. In those days the old War Shipping Board was at the long-time job of winding up its affairs and

I got de luxe accommodations for a ridiculously nominal sum—\$60, as I recall. I was a congressman's son and the War Shipping Board was yammering for new appropriations, like all boards created on Capitol Hill.

I can see myself now (with acute revulsion) riding about the city of Colón, Cuba, in an open taxi—my new white suit immaculate; my new, enormous hat flopping over an outside cigar as I ogled the gals. At the Strangers' Club, where I was introduced by an alcoholic diplomat with an eye on Washington favors, my air of sophistication

was so extreme that I heard years later I had been mistaken for a midget.

My father saw no reason why I shouldn't go anywhere I wanted to go alone, if I could raise the money myself.

Since the age of fourteen he had earned his way. He considered me grown. And, to tell the truth, he didn't care much what I did, so long as I did my prescribed work first. If I ducked my duties, his wrath was terrible; but while my grades stayed up and my health seemed good, he was complacent about the use to which I put my spare time.

The "honest loot" available to congressmen's families today is more variegated and seductive than it was in my youth, so I'm told; but there was always plenty of it even then. Through the House Stationery Room it was possible to purchase a wide range of articles at wholesale: typewriters and fountain pens, of course; but also watches, leather goods, ladies' handbags and—in prohibition days—the much-prized gold- or silver-plated pocket flasks which seemed to be particularly cherished by Dry members. The alert congressman always has been able to find connections through which practically everything from automobiles to nylons can be purchased far under list price.

Probably the most disingenuous and hypocritical lament that has ever been raised—with such doleful persistence that even a majority of the Washington reporters have swallowed the myth and joined in disseminating it—is that congressmen are scandalously underpaid. Salary and tax-free grants amount to the equivalent of at least \$20,000 a year. Of the four hundred-odd members in the House, probably not 20 could earn \$20,000 annually in non-political life.

My mother, my sister and myself were on various government pay rolls at one time or another during our years in Washington. Sometimes we addressed or licked envelopes sporadically. Sometimes we did nothing. My father, who would have done physical mayhem—and once did just that—on anyone trying to bribe him, thought no more of these deadhead checks than an Army officer feels guilty about receiving his quarters gratis. My sister received \$125 per month on one pay roll until her marriage, and my mother drew \$150 monthly for a dozen years. Our family was considered extremely moderate in helping itself to this form of gravy.

Most Congressional families did themselves more handsomely. I knew one with 14 members on the pay roll.

Collier's for October 15, 1949

Hope For Courageous Congressmen

Being a member of Congress has a lot of practical advantages. It's a position with plenty of prestige and publicity. The pay is good, the working conditions are generally pleasant, and you get to take some nice free trips. But, as with many other good things, there is one big drawback—lack of job security.

That handicap applies particularly to members of the House. For some of them, in this or any Congress, the \$15,000 a year plus extras that they get in Washington is more than they could hope to make doing anything else. For others, the power and dignity of the office are as important as the money. So the average Representative spends a good bit of his two-year term worrying about re-election and working for it.

Theoretically, he only has to stand on his record and let his constituents judge him. Practically, it isn't that simple. Too often he has to be nice to the "right people"—the home-town politicians, the lobbyists, and others who have the money or influence or votes that can keep him in Washington or send him back where he came from.

Confessions of a Congressman's Son explains some of the compromises with principle that an honest, well-meaning legislator may make to keep his job. It is easy to be cynical about the situation that this story illustrates—a situation which, though it is not general, is probably not uncommon. At the same time, however, the reader may find that he has acquired some sympathy along with some new knowledge of the choices that can confront a congressman.

It is hard to blame a member of Congress for trying to keep his job, even though we may not admire all the things that he does in the process. The basic fault, we believe, has been the fear of unemployment. And that fault has been at least partially corrected by the members themselves.

For Congress has finally, and wisely, set up a pension system for itself. And it is an expenditure which even the most economy-minded taxpayer can scarcely quarrel with. It won't eliminate all surrender to outside pressure. But it can scarcely fail to improve the general process of legislation, because it assures a courageous congressman that voting his convictions will not cost him all his income, even though it may cost him his job. And it will permit some aging, veteran legislators, who formerly have hung on only through complete submission to a party machine, to retire with dignity and honor.

a week for work I didn't do . . .

CONGRESSMAN'S SON

ANONYMOUS

In the early years of the jazz age my father took one of his periodic trips to Europe. My mother, subject to cruel seasickness, wouldn't go, so I was nominated. To underwrite my expenses I was appointed clerk to the United States Commercial Attaché in Copenhagen at \$60 per week and traveling expenses to Copenhagen and back. We took a circuitous route both ways, visiting 13 countries altogether. My father's expenses, of course, were paid. He was investigating something or other. Naturally I resigned before having to report to work in Denmark, but when I returned to college I wrote, for my father's signature, a lengthy and contentious report on the subject of his study, which appeared in the Congressional Record and received favorable comment in the home papers.

Years of Service Bring Bitterness

But all of this varied recompense was not enough. It was not enough because when my father died, after 20 years in Congress, I knew him to be a disillusioned, cynical and embittered man. He was disillusioned with the motives and pressures of the constituents who regularly returned him to office. Yet it was plain that he knew it was not all their fault, either.

There he was, suddenly too old to face the prospect of competing in a new—or in his former—profession. He had been in Congress long enough to form an estimate of the courage, intelligence and statesmanship of the average member. This estimate would have to be paraphrased for a family magazine. Nevertheless, just as he knew the whole onus could not be laid at the feet of the voters, so he was aware that the increasing tendency to lump all congressmen together as timid timeservers was not only illogical but damaging to the morale of the nation.

"He was a good man once," I often heard him say of this or that fellow member who had been unmasked in some ignoble straddle or reversal. "A good man. Could have been a leader. But he was caught in this damned deadly circle."

Of what does "the deadly circle" consist?

Consider my father when he entered Congress. He was youngish, at the peak of his powers, a man of precocious distinction in his nonpolitical career, an intellectual who read Greek and Latin for diversion in the evenings.

In those days, believe it or not, being a congressman was a considerable honor in the land. He undertook the job with gratitude to the electorate and determination to be worthy.

Twenty years later, before he went out—in a casket—he had seen the prestige of Congress wither year by year until the Congressional toga carried less glory than the old-time justice of the peace's alpaca jacket.

How did the deadly circle start turning?

In the last year of his life my father thought a lot about it. He saw that the Congress must not become a subject for sneers, because such an attitude could only mean the eventual collapse of the

Republic. Too tired and harassed to care very much about many things, he thought and talked about what seemed to him a trend and a sinister danger.

Every Sunday morning that I was in town during the last year or two of his life I used to accompany him very early in the morning along the tomblike marble corridors of the House Office Building to his office. There we would sit, just the two of us, and talk about anything that came to mind. He'd lock the door and extract a bottle of bourbon from behind some papers in a bottom drawer of his desk. He'd hand it to me, almost sheepishly, and I'd go into the lavatory and mix us a very short one. He'd relax then in the big fan-bodied leather chair, although once in a while at the sound of footsteps he'd glance hauntedly at the massive door.

I have seen that expression in the eyes of other congressmen. Generally, however, my father was affable on these Sunday mornings and free from the grim anxiety and snappishness with which, increasingly, he plowed through his 10- to 14-hour workdays.

One Sunday morning I remember in particular. He sat there chuckling, the glass in his hand. (I can discreetly describe him only to say that he was a big, handsome man who looked precisely like you'd expect a statesman to look.) He was recalling with relish an episode which had occurred in that office many years before.

I had forgotten it for I had been about eight at the time, but it came back vividly as he talked. He was a wonderful raconteur, a master of that mounting sense of hilarity and of the incongruousness of the world and the people in it that builds with crisp, deadpan, perfectly timed telling.

He was recalling how I had fled into his office on skates one morning and gone clunking over the rug into the lavatory. Congressmen, unless they were committee chairmen, had only one large room in those days. I passed directly behind my father's desk, between him and his secretary, but he merely glanced up, snorted and paid me no further heed.

I had been violating a strict building rule against skating down those voluptuously smooth marble floors. I had often, along with my young colleagues of Congressional paternity, got away with it by sneaking the skates past the guarded doors, hiding them under our blouses or in paper bags. Once safely in and having turned the corner, we'd put them on and skim down the long reaches to the sanctuary of our respective sires' offices.

This day the guard at the door was not at his desk, so I rashly unwrapped the skates from a newspaper, donned them, and went zooming around the T-shaped entrance corridor and practically into the arms of a giant who stood nine feet tall and weighed at least three or four hundred pounds. In a panic I dodged him and, still clutching the newspaper under my arm, pumped away in wild flight, expecting a bullet between my shoulder blades.

He yelled and gave chase. My father's door was only about 100 yards away and no ice was ever as smooth as that marble under rollers. Safe in the

lavatory, I heard my fat pursuer's breathless voice outside, asking my father with a surprising effort toward servility.

"Excuse me, sir, but did that little boy on skates with the newspapers come in here?"

"Yes," said my father. "My son's hiding in the lavatory right there. Pull him out and whale hell out of him if he's done anything wrong."

I was indignant at this heartless betrayal. But the policeman's voice restored my confidence instantly.

"Oh—sir, I'm very sorry. I didn't know it was your son. I thought it was just some newspaper brat. I want to apol—"

My father's tone, which had been almost jocular, hardened. He cut the policeman off.

"I see. You thought it was just some newspaper brat. But because he's my son you're too cowardly to do your duty."

In my insecure retreat I gloated to hear my father *telling off a policeman!* But what he said next was addressed to his secretary: "Get me the sergeant at arms' office."

He actually had the man discharged. He further insisted on having a fine of \$10 assessed against me, which he himself advanced and remorselessly amortized over the succeeding months. Two days later he got the discharged policeman a job with another department at a considerable increase in salary.

"You both deserved some discipline," he told me later, gently rolling the pale amber fluid in his glass and staring at it. As he did so his face fixed gradually into its daily mask of hard melancholy.

A Midnight Arrest in Lovers' Lane

I don't know what he was thinking. It might have been the same thing I was thinking. For even as he gaily recounted that old episode, I was reminded sharply of a contrasting one which occurred more than a decade later while I was away at college. A boyhood friend of mine was apprehended after midnight while parked in a suburban lovers' lane, a bottle of rum open on the front seat beside his inamorata. He was hauled off to jail and, having no other powerful wire to pull, telephoned my father.

Dad never told me about this himself. But I pieced it together pretty accurately from my mother, who listened to one end of the conversation, and from my friend, who, of course, listened to the other in the station house.

"Put whoever's in charge there on the telephone," Dad snapped as soon as my friend's uneasy confession of his predicament came over the wire.

The desk sergeant launched immediately into an inventory of the laws and ordinances violated by my young friend, ending with the statement that the culprit would have to stay in jail unless bailed out. My father knew the boy lived with his widowed mother, who would not easily be able to provide the hundred-dollar bail demanded; but I very much doubt he took that into (Continued on page 73)

This was one game Eddie had to win. But the players were only kids—and the way it's played nowadays, college football is a

MAN'S GAME

By W. C. HEINZ



EDDIE looked at the drink in his hands and tasted of it. It was bitter in his mouth, but it was as he had expected. It never does taste good, he thought, unless I am all right myself.

"So you can quit, Eddie," his wife was saying. "You can call Bud Walker and in a minute you can go with the pros." She was sitting across from him, her legs curled under her, at the far end of the sofa.

"I know," he said.

"Paul Brown did it. He left Ohio State and he's happy with the pros."

"Paul was ahead."

"What difference does it make?" she said. "You'll win games. You'll be ahead. Even when you're ahead it will always be the same thing over and over. I don't think you realize what you are."

"Oh, I don't know. I pass myself off as a football coach."

"Eddie," she said, "we've talked about it so much. You're so close to yourself that sometimes I don't think you see it."

"See what?"

"That you're just like the artist or the writer or anyone else."

"Oh, I see that," he said. "Once when I was about ten years old I wrote a composition called What I Did on My Vacation. And as for my being an artist, why I can walk up to a blackboard and diagram a play so—"

"Eddie." She smiled. "Honestly. The only place you have to express yourself is on the field, and when you can't express yourself there, then there's nothing in it for you to be coaching in college."

He leaned forward in the chair and, holding up the cocktail glass, looked over the top of it at her.

"You know something?" he said. "I'm not knocking these, but the way to mix Martinis is by color. You add just enough of the vermouth to give it the color which, you know by experience, assures the dryness you have come to appreciate."

She looked at him and said nothing, and he laughed. "And then," he said, "you add the ice."

When he walked into Stratfield's office the next morning he knew he was not going to quit and he knew they were not going to buy his contract either. He knew that nothing would be accomplished on this day, but he would go in there and fight a little, not for himself, but for the next guy—maybe it would be Angelo—the way Bud Walker had fought a little for him.

Maybe that way, after a long while, after a lot of them had come and gone, all of them fighting a little, these others would see it. He could kid about it with his wife, but it was nothing to kid about. It was a serious thing to all of them who had chosen football as their medium, who wanted the right to be judged as professionals by professionals and not

by amateurs who understood only games won and games lost, who went only by scores.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Eddie," Stratfield said.

Stratfield was sitting behind the big desk; he was white-haired, but his face was still young and handsome. Always the picture president, Eddie thought, glancing around the big room at the big oil portraits on the paneled walls, the wall-to-wall carpeting, the heavy leather furniture. He looked over toward big Enright, and then he walked over to him and stuck out his hand.

"How are you, Cap?" he said.

"I'm all right," Enright said.

Eddie sat down in the chair near the desk. He waited for Stratfield to start it. He was thinking about Enright. Enright had probably been a pretty good football player, he was thinking. Big enough anyway, and not dumb. Smart enough to sell insurance and then to get other people to sell it for him, to stick close to the university for a stage on which to strut.

"Eddie," Stratfield said. "I dislike this business of calling you in here rather regularly, but I'm afraid that I'm finding this situation embarrassing."

"That makes two of us," Eddie said.

"Now wait a minute, Eddie," Stratfield said. He picked up a pencil. "I'm afraid you don't under-

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Eddie saw Price pull out and hit 74. He saw Luomo wheel into the hole and State's other guard slide over

stand. This whole thing puts me in a very awkward position. I'm the one who's responsible for your presence as football coach here. I'm the one who accepted the recommendation of Walker, when he left, and of a rather large section, at the time, of the alumni—including Cap here."

"That's right," Enright said, nodding.

"This—these losses—reflect on me," Stratfield said. He put the pencil down on the desk.

Eddie knew they were waiting for him to say something. "It's not increasing my popularity, either," he said.

"Look," Stratfield said. "Let's stop sparring and be frank about this. Your first year, even last year, there was some basis for understanding. I suppose it takes time for you to put in your system, or whatever you call it, but it seems to me that you've had time. It seems to me that you've had assistance. It was my belief that the alumni—and Cap will bear me out—had succeeded in convincing, shall we say, some rather promising football players to matriculate here."

"That's right," Enright said.

"That was my understanding, too," Eddie said.

"Now," Stratfield was saying, "let's get down to cases. What about this"—he turned to Enright—"this fellow you were mentioning?"

"Benson?" Enright said, sitting back. "The guard?"

"Yes," Stratfield said. "Benson. What about him?"

"Benson?" Eddie said. "Well, he's big enough, and I suppose he's kind to his mother."

"It's now my understanding," Stratfield was going on, "that he is being sponsored here by one of our groups—the Milwaukee group, I believe Cap has told me. They're seeing to it that he has the necessary funds to meet his bills. Employment has been found for him here. What's the matter with him?"

Eddie stood up. Here we go, he thought.

"Ask Ferris," he said.

"Ferris?" Stratfield said. "Ferris is a professor of mathematics."

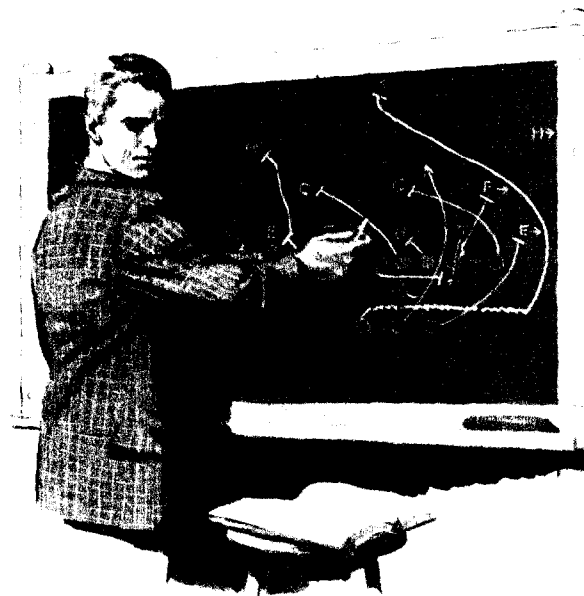
"Sure. Ask him."

"Why?" Stratfield said. "I don't see what that has to do with it."

"It has everything to do with it," Eddie said. "Ferris has been trying to teach Benson mathematics. No calculus, mind you. Just that minimum of simple mathematics incorporated in that baby math course that someone—you tell me why—has told Benson he should take."

"So?" he heard Enright say.

"So Ferris and I," Eddie said, looking from one to the other, "are enjoying a common lack of success—Ferris trying to teach Benson just a little about math, I trying to (Continued on page 34)



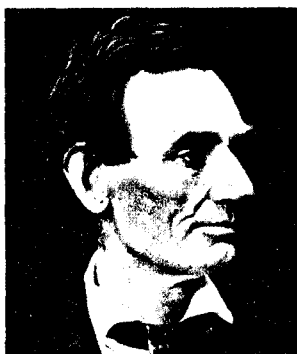
He tried the play on the blackboard, changing the downfield assignments. He saw the players studying it, some of them nodding their heads

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

LINCOLN

Lost Speech

By CARL SANDBURG



A NEWLY FOUND speech of Abraham Lincoln, apparently never published since it appeared in obscure prints in 1859 and 1860, is here reprinted in the form in which it was briefly seen by the public in a campaign publication, *The Rail Splitter*, Cincinnati, Ohio, Wednesday, October 10, 1860. Its heading reads: "Extract from an Extempore-Speech of Mr. Lincoln 1858." The exact date and the place of delivery of the speech are not given. His campaign was of course for election to the United States Senate. No newspaper is named as the source of the text. The most likely theory is that Lincoln made the speech impromptu and its first newspaper publication received little or no reprint or comment in other journals.

Naturally we cannot say with certainty that we have here a speech as Lincoln gave it and these are his exact words. Neither can we certify it by saying it sounds like Lincoln in some of his rare impassioned moments. Nevertheless we can say that we have here one of the great American psalms. If there should be compiled an American Testament, this would belong. In this speech, if or when it should be conclusively established as an accurate report of what he said, Lincoln surpassed himself in his tributes to the Declaration of Independence and in his sinking of self before a great human cause.

This material was taken from Carl Sandburg's forthcoming book, *Lincoln Collector*, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, November 3d.

THE LOST SPEECH : AN AMERICAN PSALM

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE was formed by the representatives of American liberty from thirteen States of the Confederacy—twelve of which were slave-holding communities. It is sufficient for our purpose that all of them greatly deplored the evil and that they passed a provision in the Constitution which they supposed would gradually remove the disease by cutting off its source. This was the abolition of the slave trade. So general was the conviction—the public determination—to abolish the African slave trade, that the provision which I have referred to as being placed in the Constitution, declared that it should not be abolished prior to the year 1808. A constitutional provision was necessary to prevent the people through Congress, from putting a stop to the traffic immediately at the close of the war. Now, if slavery had been a good thing, would the Fathers of the Republic have taken a step calculated to diminish its beneficent influences among themselves, and snatch the boon wholly from their posterity? These communities, by their representatives in old Independence Hall, said to the whole world of men: "We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." —This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures. [Applause] Yes, gentlemen, to *all* His creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows.—They grasped not only the whole race of man then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of posterity to breed tyrants; and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo Saxons, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence, and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began—so that truth, and justice, and mercy, and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land: so that no man hereafter would dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built. [Loud cheers.]

Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines which conflict with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence, if you have listened to suggestions which would take from its grandeur, and mutilate the symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are *not* created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our charter of liberty; let me entreat you to come back. Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the revolution. Think nothing of me—take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever—but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I *do claim* to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety to office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. *But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity—The Declaration of Independence.*

THE END

Collier's for October 15, 1949



His towering chimney was an eyesore for miles, but Holy John was proud of it

The Chimney of Holy John

BY JULES ARCHER

IT WOULD not be fair to say that Theodore Hundle was a coward. Like everyone in Farragut Falls, he was simply wary of antagonizing his notorious neighbor, Holy John Fancy. The head selectman, for example, had been authorized to order Holy John's towering chimney—that blight of the county landscape—trimmed down.

"What!" Holy John had roared at the shrinking official. "Why, I'd crack the skull of the first fool who touched a brick of it! 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?'—Matthew 20."

Holy John was proud of that chimney, which rose almost twice the height of his ill-cared-for house. It was an eyesore for miles, but Holy John considered it an architectural triumph. More than that, it was his personal spire, to which all eyes were compelled, however reluctantly. It was his defiance of the town which had kicked him out of the pulpit back in 1935.

The defrocked giant, 260 pounds stark sober, had since proved both the laziest and orneriest citizen of Farragut Falls. He disliked spending money, of which he had more than most people; and he provided for himself simply by taking whatever he needed.

Vegetables disappeared out of gardens, chickens vanished, unguarded porch chairs found their way to Holy John's front yard.

Farragut Falls thought it was a shame that folks like Theodore Hundle and his wife Ethel had to have Holy John for their neighbor. They were a nice, quiet couple, employed in the office of the Bronson Explosives Company, four miles out of town. They had bought the house next to Holy John's on the county road in '42.

Theodore Hundle had adopted an attitude of long-suffering conciliation toward his truculent

neighbor. When Holy John turned up for a "friendly chat" (always at dinnertime), a plate was set for him. When the Hundles returned from work to find deep, size 12 footprints in their garden, they merely exchanged glances and sighed.

It was the firewood which bothered the Hundles most. Firewood cost eighteen dollars a cord, and was hard work to stack. Year after year, the stack dwindled with amazing rapidity. Much faster than could ever be accounted for by their own fireplace and cellar furnace.

Finally, Theodore Hundle hesitantly decided on a drastic and defiant step. He put a padlock on the barn door. That same night, coming home from work, he and Ethel found the lock smashed open. The tidemark of wood had ebbed. Across their bushy ravine, they watched the big chimney of Holy John Fancy belch lazy billows of smoke into the winter sky.

"Mr. Fancy," Theodore Hundle said nervously one evening, "would you have seen anyone on our property while we were at work? For quite a while now, somebody has been entering our barn and st—taking our wood."

Holy John's eyes widened. Rubbing the red stubble on his big face, he said, "Why, that's outrageous! Imagine a thing like that in Farragut Falls!" His big mouth pursed piously, and his eyes rolled upward. "'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us'—Matthew 6." He released a stream of tobacco juice.

"I—I thought you might have seen who it was . . ."

"Can't hardly see a danged thing, across them big bushes in your gully, Hundle," Holy John said reproachfully. "Been meaning to speak to you about that. Some of them bushes is growing into trees big

enough, maybe, to block off sight of my chimney." He wagged his head sadly. "Afraid you're going to have to cut down them bushes, Hundle. Better clear that whole gully, yessir. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'—Ecclesiastes 9."

Ethel Hundle, sitting on their porch between the two men, looked mournfully at the attractive little forest that separated their house from Holy John's unkempt home.

"I'll clear the gully this week end, Mr. Fancy," Mr. Hundle promised faintly. He stole a guilty glance at his wife's face.

WEDNESDAY morning, before the Hundles left for work, Mr. Hundle went into the barn. Under his arm was a cardboard sign, and on his face a look of desperation. He tacked the sign on the outer wood stack, facing the door.

It read: WE KNOW WHO HAS BEEN STEALING OUR WOOD, FANEY. NOW THAT YOU KNOW WE KNOW, STAY OUT AND KEEP OUT!

Throughout the day, Mr. Hundle told himself he had done the right thing. But his fingers were shaking as he opened the barn door that evening. He stared with open mouth at the crudely printed sign which had replaced his own.

It said: IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER, FEED HIM. IF HE THIRST, GIVE HIM TO DRINK—ROMANS 12.

Fifteen minutes later Holy John Fancy ambled across the Hundle lawn with a cheerful smile on his immense face. The man, Mr. Hundle realized faintly, was coming to dinner.

There was no mention of wood. Mr. Hundle actually trembled for fear the subject might come up. But Holy John was his usual expansive self.

When he finally left, Holy John roared a reminder about cutting down the bushes on Saturday. He added jovially, "Mighty fine dinner, Mrs. Hundle. 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity'—Psalms 133."

Mr. Hundle knew then that he was at the crossroads. He stared miserably at the gigantic chimney across the bushy ravine. A quotation fell into his mind: "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward"—Job 5.

Then slowly a new look came into his eyes. His thin shoulders squared. He kept staring at Holy John's chimney, tapping his nose. . . .

Thursday morning Mr. Hundle stopped their car in front of the Farragut Falls Free Press building on their way to work. He placed an ad in Classified Notices. Returning to the car he met the mild question in his wife's eyes with a hopeful smile.

On Friday afternoon, at exactly 4:22 p.m., the noise that echoed through Farragut Falls sounded like a thunderclap. Townsfolk came running out of homes and stores. In his office, Mr. Hundle spilled a bottle of ink on his desk and mopped it up with a vibrating blotter. But he wore a happy smile.

Within five minutes every face in town gaped along the county road, staring at what seemed almost like a hole in the sky. The chimney of Holy John Fancy—landmark of Farragut Falls—was no longer visible.

The first cars rushing to the scene were cheered by the sight of a massive pile of bricks where the giant structure had once reared. Clouds of smoke and dust were still hovering over the wreckage. Then someone peeped in a window and saw a foot sticking out from under a heap of bricks in front of the fireplace.

The ambulance took Holy John Fancy to the county hospital. All of Farragut Falls rejoiced at Dr. Martin's opinion that Holy John—though not mortally damaged—would be unable to quote the Bible or steal for some few months.

The broad smiles of the town became grins, and then guffaws, when the new issue of the Farragut Falls Free Press appeared. Nothing the paper had ever printed was more widely read, discussed and treasured than the first item in Classified Notices.

It read: "WARNING! To the person who has been entering my barn and stealing my wood. I have bored holes in a number of logs and inserted sticks of dynamite. You steal these for your fireplace at your own risk. 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?'—Matthew 20. 'Answer a fool according to his folly'—Proverbs 26. 'Each man's work shall be made manifest'—I Corinthians 3. (Signed) Theodore Hundle." THE END

It's ED WYNN



Wynn is identified with his zany costumes and daffy inventions. He has an inventory of 300 funny coats and 800 bizarre hats, most of them stored in New York. But the prop he cherishes most is the pair of 42-year-old brogans which he has always worn while performing



Again—in Video

BY GLADWIN HILL



Ed Wynn *Carnival*, 1920



Manhattan Mary, 1927



Simple Simon, 1930



The Chief, 1933

The famous comedian, now nearing 63, has starred in every medium of entertainment, including the movies (*The Chief*)

The Perfect Fool, one of the great clowns in entertainment history, wouldn't wait for other comics to pioneer in television. He's sure his humor fits it perfectly

WHEN Ed Wynn, after 30 years on the stage, took to the air as the radio "Fire Chief" in 1932, a Pittsburgh newspaper headlined: "Ed Wynn at 60 Starts Complete New Career." "What," the comedian asks, 17 years later, in his shrill, lisping giggle, "can they *now*?"

"The Perfect Fool"—who, the Pittsburgh headline notwithstanding, will turn only sixty-three on November 9th—has just embarked on yet another "complete new career" as a star of network television.

Let Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor and Bob Hope hide their lights behind the microphone. Wynn welcomes the opportunity to appear on the video screen. Ever since the advent of radio he has—perhaps not like a clown with a breaking heart, but at least like one with heartburn—nursed a resentment against broadcasting's blackout of the classic visual comedy on which his career was built.

"Even if they can only see a little bit of me on television," he chortles, "it ought to be sensational. After all, I got by in radio where they couldn't see me at all!"

Among the vast and far-flung body of Wynn enthusiasts, and in the opinion of some television people as well, his entry into the field stacks up as less a test of Wynn than of television. If his show doesn't register as an unalloyed boffola, they submit, then the myrmidons of the cathode-ray tubes had better scuttle back to their designing boards. Because it is well beyond question that Wynn is a very funny person.

His conceits, during a career of nearly half a century in every branch of the theater, have made him a millionaire several times over. Top-ranking professional colleagues at a luncheon in New York 18 months ago ceremoniously crowned him "King of Comedians."

In no wise a gag comic like Milton Berle, nor a situation comic like Benny, nor an essentially pa-

thetic character like Chaplin, Wynn operates on his own private plane of semifantasy. His mastery of buffoonery is such that his television show was contracted for, sight unseen: probably the first complete pig-in-poke transaction of its kind.

Wynn did fly from Los Angeles to New York to confront his prospective sponsor. The latter naturally had a mild interest in what, for an outlay of upward of \$10,000 a week, he might get. Wynn squirmed, rolled his eyes, fluttered his hands in characteristic helplessness, and finally in desperation shrieked:

"Liththen—I've been in bithneth longer than Campbell'th. Do they know how to make *thoup*?"

That thally (pardon, sally) although it actually closed the deal, was more than a mere bon mot. It served to screen Wynn's own vagueness about what he might do, a habitual reliance on split-second comic instinct which has made him the inimitable clown.

Wynn is identified with his zany costumes (he has 300 funny coats and 800 funny hats) and his endless repertoire of daffy "inventions"—like his facial window shade for protection from grapefruit spray, and his fork equipped with a nose blinder for Limburger cheese. But one of his greatest stage triumphs was a bit in which, for eight solid minutes, he didn't utter a word or touch a gadget.

It came about by accident. Wynn doesn't rehearse conventionally. He prefers to do what is called "marking." He simply walks through acts with the other players to work out positions and timing, perhaps muttering, "... then I do the cane thing," or otherwise elliptically noting his routines to come.

In 1931, in *The Laugh Parade*, Wynn was so preoccupied with production details that not until he walked on stage opening night did it dawn on him that he had not figured out just how he was going to get things started.

Standing in the center of the stage, he shot his acrobatic eyebrows at both flanks of the audience and evinced mute puzzlement.

A titter ran through the house.

He looked into the wings at each side, then at other members of the company, shrugging in perplexity. He stuck his finger in his mouth, fooled with his funny little hat and picked imaginary fuzz out of his pockets.

The audience by this time was howling at his bewilderment.

Dismissing these cash customers from consideration, he shuffled over and began trying out different kinds of entrances onto the stage. After seven minutes of this, in elaborate pantomime he took the orchestra leader into his confidence, patently soliciting advice on extricating himself.

The latter, uncued and laughing along with the audience, could only blurt out, "Why don't you just walk off the stage?"

"I can't very well go off now," Wynn caroled in desperation as the audience broke down—"I jutht came on!"

Wynn's long rapport with such flashes of inspiration is a problem for the television technicians whose function it is to commit his words and capers to a precise pattern in advance of the actual telecast. They discovered this when Wynn made it clear that his main concern, once the contract was set, was simply to move the famous size-13 comedy shoes he always wears, and his weird combination bicycle-and-piano to the Columbia Broadcasting System's main studio building. With these, a funny little hat and a small make-up kit, he was ready to go to work.

At their first conference his writers—Hal Kanter, Leo Solomon and Seaman Jacobs—asked deferentially what he had in mind. Wynn, who off stage looks like a sedate businessman and lapses into his lisping falsetto only in (*Continued on page 68*)



Last Days of

By DAVE GRUBB

Even Tom Mix couldn't help, when the hardest-riding, fastest-shooting, toughest hombre in the seventh grade was ambushed by a girl who smelled like cotton candy

I DON'T know what would have happened that winter if it hadn't been for Tom Mix. I reckon our brains would just have busted under the strain. If it hadn't been for them Saturday afternoons at the Moore's Opera House there just wouldn't have been nothing to live for that year—not around the home town anyways. Me and Eddie Sigafosse and Stanley Stump used to think the sixth-grade teacher was bad enough. But when it came to real fancy meanness, that seventh-grade teacher had her beat a hundred ways. And just as if it wasn't bad enough having Miss Langfitt to put up with, there was them three simple girls making things worse.

"Peter!" Miss Langfitt would holler, them black, beady eyes of hers biting at me like mean little horse gnats. "Stand and recite the boundaries of the state of West Virginia."

Well, sir, do you know I wouldn't get no farther than Massachusetts till that derved woman would be crawling all over me like a mule driver. And directly that prissy little pig-tailed Jo Ann Bruce would stick up her hand, and directly she'd be rattling it all off like she was reading from the book. And if it wasn't Jo Ann, it was Mary Jane Lowther or that daggone Betty Snow. They all lived in the same block on Mulberry Street and they always done their homework together.

That's what made the whole thing so downright sneaking unfair. What chance did me or Stanley or Eddie have with them three girls and Miss Langfitt all ganging up against us?

We talked about it a lot that winter—running away to Dodge City and getting ourselves jobs as stage drivers on the Wells-Fargo. And I reckon we'd have done it, too, if it hadn't been for Tom Mix. We saved up from our paper routes and bought us three genuine, pearl-handled six-shooters that was up in the window at Stilwell's store. And every Saturday afternoon we'd set there in the front row at the Moore's Opera House and eat our Brown Cows and holler ourselves hoarse for good old Tom.

Old Mister Shackelford that run the Moore's Opera House used to come up and stand by the popcorn machine when

he got done playing the piano for the show; and when me and the Texan and Black Stanley, king of the rustlers, would come swaggering up the aisle, don't you never think he wasn't scared of us. The Texan would go walking out ahead of us all stiff and bowlegged; and there was that steady, hard light in Black Stanley's eyes as he looked up and down Pike Street for some sign of that pesky sheriff's posse.

Old Mister Shackelford's eyes would twinkle with fear, and sometimes he'd give us a nickel bag of hot buttered popcorn for nothing. I reckon he figured it wouldn't hurt none to stay on the right side of hombres like Poncho Pete and his lawless crew.

It was that derved pearl-handled six-shooter of mine that started the whole thing. That spring Eddie figured out a way of strapping his gun onto his leg with a rubber band and going to school without nobody knowing it was there. So it wasn't long till we all got rubber bands and was doing the same.

"Peter," hollers Miss Langfitt, that awful afternoon in May, "stand and recite the names of the Middle Atlantic States."

Well, sir, do you know I didn't even get past New Mexico till that daggone rubber band busted and I felt my six-shooter go sliding down my leg, all cold and ghastly. It hit my shoe and bounced on the schoolroom floor. There wasn't a sound for a minute. And then them simple girls all went to giggling and Black Stanley and the Texan got kind of sick-looking. Miss Langfitt just stood there tapping the palm of her hand with a ruler like she was keeping time to music.

I could have stood it, I reckon. I could have been shamed and humiliated by a woman and still been able to go and face Tom next Saturday if it hadn't been for that derved Jo Ann Bruce. My foot jerked and kicked the pearl-handled six-shooter. It slid along the floor till Jo Ann bent over with a little simper, picked it up and handed it back to me. Right then was when Miss Langfitt spoke up.

"Thank you, Jo Ann," she says. "What a perfect young lady you are to hand the little boy back his plaything."

Betty Snow and Mary Jane Lowther and all the other kids sat there tee-heeing

and stuffing their hands over their mouths and Black Stanley and the Texan both looked like they'd been snake-bit and was a thousand miles from the Last Chance Saloon!

"And since the little boy has been foolish enough to bring his toy to school," Miss Langfitt says in that old, scratchy voice of hers that always sounded like she needed to clear her throat, "and you, Jo Ann, have been *lady enough* to hand it back to him"—she blinked her little black eyes real fast and smiled like she'd just thought up the best old joke in the world—"I'm going to assign the plaything to your safekeeping. And when Peter has become a *gentleman*—and I'll trust your judgment about that, Jo Ann—you may return it to him."

THAT evening after school, me and the Texan and Black Stanley sat for a long while in the tall prairie grass over in Mister Newman's vacant lot. Nobody said nothing for a long time. The golden Arizona sun sank into the West Virginia hills and the skulls of the buffaloes grinned at us in the dusk. Directly the Texan give out a little grunt and pointed off towards the schoolhouse.

"Look at 'em," he says. "If that ain't a sickening sight!"

Down the sidewalk, all prissy and smiling, walked Miss Langfitt with an armful of test papers to grade that night. And chattering along beside of her was them three derved girls—Jo Ann Bruce and Betty Snow and Mary Jane Lowther.

"Look at 'em, will yuh?" says Stanley, spitting in the grass. "You'd think there was somethin' wonderful about gettin' to walk home with that ol' buzzard every night!"

"It ain't hard to see," I says, "why Tom don't never have no truck with 'em."

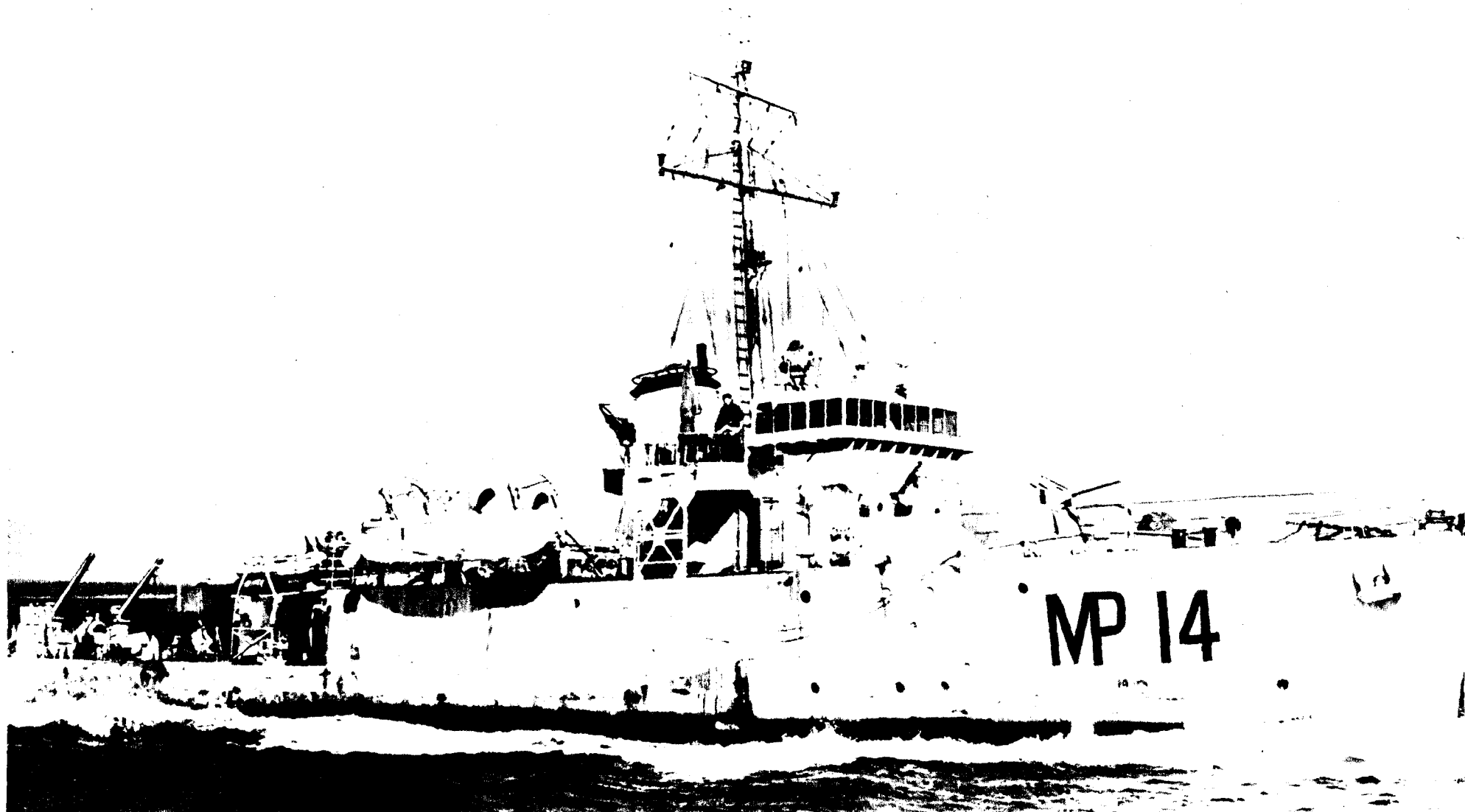
"With who?" says Stanley.

"Wimmen," I says. "You won't never catch ol' Tom gettin' mixed up with 'em. Nosiree! They don't mean nothin' but trouble and ol' Tom knows it."

The Texan's eyes narrowed to two slits of blue ice as he twirled his six gun and stared off into the Black Hills of South Dakota.

"Pardner," he (Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY ED GORDON



The Mounties have a sea arm like our Coast Guard. This is the patrol ship MacBrien, named for the man who streamlined the force

The Marvelous **MOUNTIES**

By **BILL DAVIDSON**

Fifteen years ago the force became an ultramodern police agency. Any similarity between it and the movie Mounties may be purely coincidental, but they always do "get their man"

CONCLUSION

THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police consists of 94 officers, 2,918 men, 484 civil servants, 159 horses, 281 dogs, and five pups who—in the language of the official report—"are undergoing training at present and are not included in the total mentioned above." This is a far cry from the 300 soldiers who made up the force when it first was organized in 1873. Curiously, the birth of the force in that year came about because of an unsavory chapter in U.S. history that is discreetly overlooked in our schoolbooks.

This was the restless period after the American Civil War, and Montana and the Dakotas swarmed with ex-soldiers whose main source of income was forays across the border into the unorganized Canadian West to sell whisky to the Indians. On August 29, 1873, a heavily armed group of these freebooters crossed into southern Saskatchewan

and camped near a tribe of Cree Indians in the Cypress Hills.

During the night some of their horses disappeared and the next day they set out in pursuit of the suspected Cree. Late in the morning they came to a village of peaceful, civilized Assiniboin Indians. The Americans asked if the Cree had passed that way and the Assiniboins apparently replied a bit sassily. Whereupon the Americans unloaded their repeating rifles, surrounded the unarmed village and wiped out every man, woman and child, including infants in their mothers' arms.

When the news of the Massacre of the Assiniboins reached Canada's eastern provinces, the newly confederated Dominion rocked with indignation. The Prime Minister asked, "In what sort of state is a territory in which such an outrage is possible?"

In record haste, Parliament—which had been considering a similar measure for some time—then authorized the formation of an organization called the Northwest Mounted Rifles to run down the perpetrators of the massacre and to bring law and order to the Canadian West. Three hundred soldiers were recruited, issued red coats patterned after those of the recently departed British army, and equipped with supply trains and artillery. Then, with the name of the outfit hastily changed to the Northwest Mounted Police, they set out on a punitive military expedition into uncharted Saskatchewan; hauling cannon and driving cattle along for food.

By 1875, they had rounded up the murderers and brought them to trial. They also had wiped out Fort Whoop-up, a notorious trading center for the American whisky peddlers; and they had established their own series of forts in the area. From

that year on, the red-coated Mountie became the symbol of the Canadian government in the remote West. American shenanigans across the border came to an end and the Indians settled down to a comparatively peaceful existence—even while Sitting Bull and his Sioux were liquidating General Custer's U.S. Cavalry at the Little Big Horn a few score miles to the south.

It was during this period that the Mounties established their reputation for economy of operation. In the 1880s, for example, an entire column of U.S. cavalry was used to escort 450 troublemaking Cree Indians to the border for settlement on a new Canadian reservation. At the boundary near Medicine Hat the column was met by a Mountie corporal and two constables.

The U.S. colonel returned the Mountie corporal's salute and asked, "Where's your escort for these Indians?"

"Right here, Colonel," the Mountie replied.

"Where," asked the bewildered colonel, "is the rest of your outfit?"

"Oh," said the corporal, "there is one more constable, but he's back at the camp making breakfast."

The Mounties—who became a modern, scientific crime-detection agency some 15 years ago under the late Commissioner Sir James MacBrien—still operate on the theory that if one good man can handle a job, why waste ten? As a result the force is kept small. A candidate is accepted only if he can operate as a one-man detachment, in which he is the sole representative of the law in a territory averaging from 30 to 50 miles in radius. To get recruits of this caliber, rigid physical standards are set up (a minimum of five feet eight inches in height, and no more than 180 to 200 pounds in

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In six of Canada's 10 provinces, Mounties perform the same duties as the state police in the U.S.



Of every 28 candidates for the force, only three successfully complete the six-month training course

...as they Really Are

weight according to height). Each applicant must pass rigid psychological and educational exams, then go through a six-month basic training course that makes our wartime Officer Candidate Schools look like sissy-roosts by comparison.

Each graduate Mountie comes out a lifesaver, typist, fingerprint man and driver—with a smattering of medicine, physics, photography, law and spectrography thrown in. Of every 28 men who apply, only three actually get into the force. These are so good by the time they finish their training that they are sent out immediately "on detachment."

A one-man-detachment Mountie generally operates from a one-room office in the house which he rents for his wife and children. His office is equipped with a radio that keeps him in constant contact with higher headquarters. His patrol car, an ordinary sedan, also has a loud-speaker, plus a portable floodlight, signal flares, weapons and sundry specialized equipment. He often is on duty 20 hours a day, and when he is asleep his wife tends the radio and takes messages over the phone.

Here, for instance, is a typical day (July 27, 1949) for a typical one-man-detachment Mountie—tall, blond Constable W. W. Squires, who is stationed in the little agricultural town of Teulon, Manitoba:

2:30 A.M.: A man comes in to report an auto accident seven miles away. The Provincial law says you must report any damage over \$25 and this man isn't taking any chances by waiting until tomorrow. So Constable Squires is roused to witness the signature.

4:00 A.M.: A man phones in to report that his wife is misbehaving.

"She's out with another man," he says.

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"That," says Squires, "is something you must settle between yourselves. Get a lawyer. The Mounted Police can't take sides."

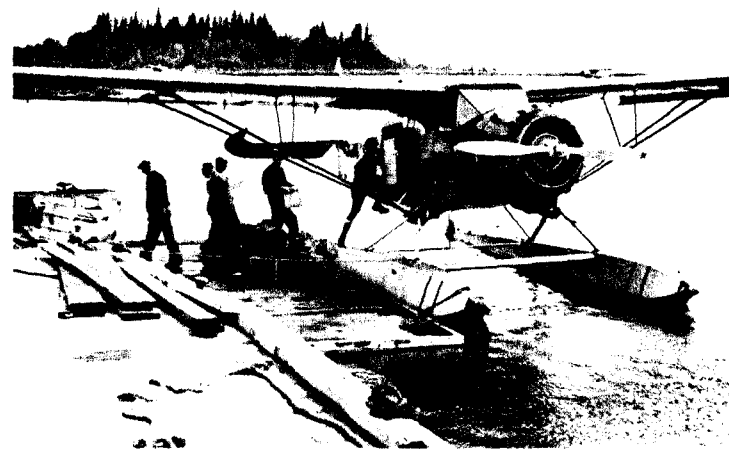
The man hangs up.

9:00 A.M.: A man phones in to complain that an aged, senile woman should be committed to an institution; that she is getting too difficult for her people to handle. Squires phones a doctor and arranges for him to examine the woman to find out if she should be committed.

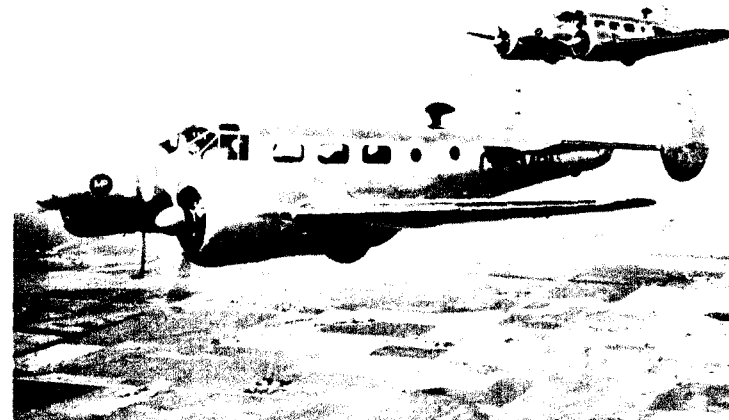
9:30 A.M.: A district health nurse comes in looking for a girl who recently has been released from the Portage la Prairie Women's Jail. There is a report that the girl has a venereal disease. The nurse must find her, but the girl can't be located at her given address in the area. Squires radios division headquarters in Winnipeg. Division headquarters radios the Mountie detachment in Portage la Prairie and they phone the jail. In a matter of minutes Squires has two Winnipeg addresses where the girl may be found and the nurse trundles off to that city to get her woman.

10:36 A.M.: A man phones in from the town of Komarno reporting the theft of tools from heavy equipment being used to build roads for the province of Manitoba. Squires gets into his car and drives 18 miles to the scene of the crime. He spots fingerprints on a tractor toolbox and radios for a Mountie fingerprint expert to come out from Winnipeg headquarters. The fingerprint man arrives, photographs his prints and goes away.

Then Squires finds his clue. One of the missing tools is an expensive set of dies for threading bolts and pipes. It has a hidden Provincial identification mark on it. Squires makes a note to go to all the farms at threshing time, when every available piece of machinery is in use, to (Continued on page 62)



Airplanes like this track escaped criminals through the bush, ferry supplies to the wilderness outposts



Bigger transport planes fly reinforcements where needed and sometimes serve as flying courtrooms



The case of the NEGLIGENT NYMPH

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

*Continuing the
Perry Mason Murder Mystery*

The Story: Never had PERRY MASON defended so difficult a client as beautiful DOROTHY FENNER. She did everything wrong. She burgled the home of GEORGE ALDER, wealthy real-estate operator, in order to get possession of a letter which accused Alder of having cheated his half sister, CORINNE LANSING, of her share in their father's estate and of having connived to keep Corinne locked up in an insane asylum. When Mason helped Dorothy beat that rap, she promptly got involved in a murder charge. George Alder was killed on the very night that Dorothy was due to visit him. The district attorney was sure he could prove that Mason had helped Dorothy escape from Alder Island on the night she stole the letter. Mason wasn't sure whether his client was guilty of the murder or not, but he was giving everything he had to her defense. Among the likely suspects were DORLEY ALDER, George's uncle, who inherited controlling interest in the estate following his nephew's death; CARMEN MONTERREY, a fortuneteller who had once served as maid and companion to Corinne Lansing; and PETE CADIZ, an eccentric beachcomber who found the incriminating letter. Working with Mason in the defense of Dorothy Fenner were DELLA STREET, his confidential secretary, and PAUL DRAKE, a private detective.

PART FIVE OF SIX PARTS

THE peremptory challenge is with the defendant," Judge Garey said. Perry Mason, on his feet, bowed urbanely. "We are thoroughly satisfied with this jury, Your Honor," he announced.

Judge Garey glanced at the prosecutor.

Claud Gloster, district attorney, made a gesture, a sweeping inclusive gesture of approval. "Swear the jury."

Judge Garey said, "The clerk will swear the jury."

The jury of seven men and five women arose, held up their right hands and were sworn to try the issues well and faithfully in the case of the People of the State of California on the one hand and Dorothy Fenner on the other.

Claud Gloster, as prosecutor, made a very brief opening statement in which he stated merely that he expected to prove the defendant, Dorothy Fenner, with malice aforethought, had murdered George S. Alder at his house at the beach on a place known as Alder Island; that death had been caused by gunshot; that the bullet had penetrated the neck, severed a main artery and shattered the spine. The victim had dropped in his tracks.

The victim had been expecting the defendant to call on him. He had locked up the dog which had been his inseparable companion for the past few months so that the defendant could come to the house without fear of the dog. The defendant had killed him with one shot from a .38-caliber revolver, fled out of the back door to the beach where she had left a canoe or some small boat, had rowed out to her own yacht, tied the boat to the yacht, changed her clothes, gone to the landing pier, and returned to her apartment.

It was a very sketchy opening speech. At the end of it, the prosecutor sat down. Mason waived his opening speech at that time and the district attorney called his first witness.

The autopsy surgeon testified with a bristling of technical language to the (Continued on page 50)

Cadiz was sitting in the bow of the boat, playing an accordion, his face granite-hard from wind and spray. He was playing tunes which had been popular long ago



The PICTURE and the FRAME

By RICHARD MACAULAY

Conron was a mean man and a mean cop. When he wanted a girl, he would do anything to get her.

WHEN a guy tells a story, I think he ought to tell it straight and lay all the cards on the table. So, I want to start right off by saying that I never liked Conron from the first day I met him. He was the kind of cop who makes *all* cops look bad. There was no difference to him between a criminal and a citizen who happens to bump up against the law. He was always bouncing people around who weren't in any particular need of bouncing.

He was a big bruiser, and he loved to have someone he'd picked up talk back to him, or even look like he *might* talk back to him. One of these poor guys died in the detention ward at County Hospital, but the guy didn't have any dough; therefore, he didn't have any friends, and nothing came of it. It's this kind of stuff, though, that suddenly explodes in the papers, and *every* cop takes the rap for it. There are transfers and suspensions, and a lot of cops who aren't bad guys find themselves riding a beat twenty miles from their home.

I just noticed that I keep saying "was" about Conron, and that's funny, because he's not dead at all. But whenever it happens, you won't find any tears pouring down the Raftery cheek! That's me, Raftery.

It all started on a night when I was teamed up with Conron on a prowl detail that ended at midnight. Just before time to check the car into the

garage, Conron, who was driving, suddenly took out after a guy and squatted him. I didn't say anything, but I was thinking plenty. The limit was thirty-five, and the guy had been doing maybe thirty-eight with not another car on the street. But that was Conron for you. He was quick to give a ticket, and he never acted even halfway decent to the guy he gave it to.

This boy we squatted was apparently a smart character and didn't give Conron any sass, something he was always hoping for. When Conron finally got back in the car, I said to him, "If I'd been that citizen I'd have coked you right in the teeth!" "And you know what would of happened to you, and where you'd of been?"

"I'm talking about *me*, brother—not *him*!"

Conron only grinned and drove on. For some reason, whenever I criticized him, no matter what kind of language I used, he always seemed to think I was kidding. Later, he found out different.

After we'd changed to street clothes and checked out of the station, Conron said, "I don't feel very tired. Let's have a drink."

I was feeling kind of nervous and unsleepy myself, so I nodded okay. Ordinarily, having a drink with Conron was something I'd run around the block three times to avoid.

"Where'll we go?" he asked.

"Peter's and Mary's," I said automatically, nam-

ing my favorite stopping-off place for a quiet drink. "Never been in the joint," Conron said. "See you there."

When I think back to the fact that I was actually the guy who brought Conron into Peter's and Mary's, I'd like to stick my head in a meat grinder. I even tried to change the meeting place at the last moment, but Conron was already in his car and driving away.

Peter's and Mary's is a little English-style restaurant and bar, where you can get well-cooked English dishes (there *are* such things!) and have a quiet drink. I don't think it will separate you from your ankles when I reveal that it was started by two people called Peter and Mary. They were man and wife, surnamed Bainbridge, and they'd been very much in love. The place had been Peter's idea—he was an Englishman and Mary was an Iowa girl—and they'd started in on a shoestring and had, for a long time, done all the work themselves. Peter had cooked, and Mary had worked out front. And, if you want to know, she was the prettiest waitress there's ever been.

Just as the place really got rolling and they could hire people and pay them, just like capitalists, Peter came down with a lung cancer, and was dead almost before he knew he was sick.

Mary was absolutely beaten, but she kept on with the place, and there was (Continued on page 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN OEHMEN

"DOC" DORTON

He Makes Our Hearts Gay at the County Fair

By WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

THERE was a fanfare of brass, and the curtains parted on the outdoor stage. The grandstand crowd broke into applause as the chorus advanced—18 luscious girls, precariously poised on rolling globes...

Around the edge of the fairgrounds stretched a 1,000-foot fence bright with rambler roses. Half the blooms were covered by a vine with broad, shining leaves, which shot its tendrils 12 inches longer every night. It was the Japanese kudzu vine, imported as a cover crop to halt gully erosion...

Under the grandstand in the exhibition hall a ten-year-old girl, with the clover leaf emblem of the Four-H club on her blouse pocket, tried to fight back tears. "I've lost it! Oh, jeppers, I've lost my premium ribbon!" Straightening her shoulders, she said to a fellow exhibitor, "I'm going to Doc Dorton and tell him. He'll know what to do."

She approached a man with alert blue eyes who

listened intently, then grinned. "Just a minute, honey, and I'll get it down in my notebook. *Junior Department, Q-3. Best Embroidered Tea Towels. Second premium, red ribbon.* Now then, why don't you cut along upstairs and watch the show? If your ribbon doesn't turn up I'll get you another one just like it. Identical. And that's a promise."

The child's face glowed; all was right with the world. "Doc" Dorton had added one more to the thousands of people on the Piedmont plateau of North Carolina who think of the word "fair" as synonymous with his name.

For over a quarter of a century, Dr. J. S. Dorton, of Shelby, North Carolina, has demonstrated what the ancient institution of The Fair can be when powered by horse-trader shrewdness, fervor for land conservation, and a wholehearted love of outdoor show business. Other fair managers may top him in one of these qualities. It is doubtful if any-

one ever combined them with greater force, catching up thousands of his fellow citizens in the whirl of his own enthusiasm and gently spinning them into a single strand of influence to draw the country along the way of agricultural progress.

Ignorance, apathy and the drag of ancient custom in tilling the soil are constant targets for the prophets of agrarian doom. Doc Dorton seldom stops long enough to view them with alarm. He is too busy showing his neighbors and the country at large how to make improved farming methods "take ahold" and spread like the kudzu vine.

The United States has over 2,500 annual fairs. The fair business is a sprawling, loose-jointed giant with one foot deep in the earth and the other on Broadway, whence comes much of the talent for the grandstand shows.

On Broadway, Doc Dorton is known as a man who books the best, yet can stretch a dollar farther

Midway at the Shelby, N.C., County Fair. Under a sugar-coating of top entertainment, farmers learn up-to-the-minute agricultural methods

WILLIS





Doc's special brand of showmanship (with everything from prize pumpkins to death-defying hell drivers) is secret of Shelby fair's success

than any other human being. Part of the secret lies in his homemade flagpoles. Doc is a great one for "flagging up" the fairgrounds. "Flags are like hands," he says, "waving a friendly hello—beckoning the folks to come inside."

But Doc refuses to buy the sectional steel flagpoles usually carried by carnivals, for they cost about \$150 each. Instead, he made his own. On a patch of land he owns near Shelby is a stand of loblolly pine, some of it 40 feet high. Doc cut down 300 trees, peeled and seasoned them, painted them with aluminum paint—and he had his flagpoles. For the top of each he designed an ornamental silvery globe, made of six-inch aluminum mixing bowls from the five-and-ten, screwed together in pairs, rim to rim.

At the state fair in Raleigh he built two 50-foot towers with a slope of corrugated roofing between them sweeping down to a concrete basin. A small electric pump sucked water from the basin up into an overflow tank from which it foamed down again, over and over. At night, shielded bulbs turned it into a rainbow cascade. The whole thing was typical of Dorton—color, lights and motion.

"... And in the basin what d'ya think he put?" asked one of his fans. "Thoroughbred ducks! Farmers know all about ducks. Lost kids are taken to the basin while the announcer is calling the parents. When the parents show up, the kids start yapping for more popcorn—to feed the ducks! I'm telling you, that guy Dorton covers every angle."

Joseph Sibley Dorton was born fifty-four years ago in Concord, North Carolina. His dad was county treasurer, had been a cotton broker, wanted his son to be a physician. The boy was crazy about animals and they compromised on veterinary medicine. But young Dorton had show business in his blood. At an early age he taught his pet cocker spaniel to climb a 25-foot ladder and dive off into a net. And in the Dorton back yard he and his playmates built a roller coaster which neighbors credit with having had a quarter of a mile of track.

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"The track was maybe 200 feet long—when we all rode down it, hollering and yelling," Doc explains. "It was when we had to push the car back up the hill that it stretched out to a quarter of a mile."

In that same back yard, where he and the neighbors' kids also built a four-passenger Ferris wheel powered by a rope and pulley, Doc learned what can be done with simple materials and teamwork. He's been doing it ever since.

The source of Doc Dorton's energy can be found in his physical make-up: he is five feet, 9½ inches tall and weighs a rugged 185 pounds. His clear blue eyes seem to crackle. Yet there is no feeling of strain about him. As one old-timer in Shelby put it, "Doc don't jump around much faster'n most folks... just gets more done."

In talking to Doc Dorton you can see at once one mental trait in which he differs from most of us: he sees things not as static, isolated units but as one great interlocking process. Or, as he would put it, "In the fair business everything fits together. When a 'hell driver' jumps his auto through a hoop of fire he's helping to break the stranglehold of cotton on this county."

The hell driver and his fellow daredevils, performing before the grandstand, have brought crowds to the fair. Once there, the people get a load of the state agricultural exhibits, strongly featuring the Live-at-Home campaign of crop rotation, more and better cornfields, importation of dairy cattle and a good kitchen garden for every farm—so the folks will eat, "come high water or six-cent cotton."

According to Doc, "People can't be pushed anywhere. But

they can be led. Seems to me the secret of good education is to mix it up with entertainment and spark it with friendly competition." He makes it sound easy because he has a naturally warm heart.

"Well, now, there was that little kid that lost her ribbon. Only took me a minute to make a note of it. A new ribbon costs us maybe forty cents. That's not much to us but it means a hell of a lot to her. I know how disappointment can hurt kids. And besides," he adds with a wink, "20 years from now that little girl might be one of our biggest exhibitors. Or married to one."

Doc did not enter the business of fair management by decision; he was "drug in." In 1923 the Kiwanis Club of Shelby (J. S. Dorton, charter member) started talk of reviving a county fair. Doc was put on the committee and before he knew it he was the committee.

With no previous experience at fair organization he rolled up his sleeves a little higher, "took aholt" and put the Cleveland County Fair together in six hectic months, building a grandstand seating 4,200, exhibition buildings, a livestock barn and a race track. He says, "We moved 30,000 cubic yards of dirt with nothing but mules and dump carts, cutting and filling, to level the track. Now that is one hell of a lot of dirt. If I'd known what the job would be like I might never have dared tackle it."

The fair incorporated as a nonprofit organization in 1924 with a stock issue of \$17,000 subscribed by local businessmen and farmers.

The property is now appraised at \$225,000, and is only one of three (Continued on page 79)



JACOB LOFFMAN

Doc Dorton's advice: "Give the customers their money's worth"



Caldwell's copy of *New Sensation*, published in 1873, a pimple-raiser of its day, was the first issue to appear

BLOOD and Thunder

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Here's a man who spent 40 years assembling the world's best library of "penny dreadfuls" but never has time to read them

RAYMOND L. CALDWELL is neither a private eye nor the writer of a radio mystery serial, yet he probably knows more tales of blood and thunder, homicide, larceny, kidnaping, arson, and other dastardly misdeeds than any other American alive. Caldwell, a healthy and right-minded gentleman in his mid-fifties, owns a collection of old-fashioned dime novels, which many of his 1,000-odd fellow hobbyists in this country regard as the finest and most exhaustive in the world.

A retired florist and occasional builder of veterans' houses in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Caldwell has been steadily filling the attic of his own house with "penny dreadfuls" for nearly 40 years. All four walls of the attic are now stacked to the rafters with copies of paper-backed books recounting the adventures of Frank and Dick Merriwell, Nick Carter, Old Cap Collier, Buffalo Bill, The Liberty Boys and other fictional heroes of another era. During the past few years the collection has spilled down into the lower areas of his home and many items have been filed away in a warehouse-garage some three blocks away.

The building is big enough to house five or six automobiles, but Caldwell parks his car somewhere else and uses the space to accommodate a large chunk of his dime novels and bound copies of old magazines.

"I guess you might say that I've got a pretty complete collection," he told me recently, thereby

making an understatement of dinosaur proportions. Caldwell's hobby now includes—he estimates—around 60,000 different copies.

Few people under the age of thirty can remember such publications as *Do and Dare*, *Tip Top Weekly*, *Brave and Bold*, and *Wide Awake*. But to men and women who were young before 1920, they once were as vital as *Superman*, *Batman* and *The Human Torch* are today.

Caldwell deplores the difference between the old and the new. He says that when Nick Carter killed off a cordon of thugs, he did it in a *clean* way; Nick never consorted with half-clothed women, and he led a life that was a model of propriety. Such good behavior on the part of dime-novel heroes paid off in popularity. Frank Merriwell alone had a new adventure once a week for nearly 20 years, from 1896 to 1916. Merriwell's "double-shoot," that phenomenal baseball pitch, was chronicled in weekly editions that attained an average circulation of 200,000 copies.

Caldwell's hobby dates from early boyhood. At that time dime novels were being roundly criticized just as comic books are today. But Caldwell never encountered parental disapproval. In fact, he recalls that his father liked to read Merriwell too, and so did his sister.

In 1919, soon after he returned from service in the Navy, Caldwell began reading some of his old Merriwells with renewed interest. He was particularly attracted to the letters column in which fond

Merriwell fans praised the wholesome reading as an influence for good living.

Interspersed with the high-minded messages were other notices from Merriwell collectors who wanted to correspond with kindred souls. Caldwell decided to write to them, offering to trade some of his Merriwells for those that he didn't have.

Before long, he was involved through the mails in a duel of wits with a fellow Merriwell admirer who finally was so impressed by Caldwell's fervor that he gave up his entire collection and sent it to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

From then on there was no stopping Caldwell. He began buying up complete collections all along the Eastern seaboard.

While poking around in old bookstores, junk shops and sounding out fellow hobbyists to fill out his Merriwell collection, Caldwell naturally picked up some Nick Carters, Buffalo Bills and others.

"I just gathered them in," he told me not long ago, "thinking I'd get rid of them later. Well, pretty soon I had so many that I wanted complete sets of them, too."

This is as near as Caldwell has ever come to devising a collection system. He just wants *everything* in the field, and this simple desire has led him to some unusual problems and experiences.

High-Priced Copy Was No Bargain

Once he needed a single issue of a certain series to complete his collection. He advertised far and wide with no luck, and finally announced to other collectors that he was prepared to go as high as \$40 to get it. Eventually the copy turned up, but in miserable shape—rubber-stamp marks on the cover, torn and frayed edges, the paper so yellow that it apparently had been kept for years in a damp cellar.

Undismayed by the physical quality of the book, Caldwell plunked down the asking price. A few days later he bought out another collection. In going through it he found a copy of the same novel he had been seeking—in mint condition. The entire collection, in which there were many prized items, had cost him less than he paid for the one beat-up copy.

Such an incident merely stimulates Caldwell, who goes on buying collections in a high spirit of enterprise. Once he acquired 23,000 Street & Smith remainders at one clip. Another time, in Philadelphia, he took over a 40-ton library that filled seven trucks when it was hauled away.

Inevitably, Caldwell has branched out into other fields. He now has bound volumes of some of the earliest magazines and story papers ever published in this country (including *Youth's Companion*, *Youth's Casket*, *New York Mercury*, *Ned Buntline's Own*). Some of the issues date back to the 1830s.

As one would expect, this tremendous storehouse of stories has made Caldwell something of an authority; he can rattle off hundreds of names of dime-novel authors, their aliases, and pertinent dates, and he does it with the scientific precision of an ichthyologist classifying species of bass. On more than one occasion he has been of invaluable assistance to serious students of "subliterary" material. When Professor Albert E. Johannsen was engaged in completing his recent two-volume study of publishing's House of Beadle, Caldwell was one of his principal informants. E. F. Beadle, in the 1860s, was the first publisher of dime novels, and there's practically nothing he did that Caldwell doesn't know about.

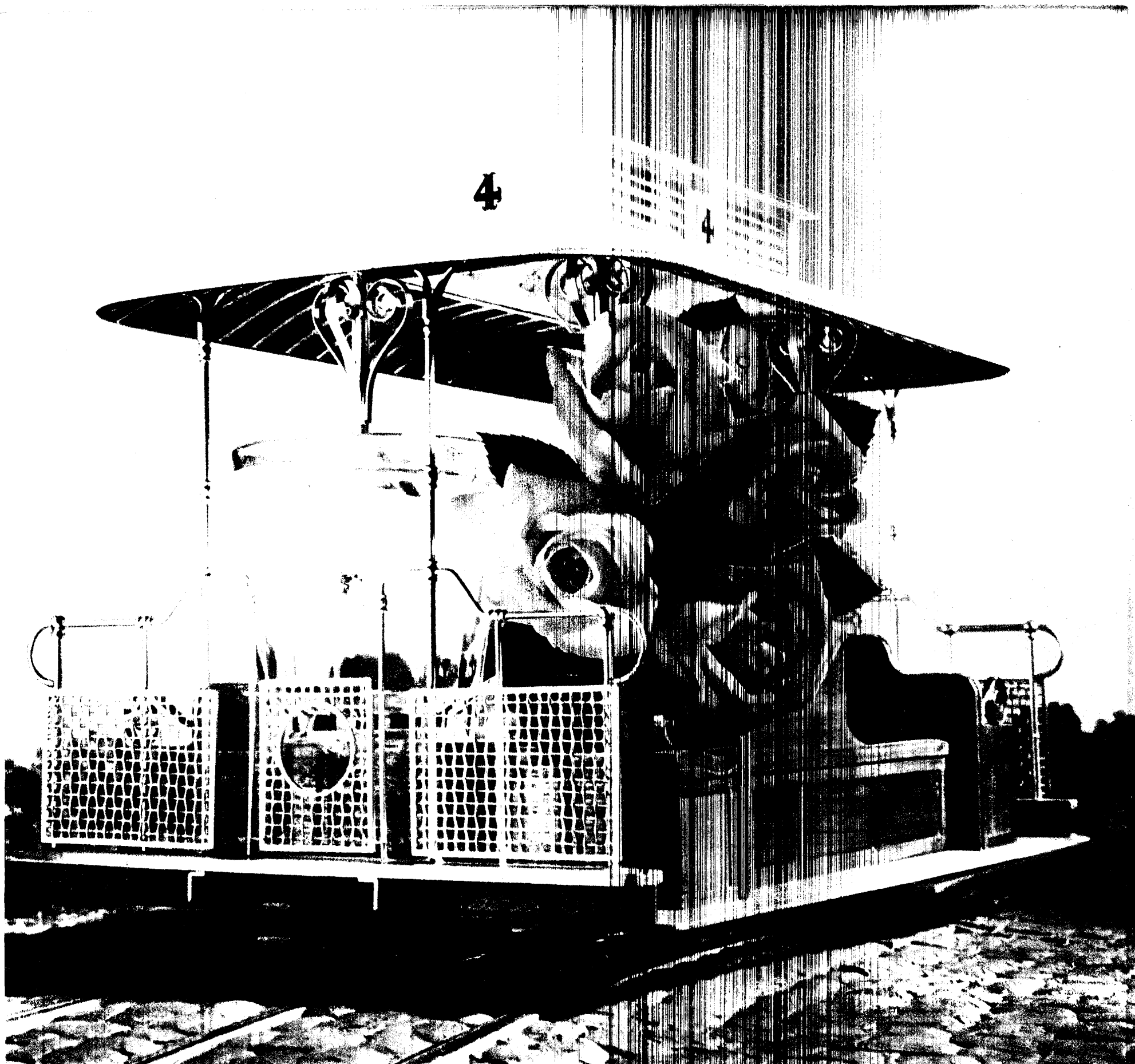
Libraries and museums are constantly requesting that Caldwell give or bequeath his collection to them, but he hasn't actually made up his mind as to its ultimate disposal. At present the collection is his full-time job, and his preoccupation with cataloging and classifying it has, on occasion, caused a crisis at home—especially when he is late for meals.

Mrs. Caldwell usually regards her husband's hobby philosophically. But there is one aspect of his curious occupation that Mrs. Caldwell will never be able to understand. Despite his status as an expert, and despite his vigorous interest in the people of dime-novel fiction, Caldwell hasn't turned a page or read a line in any of his collected books for years.

"Read them?" he said recently. "How would I ever find time for that?"

THE END

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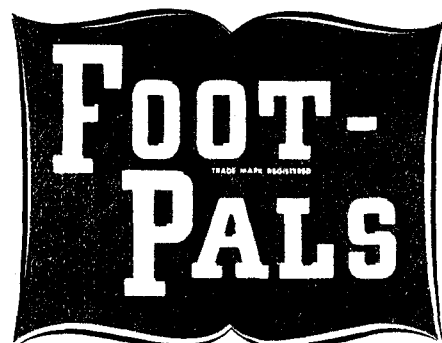


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teach Benson just a little about football, and the T formation in particular. I doubt very much, however, that you, Dr. Stratfield, have had Ferris in here, asking him why Benson can't learn mathematics. I doubt very much that anyone is blaming Ferris."

"Oh," he heard Enright say, "it isn't quite the same."

"No," Eddie said. "It isn't. Ferris plays his little game of X's and O's in the privacy of a classroom. I play mine out in the middle of that white elephant—with sixty thousand undergraduates, clothing salesmen, bank tellers and their girl friends or wives, sitting in judgment. They don't really know any more about what I consider my science than they do about what Ferris is trying to teach. You wouldn't accept their opinion of Ferris' abilities, but you'll accept their opinion of mine."

"And I suppose," he heard Enright say, "that you might have mentioned insurance salesmen."

"Yes, I might," Eddie said.

"All right, Cap," Stratfield said, looking at Enright. "We're going to forget Benson. I merely mentioned his name."

EDDIE said, "Oh, no. Let's not forget Benson. You hired Ferris and me as professionals, proficient at our sciences, and then you threw Benson at us. Unfortunately, again, Benson is very important to me, because he's my right guard. His age is twenty, and I think his I.Q. is about the same. Most of them, I'll admit, are more intelligent, but in one respect they're all Bensons. They're all adolescents. Maybe they don't look that way to you people, because when you see them on the field they look like gladiators, but when you see them in the locker room, before they get dressed, when you talk with them, you know they're just a bunch of kids. Football is a man's game."

"We put them in a big stadium with sixty thousand people shouting, and speculators walking around outside getting forty dollars for a pair of tickets, and then we're selling them as men and we're selling their game as a man's game."

"Oh, I don't know," Enright said. "We've got to go by results. I make a good living in the insurance business, I might say, but I played football, and what you've got to go by are the sales or the scores. Furthermore, I don't know if football is any more of a man's game today than it was when I played it."

"You don't?" Eddie said. He knew now that the rest would be useless. He hadn't moved them a yard, and now he would just stay in there, disliking Enright, waiting to snipe at him.

"No, I don't," Enright said. "We weren't any older than these kids and we played good football in my day."

"You did?"

"Certainly we did. Old Doc Harris knew how to coach, and he taught good football."

"He did?"

"Of course he did. My senior year we were undefeated."

"I know," Eddie said. "And would you like to go in with me right now and look at some of the movies of your games?"

"The movies of our games?" Enright said. "They didn't take movies of games in those days."

"I know they didn't," Eddie said.

"Look, Eddie," Stratfield said. "That doesn't solve anything. You've already lost five games out of seven."

"I have?"

"Let's say the team has, then. There's a lot of agitation. I get letters. The things in the papers. Cap has to make a special

Man's Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

trip down here. It embarrasses me. It puts me on the spot."

"I'm sorry it does."

"Don't you think you can win Saturday?"

"Of course I think I can win Saturday," Eddie said. "I never saw a game that I didn't think I could win. If I didn't think I could win Saturday what would be the point of us playing the game?"

"Well," Enright said, "I'm sorry I don't share your optimism."

"It isn't optimism," Eddie said, turning on Enright, mad again. "I didn't say I'd beat them. I said I thought I could beat them."

"If you could beat State, Eddie," he heard Stratfield saying through it, "it would solve everything, at least for now."

"It sure would," Eddie said.

He walked home across the campus. It had started to rain, the water beginning to drip from the trees, to wet the leaves on the paths. He could think of

with State, stopping them, running them over, talking about them. Then he called in Angelo.

Angelo is the best, he thought, when he saw him walk in: short but strong black hair and dark eyes and even white teeth, young and still smiling. He thought about him, once a good ball-player and now giving a whole season to tailing State, learning football but never seeing his own club play, scouting State for two months in the hope of helping to lick them in one game.

"Well, Angelo," he said, "this is your game."

"Thanks for the present, Chief," Angelo said, smiling, "but maybe I don't want any."

"Why?"

"You know me, Chief. I'm just kidding. I always think anybody can be licked. I always think we can win any one game."

Angelo handed Eddie his reports, twenty pages carefully typed, the dia-

CLANCY



COLLIER'S



JOHN RUGE

the rain as out of the way now by Saturday, the field the way it should be.

He met his wife getting out of the car and they carried the packages of groceries into the house together.

"You know," he said, "I'm surprised they'll even sell you anything any more."

"They'll sell to anybody who can pay," she said. "They'd sell even if they thought we'd stolen the money."

"They probably think we have," Eddie told her.

"What happened?"

"The same. He and our fat friend want us to win Saturday and I want us to stop kidding ourselves."

"They'll never understand, Eddie. What you see in football or what Bud sees or Angelo sees will never mean anything to them. It will never mean anything to anybody until you have the tools. Bud told you that."

"Oh," Eddie said, "we might make a game of it Saturday..."

After lunch he walked through the rain to his office in the athletic building and he picked up where he had left off on Sunday night. He sat there with his assistants, Harry and the Moose, looking at the movies of last Saturday's game, looking at the movies of last year's game

grams carefully drawn. He gave out the copies to the others and they sat back, scanning them.

"Hopkins is a good coach," Angelo said, after a while. "This year he's got the material, too. Big guys and fast. They run the T the way you're supposed to—tackles downfield leading plays—if you know what I mean."

Angelo went to the blackboard, then, diagraming plays, erasing them, diagraming others, answering questions, enlarging on the things in his reports. Eddie kept rubbing his chin, thinking.

WHEN Angelo had finished they went downstairs together and got into their sweat clothes and football shoes and hoods, and walked out onto the practice field.

The rain had stopped, but it was damp and raw on the field and he took it easy with the kids because it was Monday. On Tuesday and Wednesday he really gave it to them, the second team running the enemy plays against the first. Angelo behind the second team, he behind the first, walking back and forth, starting them, stopping them, applauding them, criticizing them.

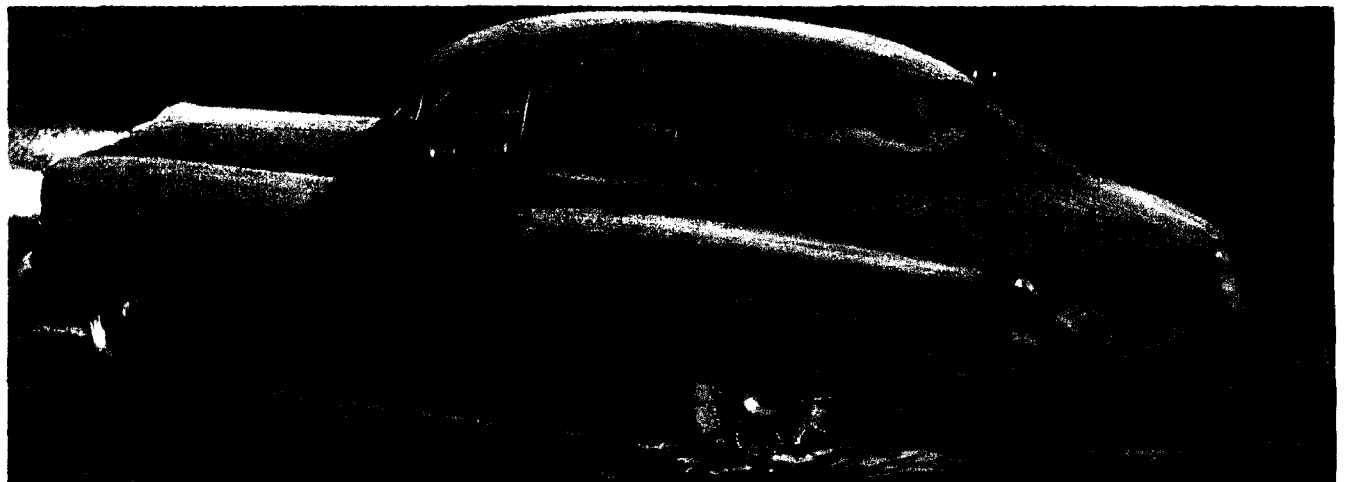
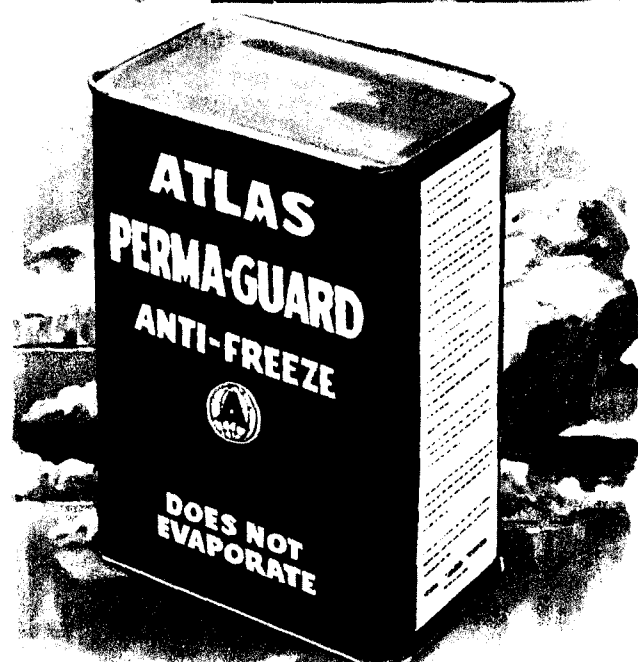
"Look, Murray, what are you doing

Collier's for October 15, 1949

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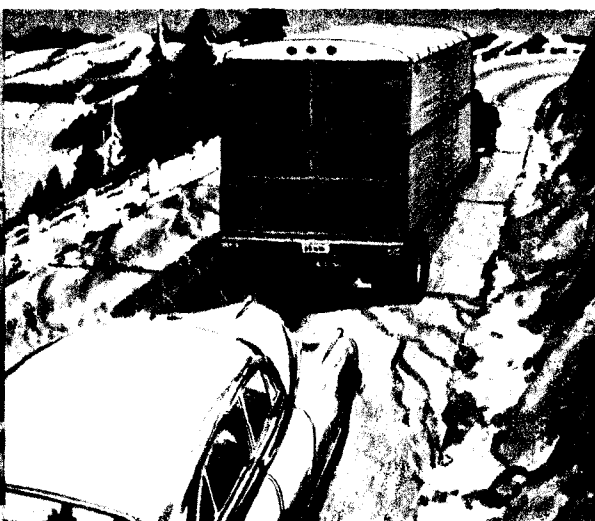
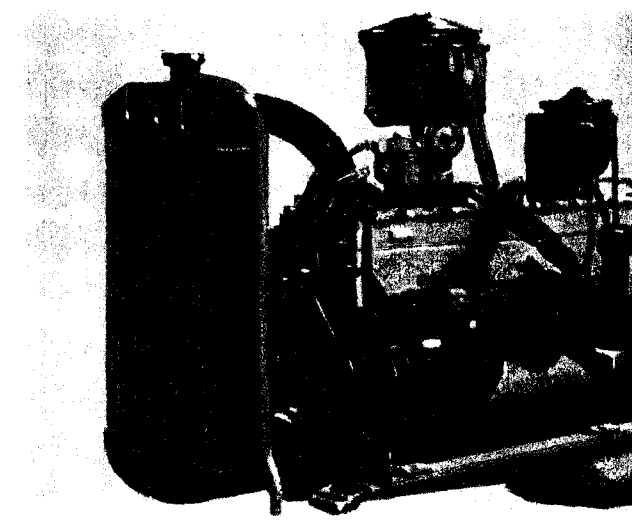


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up? Get down and come up under them. When you see that coming you're supposed to pile it up, slow it down. Didn't we just go over that play?

"All right, Pardini, that's fine. Don't forget to go wide with that man in motion. Don't let them get outside of you. Keep them down the middle. That's fine."

On Wednesday he also put in the new stuff, the stuff he'd been saving all year. There was nothing very different about it, just a few variations and one new pass to Luomo. Eddie watched them practice the Luomo pass play; he still fingered his chin. He had not yet, in his own mind, won the game.

He fell asleep that night playing the game, stopping strength with what strength of his own he could muster, playing his strength against State's weaknesses.

ON THURSDAY he was looking over Angelo's reports again when Angelo came in. "What about this big tackle?" Eddie said. "This number 74?" "Number 74?" Angelo said. "His name is Kradyk."

"It says here: 'Good initial charge.'"

"That's right. He comes in high, but real strong."

"Any lateral mobility?"

"Oh, enough. They only use him on defense and he bulls you."

"Can you trap him?"

"I don't know for sure, because nobody has tried it, but I would think so, now that you mention it."

He kept working it around in his mind. He went to lunch thinking about it and, after lunch, he talked it over with the others.

"Just two plays," he said. "We'll let this 74 come through the first time, with a little pressure on him, but let him make the tackle. Angelo says he likes to bull in there, pretty straight, so the second time we'll trap him. It might be very good, say inside the twenty."

He tried it on the blackboard, against a six- and then against a five-man line, his left halfback in motion to the right, his left guard pulling out to make the trap block. He changed the downfield assignments a couple of times, and then he put the chalk down.

"Well," he said, "what do you think?" He could see they liked it, Harry and

the Moose sitting there and studying it and nodding their heads.

"Chief," Angelo said, "I don't know how you do it."

"With a piece of chalk and a blackboard," he said, smiling. "I'm an artist."

"That'll open their eyes at the coaches' meeting this winter."

"I just hope," Eddie said, "that it opens a hole on Saturday."

"It will," Angelo said.

Eddie put it in that afternoon, working them late under the lights. He had given it to them on the blackboard in the locker room, and then on the field he ran them through it again and again, talking to them individually.

"That's right," he told his left end.

"You just brush that end long enough to keep him from crashing around behind. You give him that two-count block and then you tear down on that halfback, who'll be starting to float in, and you've got to take him out."

"Now you, Marino"—he turned to the big tackle—"you've got to keep some pressure on this 74, especially the first time. Let him bull you back and let him fall into that first tackle. The second time give him just a little fight at the start. If you don't he'll get wise. If you're not there at all he'll take two steps and stop. I'm sure he knows that much. So you fight him a little and then as you slide by he thinks he's free. Then you go down and take that fullback."

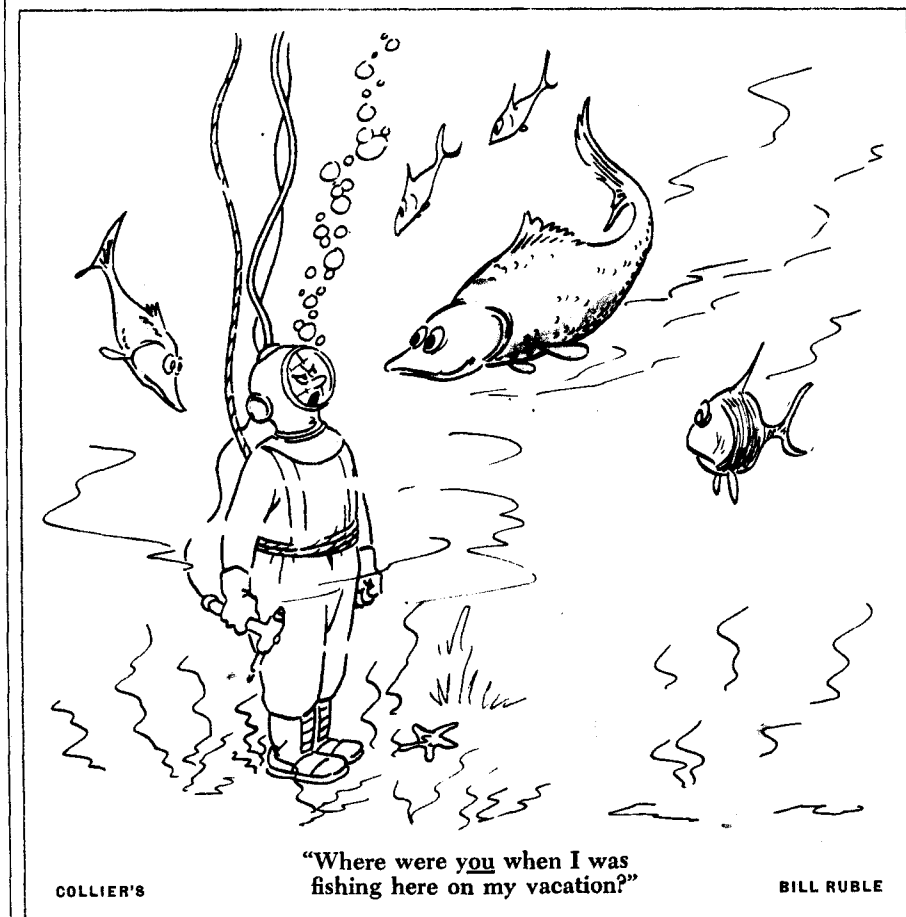
"Now, Price, you have it pretty easy on that trap block, because the big guy thinks he's free, and Fordy, handing off the ball, is cutting off his view of the play. He's looking to see which way it's going when you, Price, you hit him a reverse shoulder—in other words, with your right shoulder."

"Which reminds me of something," he said. "Benson!"

"Yes, sir."

He saw Benson in the line on one knee, his helmet off, his blond hair flat and gray now with sweat. In spite of what he had said in Stratfield's office, Eddie had no strong feeling against Benson. He had seen too many of them, good enough kids but kids whose ineptness he always had to disguise and accommodate with the simple enough jobs.

"You have to remember only one thing," he said, walking over. "You take that guard with a straight left shoulder,



COLLIER'S

"Where were you when I was fishing here on my vacation?"

BILL RUBLE

not a reverse shoulder, so that if he does slip off then you've still got your body between him and the hole. The hole has got to be permanent. Is that clear?"

When he sent them in, dirty and tired, he had won his game. They would play it on Saturday, but he had already—in his own mind—won his part of it because he saw now how it might be done. The playing of it would still excite him, but he had carried his science to the last decimal point. If the tools they had given him should fail him, that would not be his fault.

He slept well that night, and on Friday he tapered off. He ran them through a few plays just to keep them loose. He worked with his kicker for a while; he ran through the Luomo pass play a few times, and then he sent them in. He passed up the rally that night; it would be, he knew, a quiet one, dispirited. Instead he and his wife stayed home and played chess until eleven. . . .

The next morning they drove out into the country and back. It was a fine morning, cold and clear, the color still in the hills. When they got back to town the streets were crowded with the game traffic, horns blowing, the people laughing. She dropped him off at the stadium.

"Remember," she said. "Whatever happens it doesn't really make any difference."

"I know," he said.

He went into the dressing quarters and back into Gus's room. The walking wounded were already in, Gus bandaging their ankles, their wrists, putting pads on their thighs. At noon the healthy started coming in to have their wrappings put on, to get into their uniforms slowly and meticulously. He walked around, not to tell them anything but just to talk to them, one at a time, and at one fifteen he took them out onto the field.

He watched them loosen up. The big bowl was already almost filled, and he could feel the pressure growing inside of himself. All week, he was thinking, you retain your objectivity. Then you see how it can be done, and when you take them on the field on Saturday it burns in your stomach.

He walked around among them as they ran up and down, bringing their knees up high, rotating their shoulders, and he felt his closeness to them. They were his tools, not perfect, but he had shaped them to their uses the best he could. He and they had not the same purpose—his being in the manner of the playing of the game, theirs only in the winning, somehow—but they shared a common anxiety close to fear, and it brought them together as it does men in war.

He could imagine how they looked from the stands—plastic helmets, big shoulders, tall and strong and mature.

AT ONE FORTY-FIVE he took them back in and he saw them again as they were—good kids, but kids on whose decisions no one in the stands would want his life depending. They were already too excited, and he tried to quiet them.

"These people aren't any bigger or stronger than you are," he said. "They play the same game you play. Actually you've got the drop on them because they're out there undefeated and cocky. The time to get them is before they wake up."

If they can do that, he was thinking, they will see how possible everything is. Then he saw Ford wanted to speak.

"Fordy?" he said. "You have a question?"

"No question, Coach," Ford said. "I just wanted to say that we don't go along with that stuff they're saying around."

"Oh."

"We think we know you better than anybody, and we think you're a great coach. You've taught us good football, and if we don't play it then it's our fault."

Collier's for October 15, 1949

Eddie scuffed his toe delicately against the concrete floor. "Well, not exactly."

"Anyway," Ford was saying, "we're gonna give 'em hell for you today."

Now they were all standing up and shouting and that was the way he sent them out. He walked down the tunnel after them with Ford, the sounds of stamping feet and of cheering overhead, his arm over the kid's shoulders, the kid listening and nodding his head as they walked.

"Receive if you can," he was saying. "Our best chance will be in the first five minutes. If you can get inside their thirty-five, use Luomo on that wide cut-back. Then throw him that short pass we just put in."

"All right," the kid said. "I know."

It seemed now as if they would never get it started. Eddie stood watching them in the center of the field, Ford and the other captain and the officials shaking hands, then the coin going up in the air and coming down. He saw the official's hand come down on Ford's shoulder and when the kid came running back, strapping on his helmet, Eddie met him at the side lines with the rest of the team.

"Fine, Fordy," he said. "This is our day."

WHEN they ran out on the field and spread out, the noise seemed constant to him. At the peak of it he saw the kick go up in the air and start coming down and now he was all right. They were keeping it away from Luomo, and Ford had it on the five. The other people—the State people—were sloppy, finding it hard to get started. Ford was at mid-field before they dragged him down.

Now Eddie was conscious of nothing but the game. Ford might have gone all the way, he thought. Now is the time.

Ford, on a sneak, made five. Luomo, on a reverse to the weak side, made a first down. He could see the other people, the big guys wearing red, trying to stir themselves now, hollering at each other in the line, nodding their heads in answer. They hit Mancini at the line, but he kept digging and he dragged them for five before they really stopped him. On the thirty-five-yard line.

All right, Fordy, he thought. Now.

Ford called the cutback and they ran it just right—Luomo starting wide, cutting perfectly, the tackle swept out of it, the secondary sucked over. He saw Luomo streaking back across the field before they grabbed him by the ankles on the 20. He saw the other people call time out.

That's fine, he thought. He knew they would work over quickly all the possibilities, and he recognized that their calling time was his ally. He knew that as they talked about it they would only set themselves more firmly in their practiced patterns of stopping what they had been told he might use. They would never suspect he would pass to Luomo. There was no record of Luomo ever receiving.

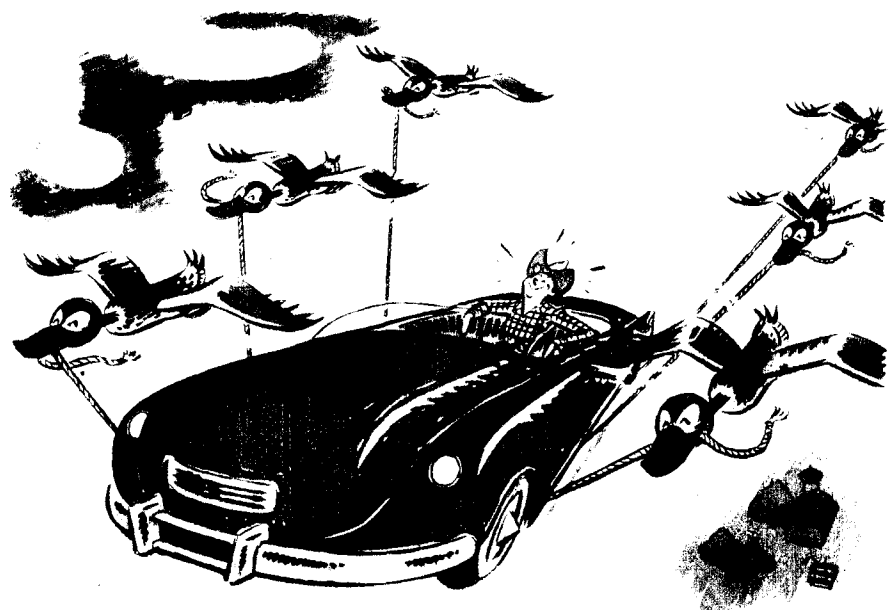
He saw Ford looking toward him from the field and he nodded. He heard the whistle go and saw them lining up. He heard Ford calling off the count, saw it start with the fake to Mancini, Ford keeping it. He saw Ford run to the right—the fake sweep—and then he looked for Luomo. He saw him cutting across just beyond the line of scrimmage, the pass coming to him alone on the ten. He saw Luomo catch it on the run and go over. He heard the roar and he sat down for the first time in the ball game and watched Ford kick the point.

After that it got very tough. He knew it would be that way, that even if he succeeded early he would only succeed in waking them up, but that was the only way to do it.

He watched the other people come back, fumbling the first time in their anxiety. It was that way through all of the first quarter and almost into the half. They didn't fumble again, but their tim-



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ing was a little off; his kids kept kicking out—and then, thirty-five seconds from the end of the half, State evened it.

I almost had them at the half, he thought. I could have had them at the half. That is the way it always happens.

"All right," he said to them in the locker room. "Now you've seen how you can do it. For all but thirty-five seconds you had them beaten. This second half they'll be thirty-five seconds too late. You know now that it's possible to hold them off for just two periods."

He walked around among them, then, as they sprawled on the floor, some of them lying down, others leaning against the lockers, their heads back and their eyes closed, their bodies cluttering the room. The air was heavy with their breathing and with the smell of their liniment-logged sweat, and he talked to them individually, praising them, not criticizing, only advising.

"Remember, Marino. If we get a chance to pull that 33-trap, it depends on how well you convince that 74 that he's actually moving you, that you're not giving ground away free.

"And, Benson, I'm talking about that trap on that tackle. You have to hold that hole open on the inside. You've got to move that guard there with a left shoulder. Is that clear?"

"I know," he heard Benson say.

He talked to them all again, then, making the adjustments the Moose had brought down from the top of the stands. He walked out again with Ford.

"You can use Luomo for a threat on that pass again, but you won't be able to throw to him. . . . Don't try that 33-trap unless you're inside the twenty, if you get that far. They'll go into a five-man line on second down because they'll be looking for that Luomo pass again."

THE second half was the way it had to be, the other people driving for two or three first downs, his own kids hanging in there and, finally, taking the ball. His own kids would make a first down now and then, but for the most part they would run a couple and then kick, waiting for the break, until then settling for a tie.

It came with all but three minutes gone. Ford had kicked from his own twenty; it had been high and long, and when it had landed it had come down on

a point, bouncing crazily, down to State's 30 and then the 25. If the other people had been ahead they would have let his ends ground it, but one of their backs tried to pick it up, angling back toward his own goal with the ball dancing on the tips of his fingers, looking for blockers. Now Eddie saw the ball hit the ground, his own right end on top of it.

He heard the great noise come out of the stands and he realized that he, too, was standing. He felt the moment in his stomach again, and he waited for Ford to look toward him. He saw Ford clapping his hands, calling them back in a hurry. He knew Ford would call it.

"Chief," he heard Angelo saying at his side, "here we go."

They set it up beautifully. He watched the big red 74 bulling in and Marino, giving ground, letting him fall in to make a tackle. He watched them line up again, State going into a five-man line. He saw 74 charge, Marino contacting him, then slipping off and going for the fullback. He saw Price pull out and come across and hit 74, the big guy going down, and he saw the hole, as big as a highway. He saw his left end going down for the halfback, the others, too, now starting downfield. He saw Luomo wheel into that hole and then he saw a red helmet and red jersey—State's other guard—slide over, filling the hole, pulling at Luomo, Luomo dragging him for about two yards, all of his fine speed halted, Luomo hauled to the ground.

Suddenly, standing there, Eddie felt very empty, as if something had punctured him, leaving him loose and weak.

"Benson!" he heard Angelo saying, shouting it at him.

"I know," he said. "I saw it."

"He tried to reverse shoulder that guy. You told him, and he didn't do it."

"I know," he said, turning on Angelo.

"Don't tell me. Run up in the stands and tell Enright. I can see."

"I'm sorry," Angelo said.

"Forget it," he said. "It's my fault."

He was conscious, standing there then, of how quiet it was. In the stands there was so little noise between plays. He knew that in their ignorance they did not know that right there the thing to be won had been lost.

She said it is my only means of expression, he was thinking, this thing that happens on the field. It is all I have and



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if I cannot prove it on the field I cannot explain it otherwise. I cannot, by talking, make Stratfield and Enright and the rest of them understand.

Then he heard them shouting and, looking up, he saw what he had been looking at but not seeing. He saw Ford, the ball in his hands, running back with the other ends on him, circling, going back again, back to the thirty-five.

AS HE watched it he saw in his mind the uniform stripped from Ford now, leaving him not the gladiator but the kid, naked in his panic.

No, he said to himself. The short pass on third down thrown to a man. Not the long one the other people can intercept, that can give them possession in a broken field.

Then he saw the ball going—high and wobbling and poorly thrown, anybody's ball, and he knew that some one of the other people would grab it and run it back all the way and that the debacle would be complete. He saw it start to come down, and on the five he saw his right end—the blue—going up in the air with two of the other people in red. He saw the ball come down in the middle of them, his end clutching the ball, twisting and turning with the other people on him, falling over the goal line.

When it ended that way—13-7, the great place full of noise—the people started to flock onto the field, flooding it, carrying his shrieking players, trying to reach him. He remembered Hopkins on the other side of the field, but the mob was in his way, carrying Ford, and he heard Ford shouting to him.

"Coach! Coach! That was for you." He hollered something to Ford, and then he saw Hopkins coming toward him, his hand out.

"Congratulations, Eddie," he heard Hopkins say.

"I was lucky," he said. "I shouldn't beat you."

"You should today," Hopkins said. "It was your ball game on that trap on the twenty. You should have won it

then, but that big, slow guard of yours didn't hold your hole for you."

"Thanks," he said.

The locker room was noise. The kids, naked now, were shouting, jumping up and down, the place hot and steamy, the newspaper writers on him.

"Yes," he was saying. "Ford called a fine game. . . . No, I don't ever remember seeing a more dramatic pass than that. . . . Yes, they were just as tough as we thought they'd be. . . . Yes, their 74 gave us a lot of trouble. . . . They're a fine ball club."

Then the alumni were on him, flabby people getting misty-eyed in their excitement, slapping him on the back, shouting to him, grabbing his hand. He saw Stratfield and Enright come in together, Stratfield immaculate, Enright flushed and expansive, both of them smiling, greeting people, looking for him.

"Eddie," Stratfield was saying, "you did it."

"You sure did, Eddie," Enright said. "That was a hell of a pass."

"You don't know how relieved this makes me feel," Stratfield said. "Just forget everything. We knew you could do it, and everything is all right."

"Yes," Eddie said. "It is. May I see you alone for a minute?"

"Certainly," Stratfield said. "Certainly."

HIS wife was waiting in the living room, the mixer and two glasses on the table. He left his overcoat and hat in the hall and she handed him a drink and sat down.

"Well, do we toast the hero?"

"Let's not kid about it," he said.

"Oh?"

"I saw Stratfield."

"I suppose," she said, "that he's greatly relieved."

"I don't know," Eddie said. "I quit."

They sat there for a moment, not saying anything.

"Eddie," his wife said, finally, "are these dry enough for you? I put hardly any vermouth in them."

THE END



"I finally decided to marry him by picking petals off a daisy and reading the Dun and Bradstreet report on him"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM
VON RIEGEN

Last Days of Poncho Pete

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

says, "reckon she'll give you your pistol back?"

"I don't know," I says. "I just know one thing—I ain't goin' crawlin' to her for it."

"Pardner," says the Texan directly, "ol' Tom wouldn't be takin' this layin' down."

"He's right, Poncho Pete," says Black Stanley. "We gotta do somethin'. Once them wimmen gits the upper hand—"

"What can we do?" I hollered. "You heard what Miss Langfitt said."

NOBODY said nothin' for a long while. If it hadn't been so close to supper there's no telling what would have happened. You could smell the ham steak and potatoes frying over in Mister Newman's kitchen. If it hadn't been for that, I reckon we'd have just picked up and headed for Texas right then and there. All of a sudden Eddie Sigafosse give out a holler and jumped in the air.

"I got it!" he yells. "I got it!"

Me and Black Stanley both looked at him like he'd went crazy.

"We'll kidnap Jo Ann!" says the Texan.

"What's a matter with you, boy?" says Stanley, chewing on a blade of grass. "You gone loco or somethin'?"

"No," says Eddie. "Don't you see? We won't kidnap her, exactly. We'll just get her and hold her long enough to throw a scare in her. Then maybe her and them other two dumbbells will leave us alone."

"You gone loco, boy?" says Stanley, getting up and walking away in disgust.

"Don't you see?" hollers Eddie, jumping up and down in the grass. "Pete here will call her up as soon as he gets home and ask her for a date!"

I couldn't say nothing I was so mad.

"Get it now?" says Eddie, all excited. "You get a date with her and then me and Black Stanley—"

I pushed Eddie so hard he fell down backwards in the grass. He just set there with the breath knocked out of him.

"All right!" he hollers directly. "All right then—if you're so daggone smart maybe you know somethin' better."

"Hold on here a minute, pardners," says Black Stanley, walking back over, all bowlegged and serious. "Maybe the Texan's got somethin' there, Poncho Pete."

"That's disgustin'!" I hollered. "That's downright sickenin'!"

"Hold on, pardner," says Stanley, hooking his finger around the pearl handle of his gun. "You don't understand—"

"I ain't gettin' no date with no girl!" I hollered, all hoarse and sore. "That's all I understand—I ain't gettin' no date. What would Tom say about—"

"Tom's smart," hissed Stanley. "Don't you see? Don't you 'member last Saturday when Tom made out like he was an Injun and sneaked right into Sittin' Bull's village big as life? That ain't sayin' Tom Mix likes Injuns, is it? Just like you gettin' a date with Jo Ann tonight. That don't mean you like girls. You're a spy."

Well, they had me there. I never said nothing for a while.

"You know that big mudhole down back of McFaddin's livery stable?" whispered Stanley.

"Yeah," says the Texan. "You get a date with Jo Ann tonight and ask her if she'd like to take a little walk down Mulberry Street in the moonlight. You know how them girls all go for that lovey-dovey stuff. Well—she'll be all dressed up in one of them fancy dresses of hers, and me and Black Stanley here is hidin' behind a cactus down by Dead Man's Pass and—"

Collier's for October 15, 1949

"You fellers mean—mean push Jo Ann Bruce in the mudhole?" I whispered.

"Heck yes," said the Texan. "I reckon that'll learn her to leave us be."

I studied on it for a while but the more I thought about it the less I liked it. "Heck!" I says. "They'd put us in jail."

"Won't nobody know who done it," whispered the Texan. "Don't you see? It'll be dark and we'll have masks on and you'll be there to help her out of the mud. Then you act like you're chasin' us, and directly you give up and get her back home. And when her ol' lady asks you what happened, you just say you was jumped by two mighty mean hombres down back of the livery stable! Jo Ann'll know we was back of it someway—but she won't be able to prove nothin'."

"It's too durned risky," I whispered. "I'm scared for fear—"

"You reckon Tom'd be scared?" whispered Black Stanley. "Was Tom Mix ever scared by anything with skirts on? Answer me that, Poncho Pete."

The sweet smell of them fried potatoes and ham steak was drifting stronger out of Mister Newman's kitchen window and itching all round inside me worse than ever now.

"Pardners," I says, my eyes narrow slits of fire as I stared off into the yellow dusk of Wyoming, "I reckon if Tom wouldn't be afraid—I ain't neither. Now let's head for the chuck wagon." . . .

I should have knowed better. It just goes to show you how women can drive a man to most any orneriness in this world, and first thing he knows he's all mixed up worse than he was before. Jo Ann sounded just tickled to death when I called her on the phone after supper that night. She said she'd just love to have me come calling on her that evening. Right then and there is when I should have backed out. Tom Mix is one thing and I'm another. Tom might have done all right with the women he knowed—but I'll bet he never run up against none like Jo Ann Bruce or Betty Snow or Mary Jane Lowther.

AFTER supper, Ma seen me all dressed up in my good blue Sunday suit. She like to fainted. "Peter," says Ma, "are you sick?"

"No'm," I says, grinning all sick and guilty-looking, like I'd just murdered somebody and there was a big sign around my neck telling all about it.

"Where are you goin', Peter?" hollered my old man from the front porch.

I swallowed real hard and straightened my tie. "I got a date, Pap," I squeaked. One night the summer before, me and Stanley had smoked up a whole pack of Kentucky Sweethearts and my voice had been acting up ever since.

"A date!" squawks my old lady. "Heavenly days—a date!" She busted out crying and headed for the kitchen. "My little boy!" Ma hollered. "Grown up! My little boy goin' off on his first date!"

Out on the front porch, my old man kept on reading the paper as hard as he could. I walked out in the hallway, with the red crawling up the back of my neck faster than a grass fire. Outside on the front porch, I could smell the honeysuckle vine mixing in with the smell of my old man's cigar smoke. I just stood there gritting my teeth. Tonight Poncho Pete was riding to his most dangerous rendezvous—and then my old lady has to go blubbering around the house talking about her little boy!

It must have been a quarter past eight when I walked up Mulberry Street to Jo Ann's house. Across the street I could hear Betty Snow and Mary Jane Low-



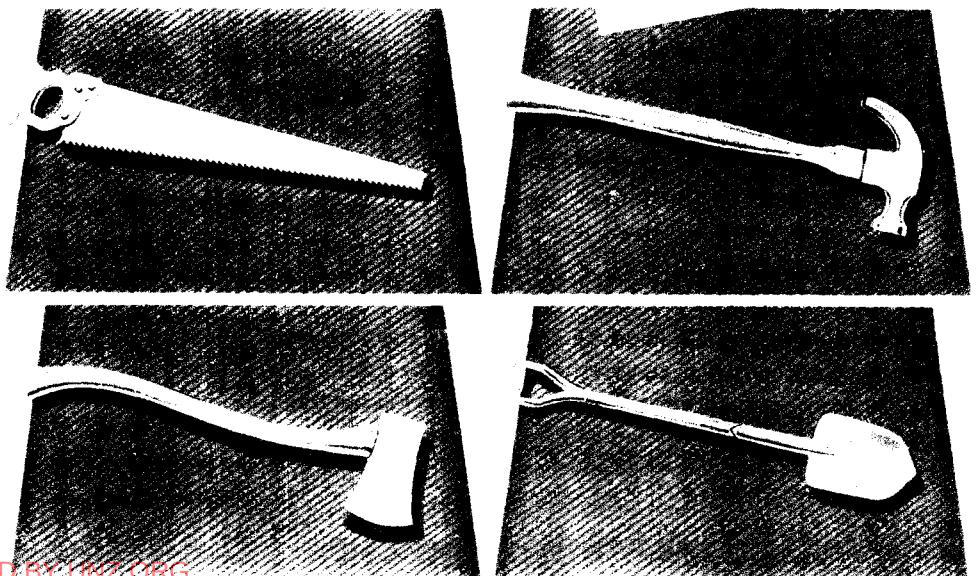
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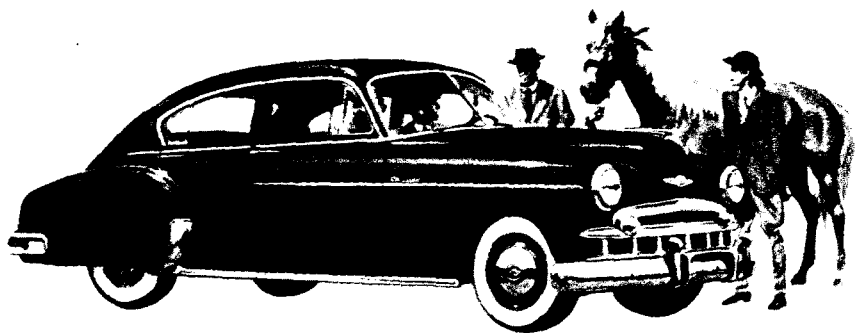
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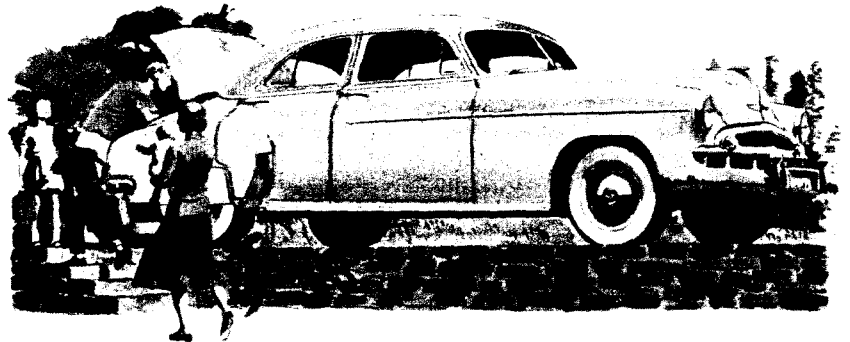


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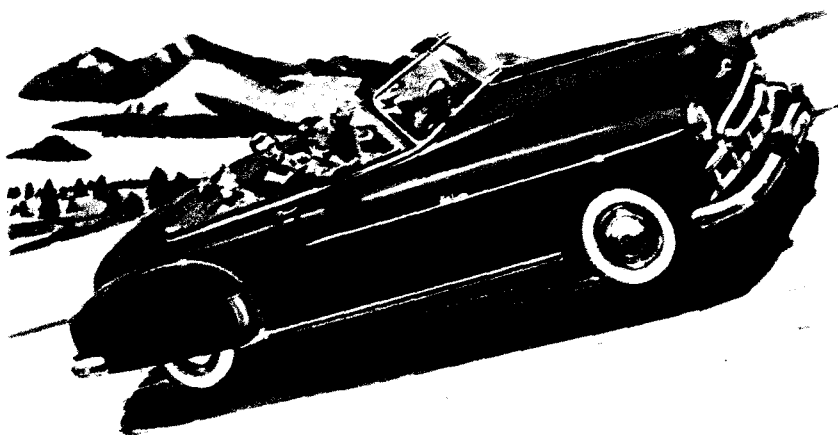
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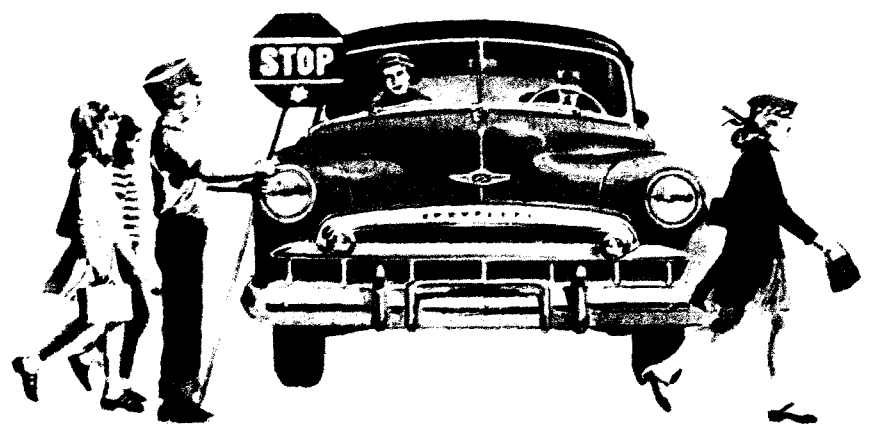
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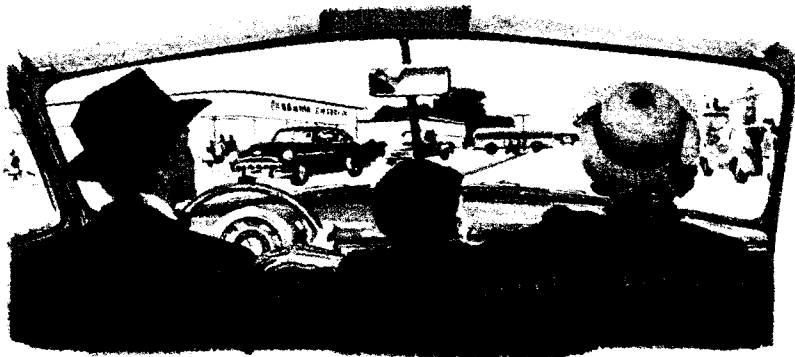
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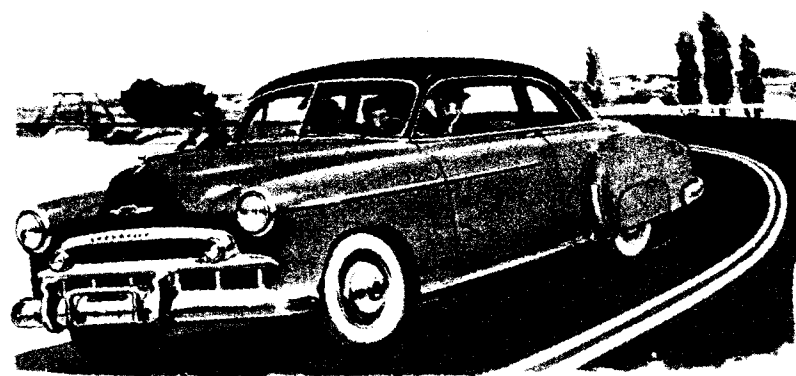
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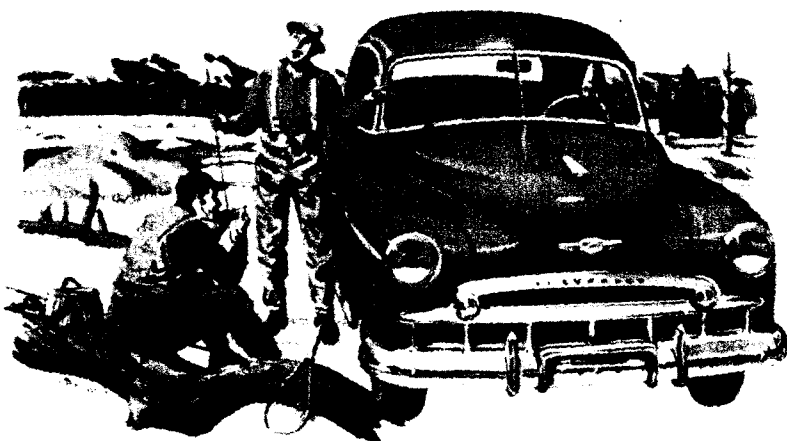
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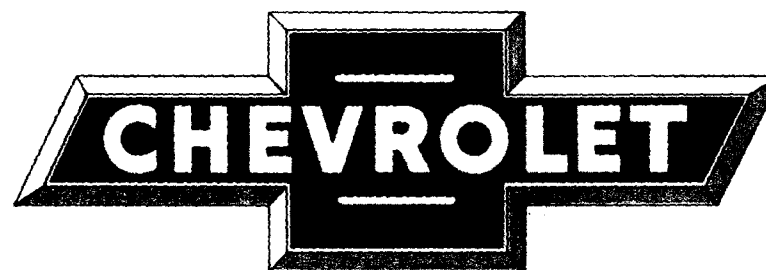
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ther setting in the swing on Mary Jane's porch whispering and giggling. I knew then that Jo Ann had told them both as soon as I'd called her. I didn't give a dern. Let them laugh. Them simple girls would be laughing out of the other side of their faces before this night was past. Black Stanley and the Texan was hiding down in the hydrangea bushes by the porch when I come up the walk. I was nervous, and they like to scared me to death just as I started up the steps.

"Psst!" I heard the Texan whisper. I jumped a good two feet and stared down in the shadows by the porch.

"It's the Texan," he said. "And Black Stanley. Good luck, pardner!"

I seen the spring moonlight glint on their six-shooters and then I seen the red bandannas over their faces.

"Good luck, Poncho Pete," whispered Black Stanley. "Us hombres'll be waitin' for you down by Dead Man's Pass."

I waved my arms at them. "You guys loco or somethin'! You want her ol' man to see you?"

AFTER they'd ducked back in the shrubbery I was shaking so bad I could hardly get up them steps onto Jo Ann's front porch. And when I heard her coming after I'd twisted the doorbell, it was all I could do to keep from turning tail and running like a yaller coyote.

"Good evening, Peter," says Jo Ann, in that sticky, sweet voice of hers.

I give her my hat, and while she went to hang it up I just stood there shaking and rubbing my cold, sweaty hands on my blue suit. Directly here come her old lady down the hall. I looked out the screen door into the warm spring dark and wished I was sitting down there in the shrubbery with Eddie and Stanley. But there wasn't no backing out now.

"Good evening, Peter," says Joe Ann's old lady, grabbing my hand and pumping on it real fast. "It's so nice of you to come calling on my daughter."

"Yes'm," I says.

Then she just stood there grinning at me, with me trying to grin back and not making much of a show of it.

"Well," she whoops out directly, "I'll let you two young folks alone now and go back to my baking."

Directly here come Jo Ann again, smiling and waving them big simple brown eyelashes at me. "Shall we go sit in the porch swing, Peter?" she coos. "It's such a lovely May night."

"I don't care," I says. It was dark and warm out and we sat down together on the swing. I sat way over in the other corner so's there wasn't no chance of bumping into her.

"My!" sighed Jo Ann, taking a deep breath and letting it out again. "Isn't the springtime nice, Peter?"

"Yes'm," I says. "It sure is."

She had on one of them derved dresses that was all lacy and white and frothy like an ice-cream soda, and she had a pink ribbon in her hair and some kind of sickening perfume splashed all over her. I just sat there on the swing thinking about Tom Mix and getting madder by the minute and feeling like busting somebody on the nose. I could hear Stanley and the Texan moving around down in the shrubbery trying to get comfortable.

"What's that?" whispers Jo Ann, moving over against me all of a sudden.

"What?" I squeaked, trying to get farther over on the porch swing so she wouldn't rub off none of that derved, sickening perfume on me.

"I heard something," said Jo Ann, moving up against me all the harder. "Down there in the shrubbery."

I stared off into the trees, just hating everything. "It ain't nothin' but them pesky long-horned cattle out on the range," I said, more to myself than her.

"It's what?" says Jo Ann.

"I mean—it's dogs," I says, real quick. "Or cats—or somethin'." It ain't nothin' to be scared of, Jo Ann."

"Oh!" sighed Jo Ann, real soft. "I'm glad you said that, Peter. I was frightened terribly for a minute. Peter, I certainly am glad you're here."

"Yes," I says. "Ain't it just grand?"

"Peter," she says softly.

"What?" I said. By that time I'd just plumb give up trying to move away from her. There wasn't no more swing left.

"Peter," says Jo Ann. "I'm terribly sorry about what happened in school today."

"That ain't nothin'," I said.

"I was trying to pick it up before Miss Langfitt saw it," she says. "I thought maybe I could hide it in my desk real quickly before she turned around—and then give it to you after school was out. But then she saw me, and I had to hand it to you then."

"It don't matter, Jo Ann," I sighed. "I never cared much for the derved thing anyways."

Well, sir, it was a funny thing. I hadn't meant to say that no more than nothing. It just popped out before I even knowed it was coming. That's the way women do—twist a man's tongue all around till he don't know what he's saying. Tom knowed. That's why you'd never catch old Tom having any truck with them. Old Tony was enough for

Point of Returning Memory

When we've driven so far—
Just too far to turn back—
We recall what we didn't
Remember to pack.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

Tom. And yet here I sat—Poncho Pete—jabbering and jawing with a girl like it wasn't nothing to be ashamed of at all, and then coming right out and saying I didn't mind her disgracing me in school and taking my pearl-handled six gun away from me to boot!

"I hope you're not angry," Jo Ann says. "I like you, Peter. I'm glad you called me up tonight. You're not a bit like that Sigafoose boy or that awful Stanley Stump."

"Yes," I says. "Ain't they vulgar?"

WELL, by that time I was sicker than a goat. I felt all mixed up and mad and wanting to bust somebody in the nose something terrible. And the way that derved Jo Ann Bruce was talking wasn't helping me none. And the way she was smelling—like cotton candy and baby powder and sweet cream all mixed up together. I peeked in the parlor window to see if her old lady was around and all of a sudden I seen it—my six-shooter laying there on the grand piano seat. And I couldn't do a derved thing about it when my eyes filled all up with mad tears. I realized all of a sudden that the derved gun wouldn't really shoot—that it wasn't nothing really but—

"Peter," says Jo Ann, "Mama says Miss Langfitt was very unfair to you today. Mama says I can give you back your cap pistol tonight—and what's more, I'm going to."

"That old thing?" I said, waving my hand in the air. "That old thing? I'm—"

Then Jo Ann's old lady was hollering at us from the hall. "Jo Ann," she says, "if you and the young man will come inside, I've got something for you."

So we went in the parlor and derved if Jo Ann's old lady hadn't fixed us up a big pitcher full of lemonade and a silver plate full of oatmeal cookies she'd just got done baking. Jo Ann poured me a big glassful and passed me the cookies just as I looked out the parlor window

Collier's for October 15, 1949

and seen them. I like to dropped my glass on the Oriental rug.

"Peter," says Jo Ann, "don't you care for lemonade?"

"Yes'm," I squeaked. "I just love it." I looked out the window again, just to be sure, and I seen them plainer this time—the Texan and Black Stanley glaring through the shrubbery at me and making faces and motioning for me to hurry up and get Jo Ann to take that walk down back of McFadden's livery stable. Jo Ann went and turned the radio on and sat down on the davenport and smiled at me. I sat down real quick in a straight-backed chair and drank my lemonade and stared at my pearl-handled six-shooter there on the piano bench.

I tried to swallow the cookie and I tried to drink the lemonade. The music was coming out of the radio real soft and I could smell the way Jo Ann smelled and I didn't know which end of me was up. When she went out in the kitchen to get some more cookies, I run to the window and stared out like a crazy man. There they was. Black Stanley just couldn't take his eyes off that pitcher of cold lemonade, but the Texan was glaring at me and motioning for me to hurry up. I don't know what come over me then. But I shook my head and waved my hand for them to go away. Then I went and sat back down real quick in the chair.

"More cookies, Peter?" says Jo Ann, when she come back from the kitchen.

"Yes'm," I said, watching out the window with the corner of my eye.

Jo Ann went over directly to tune the radio in better and I got a good look out the window. There they was—Black Stanley and the Texan—marching up and down outside the window and making faces at me and shaking their fists and letting on how they was really going to give it to me good once they laid hands on me.

All of a sudden it just came over me—I didn't care. Old Tom had faced a lot worse than that and come through. And when I got up to go home a half hour later, I still didn't care. And then when Jo Ann brought me my hat she was real close to me there by the screen door, and my face brushed against hers—well, you couldn't really say I kissed

her. My mouth just brushed her lips and I could smell that cotton candy and baby powder and sweet-cream smell again—and Lord, I didn't care for nothing then. I'd have went out barehanded and faced them all—Black Stanley and the Texan and Sitting Bull and Jesse James to boot! I only knowed one thing—there wasn't nobody going to push Jo Ann Bruce in no mudhole back of McFadden's livery stable while Poncho Pete was in town.

"Good night, Peter," Jo Ann said softly, as she shut the screen door.

I walked down the steps into the warm, spring night.

"Good night, Jo Ann," I said.

IT'S a funny derved thing, but I wasn't scared. I knowed that somewhere down Mulberry Street the Texan and Black Stanley was waiting to punch me in the eye. And if anybody got pushed in the mudhole that night it would like as not be me. But I didn't care a bit. I walked down the brick sidewalk under the dark, quiet trees of the home town and I was ready for anything. I couldn't see them nowheres. And then I heard Stanley's voice and there wasn't no mistaking it—and then I heard a giggle up on Betty Snow's porch and the tinkle of ice in a pitcher. I heard Eddie Sigafoose's voice, and Mary Jane Lowther was asking him if maybe he'd like to have another glass of grape juice.

The spring moon stood high in the trees over Mulberry Street. I felt mad and glad and sad all at once. I swear I couldn't almost hear them—the ghost hoofs of the wonder horse Tony fading off into the night. The mountains of Nevada melted slowly in the dark, and the bones of the buffaloes crumbled into the lawns without a sound. Then I heard Jo Ann's voice, calling me. I turned around and looked at her standing there, the porch light shining in her hair.

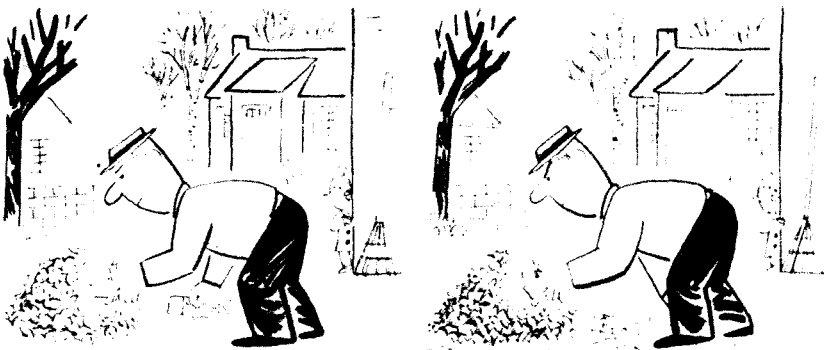
"Peter," she called softly, "you forgot something!"

She had that daggone cap pistol in her hand. I felt the red crawling up my neck, and I waved my hand at her. I walked on slowly towards home.

"Dern that simple Jo Ann Bruce anyhow," I said out loud. "What does she think I am—a kid?"

THE END

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Collier's for October 15, 1949

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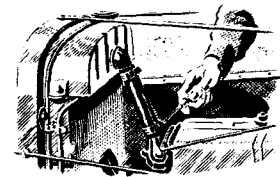
But if your anti-freeze leaks out, you have NO protection from a freeze-up . . . maybe a ruined engine block. (And you've lost the anti-freeze your good money bought.)

So, *before* putting in anti-freeze, have your serviceman give the cooling system a thorough check-up. No repairs may be needed at all—but *even a simple inspection is worth what it may cost*. In any case, see your dealer early. He needs time to do the job right.

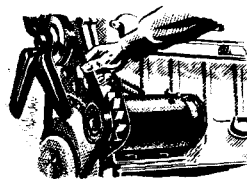
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Muggsy's Legacy

By BILL FAY

Disgruntled Giants Manager John McGraw demanded that the Yanks be evicted from the Polo Grounds—and then look what happened

FACT: The American League has won 17 of the last 26 World Series from the National League.

Fact: The American League has beaten the National League 12 times in 16 All-Star games.

Question: What has the American League got that the National League hasn't got? Better ball-players? Richer owners? Smarter managers? Keener scouts? More luck?

Answer: That's a complicated story, but let's start with John McGraw, who should have been the happiest of managers after his Giants spanked the upstart Yankees in the 1921 World Series. But John McGraw was unhappy—and bitter.

During the '21 season, the Yankees, who rented playing space in the Polo Grounds from the Giants, had outdrawn their landlords at the box office. A Yankee outfielder named Ruth had smashed 59 home runs and alienated the affection of New York fans from McGraw's patented hit-and-run brand of baseball. Given the choice between McGraw's science and Ruth's slugging, Polo Grounds constituents had voted the straight home-run ticket.

Not even a World Series triumph—the managerial jack pot both financially and artistically—could make McGraw forget the humiliating box-office figures which labeled the Giants a secondary attraction in their own park. "The Yanks are getting too powerful," McGraw warned Charles Stoneham, the Giants' owner. "We can't afford to let them play in the Polo Grounds any longer. If we chase them out, they won't be able to find another location on Manhattan Island. They'll have to move to the Bronx or Long Island. The fans will forget about them—and they'll be through."

Reluctantly (because he disliked losing the rent money), landlord Stoneham requested the Yankees to vacate the Polo Grounds. "We are not disposing your team," Stoneham double-talked Yankee owner Jake Ruppert, "but we are requesting you to find new quarters as quickly as possible."

That was the most costly eviction notice in the history of baseball. The Yankees bought a site in



John McGraw

the Bronx and Ruppert built baseball's biggest park, Yankee Stadium. On April 18, 1923, Ruth dedicated the new park in appropriate fashion by slugging a three-run homer off Howard Ehmke, and the Yanks whipped the Boston Red Sox, 4 to 1, before 64,000 fans (who followed the Giants' old tenants from Manhattan Island to the Bronx, contrary to McGraw's prediction).

In the fall, the Yanks staged a deferred housewarming in the Stadium by crushing the Giants, four games to two. It was the Yanks' first world championship and they have been the Big Team

in the Big Park in the Big Town ever since. Ruppert, whose wealth was exceeded only by his pride, made it a policy to buy just one kind of ballplayer for his Yankees—the best—and the Yankees' best has been much too good for the National League.

There have been 26 World Series since the Yanks departed from the Polo Grounds in 1922 (and the angry Ruppert determined to beat the Giants, regardless of cost). The Yankees have been in 13 of those series—and they've won 11! Their combined record against six National League teams is 48 victories and 18 defeats. That's .727 baseball.

Question: What has the American League got that the National League hasn't got?

Answer: The Yankees.

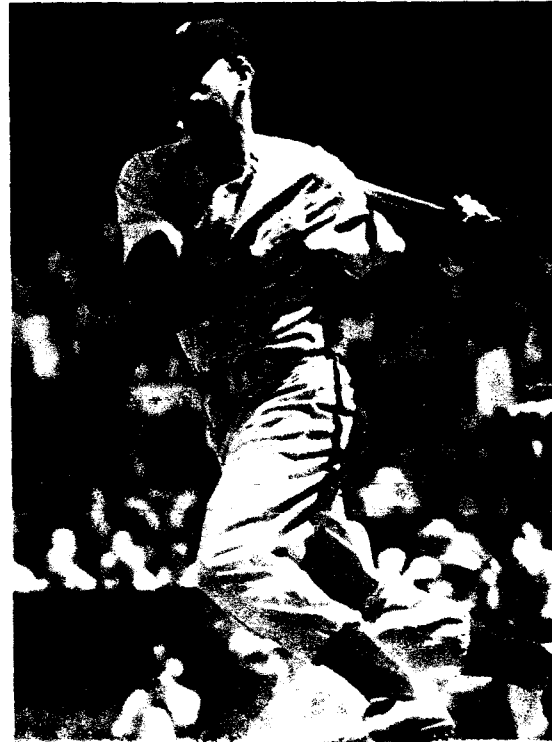
Take away the Yankees, and the American League's World Series edge over the National League is negligible, 17 to 13. In 30 Yankee-less series, American League teams have won 96 games and lost 86. Not much difference there.

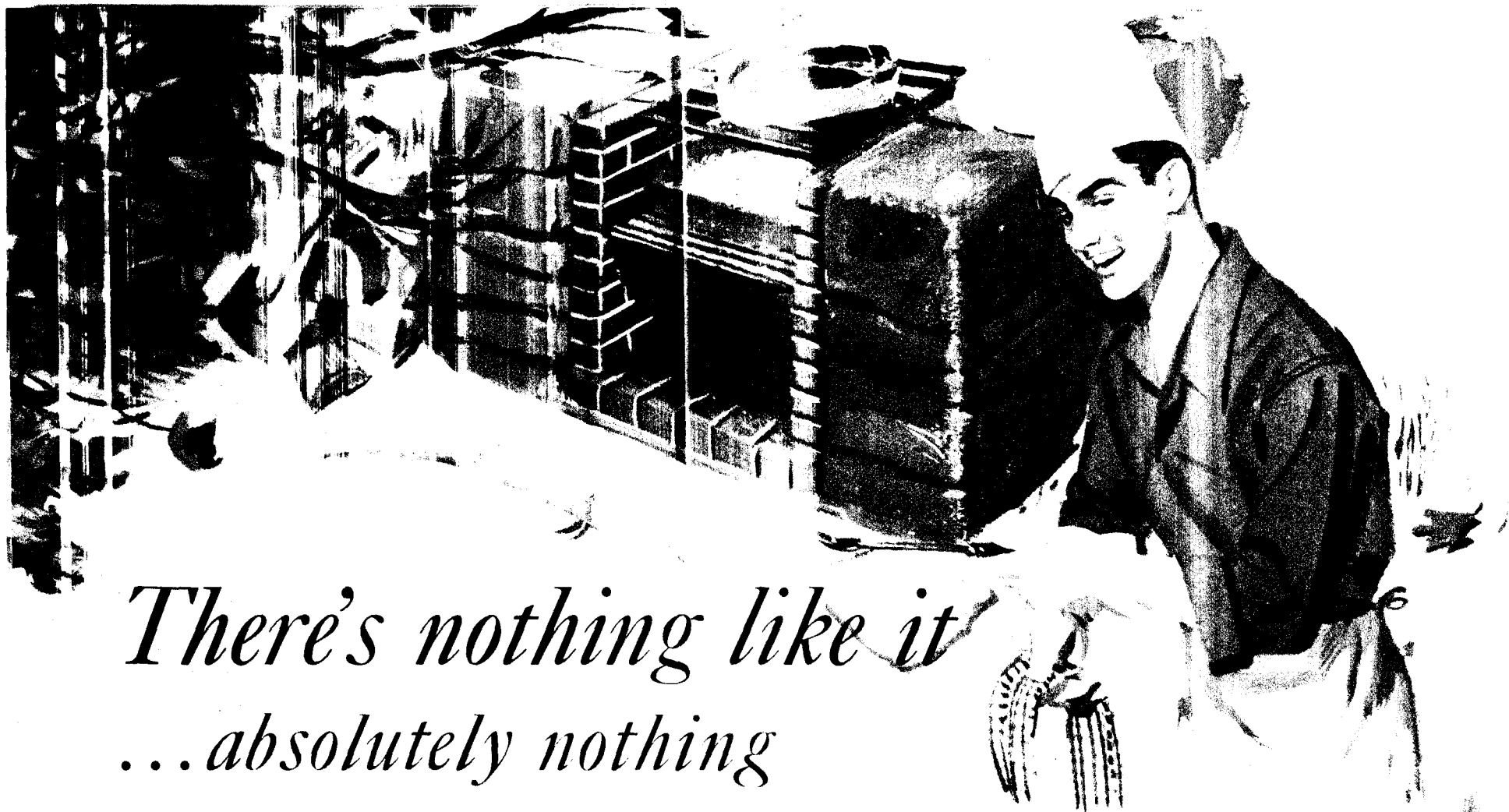
But the National League cannot brag about its World Series accomplishments in the last quarter century. Only one National League team, the St. Louis Cardinals, has managed to break even in games won against Yankee league opponents. In nine series, the Cards have won 27 victories against 27 defeats. Moreover, by skillfully rationing their victories, the Cards have managed to accumulate six world championships. That's quite a trick, winning two thirds of your World Series while

Mickey Cochrane



Joe DiMaggio





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capturing only one half of your games, but the Cards accomplished an infinitely more difficult trick. They batted .500 in four World Series battles with the Yanks, winning in 1926 and 1942, losing in 1928 and 1943.

No other National League team has taken a series from the Yanks since Rupert wreaked his angry vengeance on McGraw's Giants in 1923. Indeed, only three other National League clubs, Pittsburgh (1925), New York (1933) and Cincinnati (1940) have scored World Series triumphs in that 26-year span.

Mr. Rickey Offers a Theory

This National League decadence—accurately reflected in the American League's overwhelming superiority in All-Star competition—has been explained in many ways. Branch Rickey, astute president of the Brooklyn Dodgers (who was a player, manager and front-office executive in the American League), gave part of the answer after the National League absorbed its annual All-Star drubbing in Ebbets Field last July.

"The two leagues," quoth Brooklyn's only full-time oracle, "pay approximately the same salaries. They scout the same, run their clubs the same and are identical in every respect but one—mental attitude.

"When I was in the American League, Ban Johnson—probably the greatest figure the game has produced—was president. Johnson always spoke of his league in thundering tones as 'the GREAT American League.' The adjective was always there.

"In the beginning, Johnson's Great American League was treated with contempt by the older National League. So Ban set out to prove that his league was not merely as good as the National—but better. He would wire enthusiastic telegrams to every American League manager who defeated a National League team—even in a meaningless spring exhibition game. At every American League meeting there was a long discussion of ways and means of beating the National League. It was almost a religious crusade with Johnson—and his zeal was transmitted to the managers and players.

"But in all the years I've been in the National League, in all the meetings I've attended, not once"—here Rickey paused for emphasis and carefully tapped the ash from his cigar—"have I heard anybody even mention the American League."

Rickey's mental-attitude theory does not account for the predominance of great stars in American League line-ups over the last 25 years: Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons, Greenberg, the DiMaggios, Williams, Rowe, Gehringer, Cochran, Grove, Feller, Boudreau, York, Newhouser, etc. American League president Will Harridge hinted at the real reason recently when he said, "Perhaps some of our owners have been more venture-some in seeking out young players."

In blunter language, American League clubs consistently outbid their National League rivals for muscular and talented rookies. Equally important, the opulent Yankees, Red Sox, Tigers and (since Bill Veeck arrived) Indians always have been eager to pay the market price for established stars. Example: When the Browns decided to jettison pitcher Jack Kramer and shortstop Vern Stephens, the Red Sox were waiting with a \$200,000 check.

Since the war, the leading contenders for the 1949 American League pennant—the Yankees, Red Sox and Indians—have bought ap-

proximately \$2,000,000 worth of players from other clubs. In that same period, the National League's arch pennant rivals, the Cardinals and the Dodgers, have sold approximately \$500,000 worth of talent to other clubs.

Perhaps that is the real reason for American League superiority. Over the years, the American League's leading team, the Yankees, has been buying stars, while the National League's top team, the Cardinals, has been selling them.

Ironically, the Yanks financed their player purchases with record gate receipts from their huge stadium (which McGraw forced them to build), while the Cardinals, plagued by a small home park and an indifferent baseball population, frequently were forced to sell key personnel to remain solvent.

But National League partisans claim that the situation is changing for the better.

"Never mind the past," a stouthearted National Leaguer insisted recently. "We've eliminated our weak spots by installing new, aggressive owners in Pittsburgh, Boston and Philadelphia, and we can match American League bids dollar-for-dollar on any player.

"Matter of fact, we had as good a team as the American League at the last All-Star game—maybe even better—but we didn't get the breaks. Our defeat was psychological rather than physical. Our players wanted to win so badly—and they were so fed up with this talk of American League superiority—that they tried too hard and tightened up.

"Another thing, the American League stars are getting older—look at Joe DiMaggio. And when the Yankees went shopping for replacements last winter they had to bring in a fellow like Gene Woodling, who couldn't make the Pittsburgh club when the Pirates finished last in 1947. Don't forget the National

League had the two great young stars at the last All-Star game—Ralph Kiner of Pittsburgh and Jackie Robinson of the Dodgers."

Kiner almost became a Yankee. His escape to Pittsburgh could portend a change in National League luck.

When a Yankee scout approached him, Ralph said, "I'd like to be a Yankee, but I'm going to sign with Pittsburgh for less money because the Pirates will start me higher up in the minors and I can be in the majors in three years. There'd be too many players ahead of me in the Yankee chain and it might take me five years to get up to the majors."

Of course one player doesn't make a league, but one de luxe home-run slugger can make a big difference between leagues. Prime example: Babe Ruth, who nearly became a Giant.

How McGraw Lost Babe Ruth

The Baltimore Orioles' Jack Dunn (McGraw's close friend) had earmarked Ruth for the Giants, but a war in the Federal League altered Dunn's intentions and obligations. Jack had to pass up McGraw and send Ruth to the Boston Red Sox.

McGraw never forgave Dunn. When Ruth brought his home-run bat to the Yankees in 1920—and immediately overshadowed the Giants in the Polo Grounds—McGraw's quick temper flared. Result: the eviction notice which grew into baseball's greatest dynasty, the Yankees.

Later Dunn tried to make amends for Ruth. He phoned McGraw. "Mac," he urged, "I've got a wonderful left-handed pitcher for you. You've never seen anything like his fast ball. If you'll take him, you'll never be sorry."

McGraw said no, thanks. Dunn sold the pitcher to the Athletics. His name was Lefty Grove.

THE END



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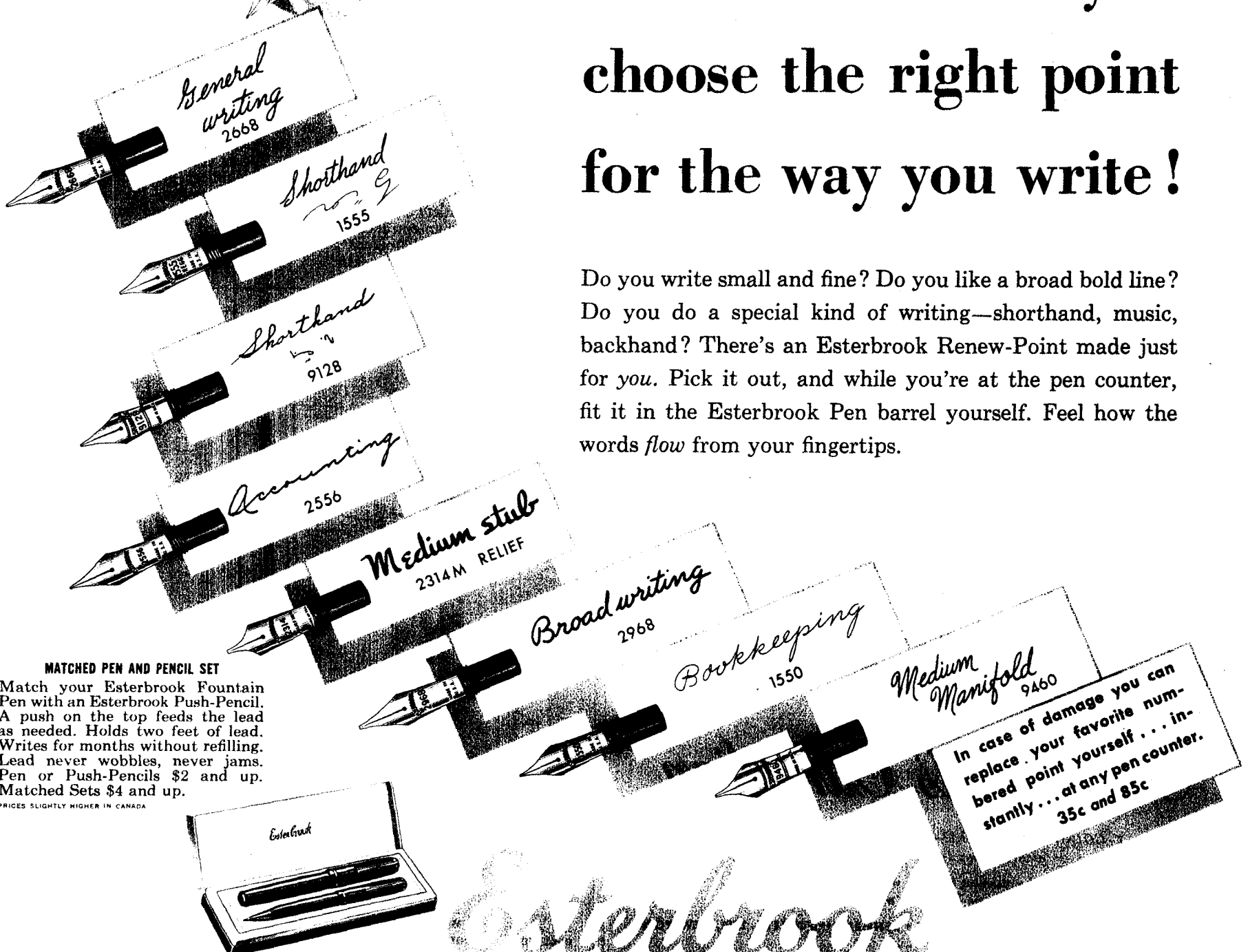
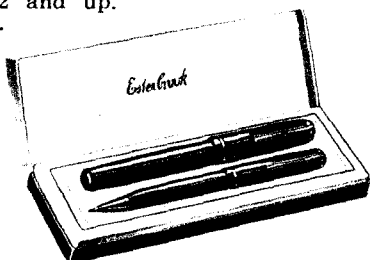
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The Case of the Negligent Nymph

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

fact of death and the cause of death.

Claud Gloster, a careful, logical, dangerous courtroom antagonist, was careful to ask just the right questions to bring out the points he wanted and then stop.

"Do you," he asked, turning to Mason courteously, "wish to cross-examine the witness, Mr. Mason?"

"Just a question," Mason said.

"Go right ahead."

"Thank you. Doctor, when you examined the body, you determined the cause of death?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say that the wound was caused by a .38-caliber bullet?"

"Yes, sir."

"That bullet was recovered then?"

"No, sir, the bullet was not recovered."

"Then how do you know the caliber?"

THE doctor answered without hesitation, "From the size of the wound in part, in part by deduction from the fact that the gun which fired the fatal bullet was lying under the body."

"If you didn't find the fatal bullet, how do you know this gun which was found under the body was the weapon which fired the fatal bullet?"

"Because it had been recently discharged, because there was no other place where the bullet could have gone, and because the gun was a .38 caliber."

"I see. You know the fatal bullet was a .38 caliber because the gun was found beneath the body, and you know this weapon was the weapon used because it's a .38 caliber. Is that right?"

"It makes it sound absurd when you express it that way."

"Then express your deductions in some way so they won't sound absurd."

"There was the size of the wound."

"Don't you know a bullet always makes a smaller entrance wound than the caliber of the bullet?"

"How can it make an entrance wound that is smaller than its diameter?"

"Due to the elasticity of the skin."

"Well, this was a .38 caliber. I'm certain of it."

"But your testimony about the gun being the fatal gun is pure deduction?"

"It's a matter of expert opinion."

"An expert opinion based on pure deduction, Doctor?"

"Yes, if you want to put it that way."

"That's all," Mason said.

A surveyor was sworn and maps of the premises were introduced. Then a police officer took the stand. He testified that he was called to the scene of the crime because of a telephone call from one of Alder's servants who had been to a movie and returned to find her employer lying dead on the floor of the study. The officer described the premises as he had found them, stated that from the time he entered the premises he remained on duty, that he instructed others to telephone the sheriff and notify the coroner. The witness waited on the premises until the coroner arrived. He was present when photographs were taken and he identified a long series of photographs showing the body of the dead man and the condition of the premises at that time.

"Cross-examine," Gloster said.

"Now, the dog was shut up in an adjoining room?" Mason asked.

"It wasn't an adjoining room, it was sort of a closet with a ventilator in it and a window up near the top. The window was so high that the dog couldn't possibly reach it."

"Who let the dog out?"

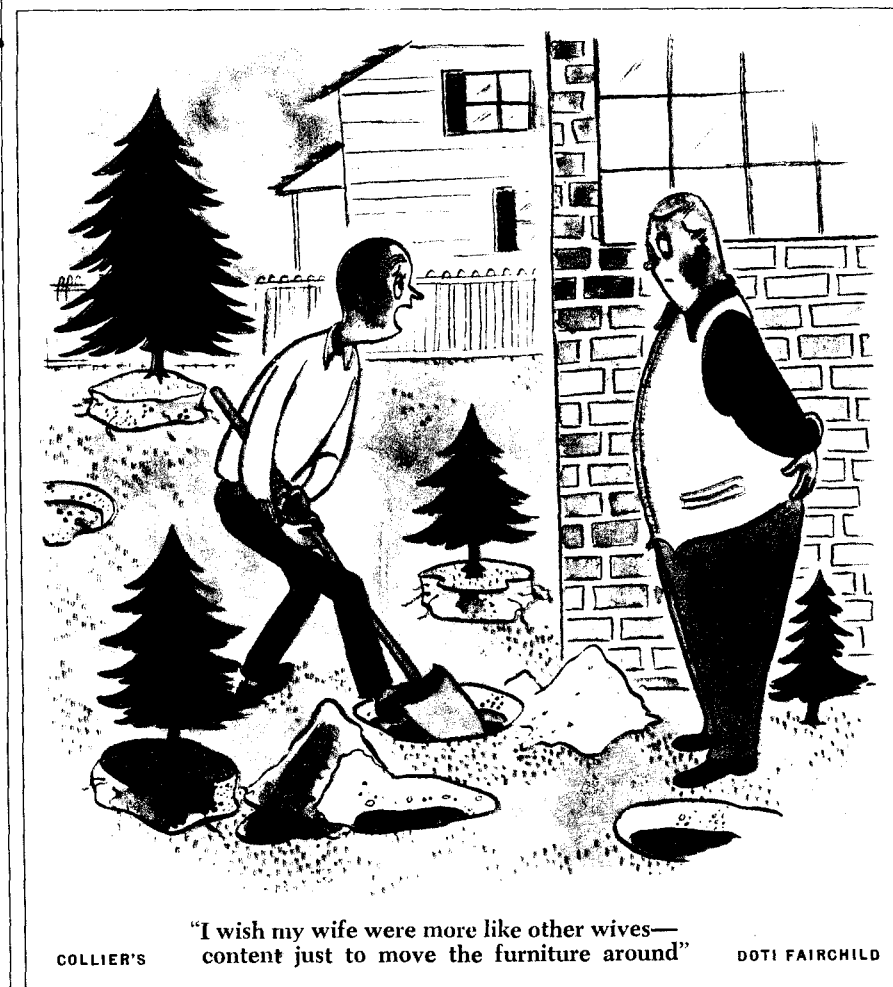
"Well, after reinforcements came, we—we all sort of let him out together."

"And what happened?"

The officer said, "We tried to open the door a crack and then as he pushed his head out put a leash on him."

"Were you able to do so?"

The officer grinned. "That dog was just like a bullet. We opened that door and the dog came out of there like a shot, jerked the leash out of the hands of the man who was trying to hold him. The last I saw of the dog, he was cross-



COLLIER'S

"I wish my wife were more like other wives—content just to move the furniture around"

DOTI FAIRCHILD

Collier's for October 15, 1949

ing the room and tearing down the side stairs, the leash whipping behind him."

"You ran out after him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where was he?"

The witness grinned. "He was gone."

"Do you know in which direction the dog went?" Mason asked.

"Well, not from my personal knowledge, no, sir. He ran around the side of the house apparently, and tried to get out to the street through the gate. I don't know this, I can't swear to it, because by the time I got around to the front of the house the servant who had run out of the front door had the leash and was holding him."

"Did the dog try to bite?"

"The dog let this servant hold the leash."

"That was the same servant who had discovered the body?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where is that dog now?"

"Oh, Your Honor," Gloster said, "that's certainly not proper cross-examination. It's far outside of the issues."

"Well, if the witness knows, he may tell," the judge ruled.

"But, Your Honor, the question of where the dog is at the present time is certainly carrying an inquiry far afield," Gloster said courteously.

Mason said with a smile, "Well, if it's entirely immaterial why not let me know where the dog is?"

"Because there's no use cluttering up the record with extraneous matters."

Judge Garey began to show signs of quick interest. "I think the defense is entitled to know," he ruled. "Answer the question, Mr. Witness."

"I don't know," the officer said. "He was, I believe, taken out to some boarding kennel. That's the last I heard of it."

"Do you know the name of the kennel, Mr. Gloster?" Judge Garey asked.

"No, Your Honor, I believe the sheriff had charge of the dog."

"Well, find out and let me know," Judge Garey said. "I think we're entitled to know where the dog is. Any further cross-examination, Mr. Mason?"

"This closet that the dog was in," Mason said. "Did you say the closet had been specially built for the dog?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I think it had just been a closet that had had a ventilator put in it. You could see the dog had been kept in there at intervals—there was a bed, a pan of water, and the inside of the door was just scratched all to pieces where the dog had tried to get out when the murder was committed. He had torn a nail loose in his clawing."

"You noticed the torn claw?" Mason asked.

THE officer shook his head. "Not the claw itself—but you could see that it had been torn because there were three distinct, although faint, streaks of blood on the inside of the door where his paw had scratched along the wood, and a couple of bloody smudges on the closet floor. If you ask me, it was a crime to leave a dog in a room with a paneled door like that. A smooth piece of wood could have been fastened to the inside of the door and then the dog wouldn't have torn his nails."

"But had he scratched on the door before?" Mason asked.

"The scratches on the inside of the door were all fresh," the witness explained. "Evidently he'd been well disciplined and accustomed to remaining in the closet. But when he heard the shot fired and—well, I presume there'd been a quarrel and—anyway, that dog wanted out so bad he'd torn a nail on that rough paneling on the inside of the door."

"More than one claw torn loose?" Mason asked.

"I'd say just one."

"And no scratches on the door that weren't fresh?"

"No, sir. I verified that from the serv-

Collier's for October 15, 1949

ants, but I presume that wouldn't be admissible as evidence now."

"In other words," Mason said, "you were trying to prove at least to your own satisfaction that there'd been something of a quarrel immediately preceding the shooting. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you did so?"

"Exactly."

"Then, since we're dealing in theories, how did the murderer get possession of George Alder's gun?"

"It must have been lying on the desk. Or, perhaps a young woman—"

"Oh, if the court please," Claud Gloster protested.

"All this certainly isn't evidence," Judge Garey ruled. "It's pure speculation."

"It's just like all the rest of the case, Your Honor," Mason said.

"I think we'll dispense with discussion, Mr. Mason."

"Very well, Your Honor. No more questions," Mason said.

"That's all," Gloster announced. "Now my next witness will be the sheriff of the county, Leonard C. Keddie."

SHERIFF KEDDIE, a tall, rawboned, slow-speaking individual, duly sworn, settled himself on the witness stand and gave his name, age and occupation.

"You were called to the residence of George S. Alder on Alder Island on the night of August third?"

"I was, yes, sir."

"And what did you find, Sheriff?"

"Well, when I arrived the others had already been there—they'd been there some little time. I organized the search, and started looking around. We found that a boat was missing from the landing—one of the small boats, and assumed that the murderer might have managed to escape in that. There was a burglar alarm on the wharf, but a person who knew the layout could switch that alarm off from the land side, so that it would be inoperative for about three minutes and then would go on again. I took charge of the phase of the investigation which had for its object the finding of that boat."

"And did you find it?"

"Yes, sir. We found it. Drifting in the bay."

"Can you point on this map, People's Exhibit D-12, to show approximately where that boat was recovered?"

"Yes, sir, I can. It was right about at this point where I will now make a cross in pencil."

"Now, were you present when the boat was recovered?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you notice anything peculiar about that boat?"

"It had been freshly painted, a certain green color."

"Did you make any investigation of the yacht, the Kathy-Kay, owned by the defendant in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you notice anything significant on that yacht?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"A place where some green paint had been rubbed against the side of the yacht."

"And what did you do with that green paint, if anything?"

"I saw that it was removed and taken to a chemical laboratory for a spectroscopic analysis in comparison with the paint on this light boat which we found drifting in the bay, and which we later identified as having been the property of George S. Alder."

"What else did you do?" Gloster asked.

"Well," the sheriff drawled, "thinking that someone who'd jumped in that boat in a hurry might have dropped something—just on the off-chance I got a waterglass and started looking around

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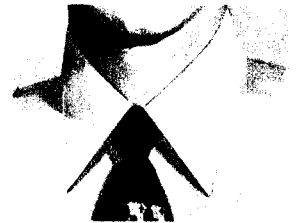
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the bottom of the bay about where the little skiff had been tied up."

"And did you find anything?" Gloster asked, glancing triumphantly.

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"A woman's purse."

"And where is that purse now?"

"I have it with me," the sheriff said.

"Will you produce it, please?"

The sheriff opened a bag and produced a heavy Manila envelope encrusted with red sealing wax and signatures.

"It's right here, all sealed up in this envelope."

"Now, did you make an inventory of the contents of this purse?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"And where are the articles which were contained in the purse?"

"I have them here, sir, in this second envelope."

He produced another sealed envelope.

"Now, those envelopes appear to be sealed and to have various signatures on them?"

"Yes, sir. I signed my name on the

purse was lying where you could see it with a waterglass while you were lying face down on the little landing wharf?"

"Yes, sir."

"The purse was very close to the wharf?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where anyone could have dropped it while standing on the wharf?"

"Where a woman would most naturally have dropped it in jumping from the wharf to a boat."

Mason said, "Just answer my question, if you will, please, Sheriff. The purse was lying on the bottom where it could have been dropped by a person standing on the wharf?"

"Well, I suppose so, yes, but in that event a woman would certainly know she had dropped the purse and—"

"Exactly," Mason interrupted. "I see that you're quite anxious to make your point, Sheriff, so we'll concede it. But the fact remains that the purse *could* quite readily have been dropped by someone standing on the wharf."

"Well, it could have been, yes."

"Now, did you know anything about the defendant having been out at that place the Saturday night before the murder?"

"No, sir, not of my own knowledge."

"Well, do you know anything at all about it?"

"Oh, Your Honor," Gloster said, "I'm going to object to anything that the sheriff doesn't know of his own knowledge."

"That's quite right," Mason said. "I thought perhaps you were going to bring the facts out sooner or later and we might as well get them before the court."

Gloster said, "The only facts I intend to bring out are the facts indicating that this defendant murdered George Alder."

MASON gave that matter frowning consideration for a moment, then said, "Very well, if that's your position I'll remain within the technical limitations of evidence and expect you to do the same, sir."

The sheriff volunteered a statement. "The contents of the purse show when it was dropped," he said.

"The contents?" Mason asked.

"When we looked inside the purse," the sheriff explained, grinning triumphantly, "we found a clipping which had been cut from the Express on the morning of the third, a clipping which related to a fifty-thousand-dollar jewel burglary, and the complaint of Alder that—"

"Just a moment, Sheriff," Mason said. "The clipping itself is the best evidence, not your recollection of its contents."

"Very well. The clipping's right here."

Mason hesitated for a moment while he gave the situation swift consideration, then he said, "Now, Your Honor, I am going to object to the introduction of the purse itself on the ground that no proper foundation has been laid as to a question of time, and I am going to object to the contents of the purse being received in evidence on the ground that the contents are incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, except in so far as those contents may show the ownership of the purse. I am going to object particularly to any newspaper clipping by which the prosecution may seek to prejudice the defendant in the eyes of the jury."

"Of course, Your Honor," Gloster pointed out, "if the contents of the purse are material and relevant, and we insist they are, the fact that they may also disclose matters which the defense would like to keep from this jury does not affect their being received in evidence."

"Let me take a look at the contents of that purse," Judge Garey said.

The sheriff handed up the envelope. Judge Garey inserted his hand in the envelope, fumbled through the contents for a moment, then dumped them all on his desk, made a painstaking inventory, and seemed considerably interested in the newspaper clipping.

"This clipping was from the Express?" he asked.

"On the morning of the third," Gloster said.

"Under those circumstances, it would seem to be relevant. Of course, the court will permit its introduction in evidence solely for the purpose of proving the date at which the purse must have been dropped into the water. It will not be evidence as to anything contained in the clipping itself. That is, any matters set forth in the clipping are not part of the evidence in this case, and the jury will be instructed to limit their consideration to the question of time."

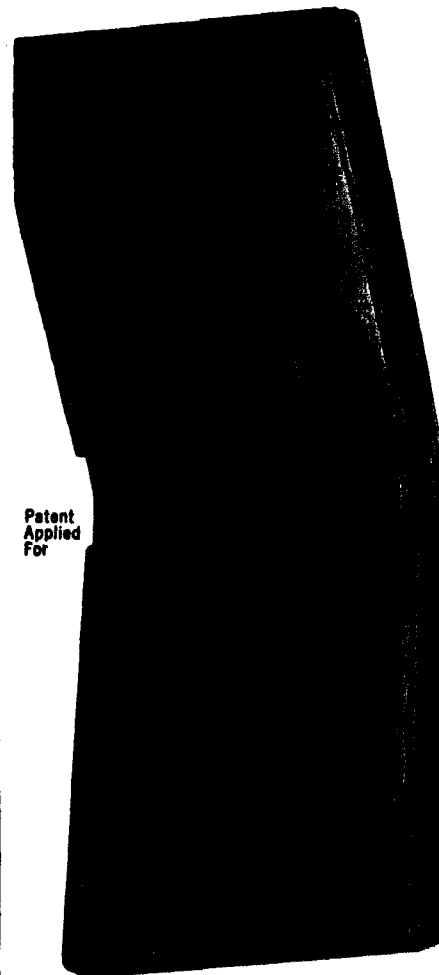
Mason said, "Your Honor, you'll recognize that in view of the contents of that clipping it would be absolutely impossible for any human being on the jury to follow the court's instructions and limit the consideration they are to give it."

"Well," Judge Garey said, "the court gives the instructions. The rest of it is up to the conscience of the jurors."

Mason said, "If we are going to open



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envelope when the purse was sealed inside the envelope. The other officers who were there did likewise."

"And the contents of the purse?"

"Those were placed in another envelope and these signatures are the signatures of the other witnesses."

"And are you satisfied that the seals have not been tampered with?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe my signature is also on there," Claud Gloster said, smiling.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take a look at that," Gloster said, "and I'll ask that the envelopes be passed to the jurors."

"Any objection?" Judge Garey asked Mason.

"None whatever, Your Honor," Mason answered.

THE envelopes were passed around for the inspection of the jury, then the district attorney said, "I now ask that these envelopes be opened and the various articles be received in evidence. The purse as one exhibit, and the envelope containing the contents as another exhibit."

Mason said, "I would like to interpose an objection, Your Honor, and would like the privilege of cross-examining the witness concerning the two exhibits in connection with my objection."

"Very well."

Mason faced the sheriff and said, "By using a waterglass, you saw this woman's purse lying on the bottom of the bay?"

"Yes, sir, aided by a flashlight."

"Sand or muddy bottom?"

"Sandy at that point. A white sand. The purse showed up very plainly."

"Exactly," Mason said. "And that

"Now, you saw this purse lying on the bottom, and then what did you do?"

"I recovered it."

"How?"

"By going in after it."

"How deep was the water?"

"Oh, I would say six or seven feet."

"And who went in after it?"

"One of my deputies. I have a deputy who's a very good swimmer."

"Now, Sheriff, there was nothing about that purse itself that showed you when it had been dropped?"

"No, sir."

"It was simply there on the sand."

"Well, of course, it couldn't have stayed right there in that position on the sand very long."

"Why not, Sheriff?"

"Well, there's the question of tides and sand drifting in."

"How long would it have stayed there without having been covered with sand?"

"Well—of course I don't know."

"I gathered that you didn't," Mason said, smiling. "Now, since you have stated quite frankly there was nothing about the purse which would show when it was dropped, for all you know that purse could have been dropped by anyone, including the defendant, on the Saturday night before the murder."

"Well, if you want to limit it to the purse, I guess so, but when you take the contents—"

"I'm talking now about the purse," Mason said.

"Very well, about the purse."

"There was nothing that would indicate the purse couldn't have been dropped on Saturday night?"

"Well, I guess not, no, sir."



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the door, I would much prefer to have all of the evidence brought in and treat the entire transaction as part of the *res gestae*. Let's have the court record as to what happened in connection with the charge made."

"I don't want it handled that way," Gloster said. "I'll put on the prosecution's case and if the defendant wants to put in any justification or any other matters, that's the defendant's privilege—providing only the evidence is pertinent. But the thing he's asking for now won't be pertinent. We're trying a murder case, not a burglary which took place some time previously. All we want is to show by this clipping when the purse was dropped into the water."

"All right then," Mason said, "I'll stipulate that the testimony will be that the purse contained a clipping which came from a newspaper published on the day of the murder, and with that stipulation the prosecution won't need to put the clipping into evidence."

"I don't want your stipulation," Gloster said. "I want the jury to judge that clipping."

THE judge said, "The question of the date is rather important. The court would seem to have no alternative but to admit this as evidence and limit it purely for the purpose of showing date."

Mason said, "Very well, Your Honor. I have two or three additional questions to ask about the purse itself."

"Go ahead."

"Now, Sheriff, you have stated that when this purse was recovered it was placed in an envelope and sealed. The contents were placed in another envelope and that envelope was sealed."

"Yes, sir."

"And the various parties present wrote their names on the envelopes, and the envelopes were then sealed?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was this done?"

"Almost immediately after the purse was recovered."

"What do you mean by almost immediately?"

"Well, within a very short time."

"What do you mean by a short time?"

"I can't express it better than that."

"As much as an hour?"

"I would say almost immediately, Mr.

Mason. I can't time it in a question of minutes."

"You don't dare to tie it down to any particular period of time."

The sheriff flushed and said, "That's not the case, Mr. Mason. I had a great many things on my mind that night, and all I can say is that it was done almost immediately after the purse was recovered. I wasn't wearing a stop watch."

Mason said, "I notice some of these signatures are in pencil and some of them are in ink, Sheriff."

"That's right. Mine is in ink. Some of them are in pencil."

"All made at the same time?"

"All made at the same time."

"Now," Mason said, "can you tell me how these signatures were made?"

"How does anyone make his signature? He writes his name," the sheriff said irritably.

"Oh, Your Honor," Gloster said, "this examination is going far afield. Counsel is evidently sparring for time."

Judge Garey said, "It would seem to me, Mr. Mason, that you have already explored the possibilities of the situation."

"If Your Honor will bear with me," Mason said, "I am about to make a point which will be of great importance."

"Very well, go ahead."

Mason took the envelope, placed the purse in the envelope, then held a sheet of paper over the envelope. "Now, go ahead and sign your name," he said to the sheriff.

"What's the idea?"

"I simply want to compare your signatures."

The sheriff took a fountain pen from his pocket, balanced the envelope on his knee, and started to write his name on the piece of paper, then frowned, pushed the envelope to one side and placed the paper on the judge's desk.

"No, no," Mason said. "Hold the paper right over the purse."

The sheriff wrote his name.

Mason took the paper, said, "Thank you, Sheriff," produced another sheet of paper which he placed on the judge's desk, and said, "Now please sign your name once more on this sheet of paper."

"I don't see why," the sheriff growled.

"Simply to compare the signatures," Mason said.



The sheriff reluctantly signed his name. "Exactly as I thought," Mason said. "What is?" the sheriff demanded irritably.

"You can see," Mason said, "by comparing the signatures, that this signature which you made when the purse was in the envelope is certainly not the same as the signature which is on the envelope." "Well, that purse got in the way. You can't write your name over an object that bulges all over the place."

"Exactly," Mason said. "It's a physical impossibility to sign your name under such circumstances so that the signature compares with a signature such as is on this piece of paper which you made on the judge's desk."

"Well, then, why did you have me do it?" the sheriff asked.

PPOINTING to the sheriff's signature on the envelope, Mason said triumphantly, "Because you can see that your signature on the envelope, and the signatures of all these other gentlemen on the envelope are perfect signatures. They couldn't have been made while the purse was in the envelope. Moreover, Sheriff, I'll call your attention to the fact that when the purse was taken out of the water it must have been soaking wet. It couldn't have been put in this envelope in that condition without soaking the paper in the envelope so that any ink would have run all over the envelope when a fountain pen was placed on it. Can you explain these perfect signatures to the court and the jury?"

"Well, sure," the sheriff said. "We couldn't sign our names with the purse in the envelope. We simply all signed our names on the envelope before we put the purse in."

"Oh, then," Mason said, "you, and the gentlemen with you, signed an empty envelope. Is that it?"

"I didn't say that. I said we signed the envelope before the purse was put in it."

"How long before?"

"Immediately before."

"What do you mean by immediately?"

The sheriff, half raising himself from the chair, shouted, "I told you we signed it just before the purse was put in it!"

"All right," Mason said. "Much as you dislike to admit it, you all signed an empty envelope. How does it happen that when that purse was put in it, if it was dripping wet, the water didn't blur the fresh ink on the signatures, and didn't soak the paper of this envelope so that even after drying the marks of moisture would still remain on the envelope?"

"I—well, as to that," the sheriff said, "I— He glanced uncomfortably at Gloster.

"I'm waiting for an answer," Mason said.

"Well, of course," the sheriff said, "you couldn't put a soaking wet purse into a paper envelope. That's absurd."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Well, I put the purse in the envelope and sealed it."

"When?"

"Well, within a reasonable time after it had been recovered."

"Oh," Mason said, "now it's a reasonable time. Before, it was immediately after."

"Well, I didn't carry a stop watch."

"You keep saying that, Sheriff, but the physical appearance of the envelope would indicate that the purse was entirely dry before it was placed in the envelope. Suppose you tell us exactly what happened."

"Well," the sheriff blurted, "when I recovered the purse I told the fellows that were with me that we'd have to identify it some way, and I told them we could all sign an envelope and I'd seal it. I had these envelopes with me and we signed them, but—well, naturally, I couldn't put the wet purse in there. I waited until the purse dried."

"How long?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't know how to answer that question. I was given the responsibility of seeing that purse was put in that signed envelope. I put it there personally."

"After waiting for how long, Sheriff?"

"I simply waited for the purse to dry."

"So all that the signatures on this envelope mean is that the men who were with you, at your suggestion, signed an empty envelope on the theory that they could in that way identify the purse when it was introduced in evidence, and left it to you to put the purse in the envelope, at a later date."

"Not at a later date, at a later time."

"You don't remember when it was?" Mason asked.

"Not the exact hour, no."

"Do you remember the exact day?"

The sheriff shifted his position, said, "I've already answered that."

"And we'll now consider the envelope containing the contents of the purse," Mason said. "Apparently there are keys, cards, a compact, a cigarette lighter—and yet the signatures on the envelope are perfect signatures. I presume the same holds true as to the signatures on this envelope."

"Yes, sir."

"In other words, the men signed the empty envelope, and you inserted the contents at a much later date."

"Not at a much later date—pretty soon afterward."

"You yourself have said that the purse and the contents were placed in the different envelopes at the same time, and you have stated that the purse was placed in the envelope after it had been thoroughly dried."

"Well, the stuff was in my possession all the time. Nothing happened to it," the sheriff said.

"Where did you leave the purse?"

"In my office."

"And you didn't stay in your office till the purse dried?"

"Well, I put it in front of an electric heater so it would dry out more rapidly."

"And how long did it take to dry out?"

"I tell you I don't know."

"But it may have been a day or two later when you put this purse in the envelope."

"Well, if you're going to be technical about it, I don't know."

"Thank you," Mason said, smiling. "I'm going to be technical about it. And now, Your Honor," Mason continued, turning to Judge Garey, "it appears that it is quite possible the clipping could have been inserted among the contents of this envelope at any time during a two-day period while the purse was drying out. The court will notice that there is no appreciable evidence of salt water on the clipping."

"The clipping was inside of a little case," the sheriff said. "Sort of a compact arrangement."

FROWNING thoughtfully, the judge said, "I don't think there has been any attempt to mislead the court, but it certainly must be apparent to the sheriff that having all of these signatures on this envelope is exceedingly misleading. It now appears the parties signed an empty envelope and then gave it into the custody of the sheriff with the understanding that the evidence would be placed in it. The court is not prepared to rule on the admissibility of the purse at the present time, but will take the matter under advisement."

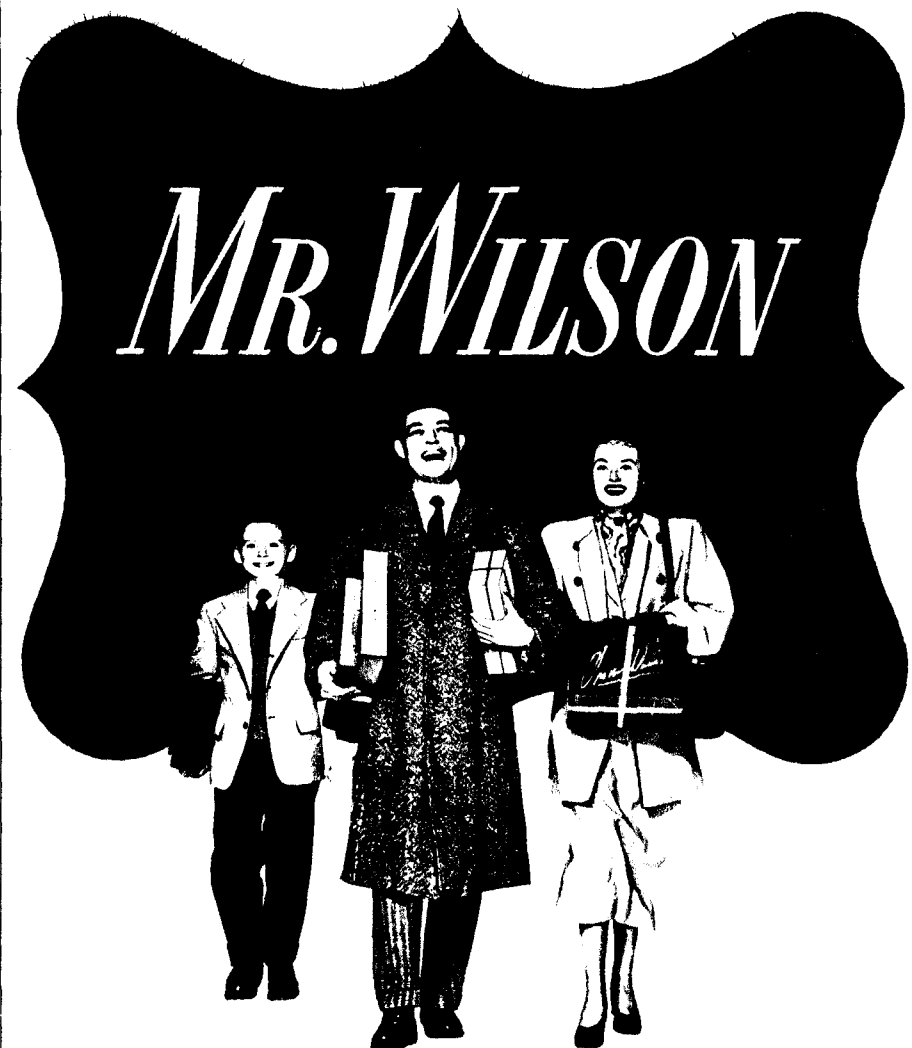
"It is now approaching the hour for adjournment, Mr. District Attorney, and—"

"I have just a few more questions of this witness," Gloster said.

"Very well."

Gloster's manner had lost its triumphant assurance. He was on the defensive now and unquestionably angry about it.

"What else did you do when you went



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aboard the defendant's boat that night, Sheriff?"

"I looked the place over."

"What did you find?"

"I found a skirt that was soaking wet with salt water, and on the front of that skirt at a position where the right knee would be, in case a person wearing the skirt knelt over, I found a spot which still contained a little pinkish color."

"What did you do with that?"

"I turned that over to a laboratory technician to determine whether or not it was blood."

"Now, then, Your Honor," Gloster said, smiling, "I'm quite willing to have a recess taken."

"Very well," Judge Garey said. "The court will adjourn until ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

DOROTHY FENNER looked anxiously around for the matron. "I'll see you in the morning," she said.

"Just a minute," Mason told her. "I want to ask you a question. Dorothy, look at me. Dorothy, turn around and look up here."

She hesitated a moment, then her lips began to twitch.

"No, no," Mason said, "you little fool. Don't start crying. People are looking at you. Tell me, did you go down there? Did you?"

She lowered her eyes.

Mason said, "Let's pretend that we're talking about some casual matter. Here." He took a letter from his brief case, thrust it in front of her, and said, "Pretend to be reading this. Now tell me, did you go down there?"

"I—I—"

Mason said, "If you start bawling now, with newspaper people and spectators watching you, you're signing a one-way ticket to the death cell. Now tell me the truth. Did you go down there?"

"Yes," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Keep talking."

She said, "He was going to make a settlement. He made it sound so convincing. I went down there just as he told me to. I found the gate open just as he said it would be. I walked in, went around to the side entrance, entered the study and found him lying there on the floor in a big pool of blood. I ran over to him and spoke to him. He didn't answer. I knelt down and felt of his skin and then I knew he was dead. And just about that time I heard someone scream behind me."

"I had enough presence of mind not to look around, so that person never did see my face. I simply dashed out through the French doors and out toward the landing wharf."

"Then I knew I was trapped on the island. I could hear this woman behind me running, screaming back across the bridge to the mainland. I only had a matter of minutes and I worked fast. I remembered there was a current interrupter which would shut off the burglar alarm at the landing float for about three minutes, in case Mr. Alder wanted to go out in one of the speedboats. So I pushed this current interrupter, ran out on the pier, and found a small boat tied up by a painter. I jumped in and cast loose the painter. When I jumped in I must have dropped my purse but I was too excited to realize it or know anything about it at the time."

"I knew there was a big spot of blood on my skirt and it had soaked through to the stocking."

"I rowed out into the bay, then just before I got to my yacht I stood up and slipped the skirt off and scrubbed the spot out of it as best I could. Then I

boarded my yacht, hurriedly changed into dungarees, jumped into the boat, rowed ashore, shipped the oars and kicked the boat loose. Then I walked to the bus terminal and got aboard a bus. It wasn't until I got started to town that I realized that I'd lost my purse. However, I always carry a spare key to my apartment and a dollar bill in the top of my stocking. That's mad money. So I managed to get home all right."

"Anyone see you come in?" Mason asked.

She said, "I was frightened. I went through the back entrance down to the trunk room and went up to my apartment that way. There's not a soul in the world can prove that I wasn't in that apartment."

Mason said angrily. "In addition to being a poor liar, you're a little fool."

"Honestly, Mr. Mason," she said, "I feel terrible about this. I felt absolutely certain I could get away with it and that no one would ever know—and then I felt if you were going to have to defend me you could do a better job if you—"

Mason interrupted, "I asked you repeatedly if you had left your apartment

"She double-crossed everyone, including herself," Mason said angrily. "She went down there."

"Now then," Mason said, "we have between now and ten o'clock tomorrow morning to try and salvage something from the wreckage."

"What can you do?" Drake asked.

"I don't know," Mason replied. "They have hit us two body blows. The one which indicates that Dorothy Fenner was down there on the day of the murder is bad enough, but the other one is the sternwinder."

"You mean that newspaper clipping?"

MASON said, "That newspaper clipping contains an account of Alder having filed a complaint alleging that Dorothy Fenner broke into his place, stole fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, that she jumped in the water when she was pursued by the dog, and that a male accomplice was waiting for her in a canoe. The jury will, of course, be instructed to consider the newspaper clipping only for the purpose of showing the date at which the purse was dropped. But you know what a jury will do. They'll eat that stuff up."

"Well, Perry, can't you show that—"

"The hell of it is, I can't," Mason said. "My hands are tied. I had been thinking all along that Claud Gloster would introduce that letter contained in the bottle which the police must have found when they went through George Alder's effects. I thought that he'd try to introduce the evidence of the burglary, claim that it was all part of the *res gestae* and, as his motive, claim that Dorothy Fenner had gone back there to try to get that letter."

"I was then prepared to crucify him by showing that Dorothy Fenner didn't need to go back to get the letter because she'd already made a copy of it, and that Dorley Alder had seen a copy of the letter before the murder was committed. That would knock the props out of the prosecution's motivation. And then I intended to drag enough

evidence in about the death of Minerva Danby to make it appear that Alder was a murderer and had got just what was coming to him, and kick the prosecution's case all over the courtroom."

"But, you can see what's happened. They're not going to bring that letter in. They'll even try to keep it out. It's up to me to try and bring it in, and they're going to claim that instead of being part of the *res gestae*, the letter is hearsay, incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"Well, isn't it?" Drake said.

"In all probability it is," Mason said, "but I've got to dig up some theory by which I can at least try to get the thing before the court. And we don't know where the original letter is."

"You have a copy, Chief," Della Street said.

"I have a copy," Mason told her, "but we're going to have to get it authenticated. The only way to do that is to go down and see this man who found it, Pete Cadiz."

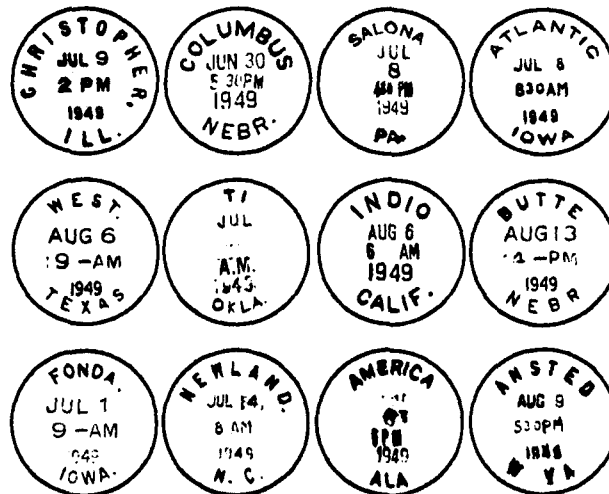
"I know where we can locate him," Drake said.

"I've been afraid to go near him before," Mason said, "because I didn't dare to let on to the prosecution that I knew about this letter. I wanted to let them think I was going to try to keep that letter out and— Gosh, what a mess!"

"Well," Drake said, "you can't be blamed for it, Perry."

Mason said fervently, "If that little devil could get on the witness stand and

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and every time you assured me that—"

"I know. Honestly, Mr. Mason, if I had had any idea I dropped that purse where it could have been found—I'm sorry."

"You're sorry," Mason said indignantly. "Why, you little—"

The lawyer took a deep breath and said more calmly, "People are watching us. Nod your head as though the contents of that letter were just what you expected."

She nodded her head.

RETURNING the letter to his brief case, Mason patted her encouragingly on the back, said under his breath, "Well, you're in it now, and you've got me in it too."

"I tell you he was dead when I got there," she said. "I—"

"You've already told enough lies, Dorothy," Mason observed. "Go back to your cell and keep your mouth shut. I'll try and salvage something from the wreckage, because I'm in a spot where I have to."

Mason stood up, smiling confidently, picked up his brief case, motioned to Paul Drake and Della Street.

"Keep smiling," he said, as he walked out of the courtroom. . . .

In the privacy of his automobile Paul Drake said, "Gosh, Perry, you sure got the sheriff mixed up on those signatures, but that purse business looks pretty bad. Do you suppose she actually did go down there and double-crossed you?"

lie one half as convincingly to the jury as she lied to me—but she won't and she can't. She'll go all to pieces and start bawling and having hysterics. I know the type. When she thinks everything is coming her way she can be dead game, but the minute the going gets tough she starts crying and seeking sympathy."

"Do you suppose she is guilty?" Della Street asked.

"I can't even answer that question until after the evidence is all in," Mason said. "I wouldn't trust her word now on anything, and the heck of it is that I'm stuck with defending her."

"I don't see why you're stuck with her," Della Street said. "After all, you—"

"After all," Mason said, "I was the sucker who picked her up in the canoe Saturday night right after her escapade, and I'm afraid that Claud Gloster not only suspects it, but *may* have some evidence. It's been rumored around the courthouse that he's been bragging about having all thirteen trumps. We'll go see what Pete Cadiz has to say."

Drake said, "She could be telling the truth, Perry. But if she isn't, I think she could make out some sort of a case for self-defense. There must have been one hell of a fight before Alder was bumped off. It wasn't simply a matter of somebody grabbing the gun from his desk and shooting him."

"One of my men got there and saw the scratches on the inside of that paneled closet door. He said you could see where the dog had been in a perfect frenzy, trying to get out. The scratches were all so fresh that there were still little splinters hanging to the places where the claw marks cut across the panels."

Mason said, "We'll file that fact away for future reference. The way things are now I don't dare to plan a defense until I see what further surprises the prosecution may have for us. From now on I'll listen to the evidence as it comes in. Then I'll have to wind up knowing just how that crime was committed—and make everyone think I knew it before I consented to take Dorothy Fenner's case."

THE sunset hush had settled like a mantle over the still water as Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake walked out over the echoing planks, studying the forest of stubby masts which from time to time swayed gently in the little swells made by the passing of an occasional speedboat.

From somewhere in the distance came the sound of an accordion, and a cracked baritone voice singing a sentimental ballad of a bygone era. Then the singing ceased, but the accordion continued playing.

"I think," Drake said, "that's our man. He's supposed to spend an hour or so every night playing over some of the old tunes. The story goes that he was very much in love with a girl who died, and now he lives alone, true to her memory and playing the songs he sang while he was courting her. If you serve that subpoena on him, Perry, think of what a sob sister could do with a story. That's your angle for getting the stuff about the bottled letter into the press."

"I don't want it in the press," Mason said, "I want it in evidence—and the way I feel about my client right now I wouldn't doubt but that she did grab off some jewelry on that Saturday night. Well, we'll have to wait and see what other unpleasant surprises Claud Gloster has in store for us."

They walked along the long pier until finally they made out the form of a white-haired seaman, sitting in the bow of a trim fishing boat, playing the accordion, his face granite-hard from wind and salt spray, etched with deep lines.

Della Street put a restraining hand on Mason's arm, whispered, "Wait until he finishes."

Drake turned, caught her eye, and she gently shook her head.

The three of them stood in the lee of a weather-beaten shed all but invisible in the shadows, watching the dim figure of the man in the boat below, listening to old tunes which had been popular forty years ago.

At length the song was finished. The man eased his accordion to his lap, raised his head, and looked out toward the west where the last tint of color was fading.

The man heard their steps as they moved forward, looked up and watched them curiously.

Mason, in the lead, introduced himself and his companions.

Cadiz studied them, nodded, and turned back toward the western sky for a moment.

DELLA STREET said sympathetically, "It's romantic, isn't it, out here on the water at sunset?"

Cadiz nodded.

"We wanted to ask you some questions about that bottle," Mason said. "The one that you found with the letter in it."

Cadiz looked at him and said nothing.

Della Street said impulsively, "I presume you don't feel much like talking after living with those old memories, and—"

Suddenly Cadiz stepped onto the pier, and shot a stream of tobacco juice down into the water, then he turned back to them and said, "It ain't that, ma'am. It's that damned tobacco juice. What about the bottle?"

Paul Drake caught Mason's eye. Della Street, intercepting the glance, smiled, and Mason said, "I want to know just exactly what happened. I want to know all about how you happened to find that bottle, where it was and what you did with it."

Pete Cadiz thought for a moment, then spat the quid of tobacco over the side, ran his tongue around his teeth to clear his mouth, spat once more, turned and faced his visitors. "I'm independent. I don't like civilization."

"Who does?" Mason asked, grinning.

"Well," Cadiz said, "the way I figure things out, a man gets to playing around too much with civilization and he gets taxed one way and another so much he has to keep working harder to make more money to get taxed more."

"Income tax bothering you?" Mason asked.

"Not the income tax, just the tax that civilization puts on a person. You have a poor job, you make a little money. You get a better job and you have to start wearing good clothes. Then you have cleaning bills and laundry bills. Then you have to work harder in order to get a better job to pay for that—"

"Don't!" Paul Drake grinned. "You're killing me."

Pete Cadiz ran an eye up and down Paul Drake's well-dressed figure and said, "The hell I am! You're killing yourself."

"Go on," Mason said, his voice showing his interest. "What do you do, Pete?"

Cadiz said, "I do as I damn please. I've been through the mill. I started out in the packing department of a big plant, moving boxes around. Then I studied salesmanship in my spare time and got to be a salesman. Then I got to be assistant sales manager. Then I got to be sales manager. Then I had ulcers and then I fell in love and—oh, hell, what's the use!"

He turned back toward the ocean, stood at the rail looking down into the dark swirling waters. Then he swung back once more to face his visitors.

"Okay, I said to hell with the whole business. I didn't have anything left by the time I got my debts paid. I found a boat that was for sale. I had a few commissions coming to me and I man-

aged to finance the boat out of the commissions. I didn't have much left to live on. People talked to me about going into the commercial fishing business. Then I needed a crew, I needed gasoline, I needed ice—and I asked them what I did with the fish after I caught them, and they told me I sold them, of course. So then I asked them what I did with the money, and they explained to me that I used the money to buy food, get more gasoline, pay off the crew and catch more fish."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

"So I just started out by myself, and because I was my own crew I didn't have to pay me. Then when I caught fish, instead of selling them to the public to eat and taking the money for the fish to buy food, I bought the fish from myself, but since I owed the money to me I didn't have to pay anything. And then I ate the fish."

"Sounds simple," Mason said.

"The hell of it is," Cadiz observed, "it is simple."

"How long have you been doing this?" Mason asked.

"Long enough to get rid of the ulcers and get happy and healthy."

"Don't you need any money?" Paul Drake asked.

"Well," Pete Cadiz pointed out, "there isn't a great deal of outside money comes in, so I aim to be pretty self-sufficient. I make a few lobster traps and when I get ready to make them I don't have money to go buy lumber. I find my lumber in the form of driftwood. I get around and catch abalones, sell some abalone shell ornaments, I pick up odd bits of driftwood, sell a few knickknacks here and there to yachtsmen. I drift around wherever I happen to want to be. Living the sort of life I live, you don't have to worry about clocks and calendars."

Mason nodded.

CADIZ went on with his story: "Well, there's a little half-moon bay below here that's sandy and shaped just right to catch a lot of drift. I don't know exactly why it is, except that the currents, the wind and the way the tide sets keep that little cove piled full of drift stuff. If there's anything drifting around it'll come into this cove."

"There'll be a hell of a surf running in there and quite a tide when there's a storm out at sea, but when it's quiet you can slide in there in a skiff, if you know how to handle a skiff. You'll always find stuff in there that you can use in making lobster traps. You'll get driftage, salvage, firewood and all that stuff."

"Well, I was making some lobster traps and I had a spell of calm weather for about a week. I anchored my boat offshore and I'd row in and out with my skiff, just combing the beach, picking up stuff and ferrying it out to my boat."

"How big a cove?" Mason asked.

"Just a tiny little place nestled down in some hills. Not many people know about it. Well, I was prowling along the edge of the tideline, looking pretty sharp because I'd just about combed the place clean, and then I happened to see this bottle. I took a look at it and saw it had been corked up and turned adrift, and there was a letter of some sort in it and I could look through the glass and see that it was on the stationery of the Thayerbelle."

"Well, I get around where the yachtsmen are quite a bit. I sell them stuff: bait, and lobsters, and sometimes an interesting bit of driftage, and abalone shell soap dishes, and things of that sort. I guess I know about as many yachtsmen as anyone on the coast, and they know me and like me."

"Well, I had about combed this little beach out, so I got in my yacht and sailed up to San Diego and went to a telephone and put through a call collect to George S. Alder. I told him I had a

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R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois

bottle with some sort of a letter in it that evidently had been kicked overboard from his yacht. He didn't seem much interested at first and then he began to get curious and he suggested that I bring the bottle in to him and he'd pay me for my time and trouble."

"And what happened?" Mason asked.

"Well, I did it. He took the letter out of the bottle and read it, and then he gave me fifty bucks. Then he asked me if I'd read the letter and I told him it wasn't my business to read letters but only to pick up bottles. and then he gave me a hundred bucks."

Cadiz turned away, and once more looked down at the ocean.

Mason waited for several seconds, but the man didn't turn back to face him. The silence became embarrassing.

"How was that bottle buried?" Mason asked.

"Sort of on a slant, half in the sand and half out, and the part that was out had all roughened up from sand blowing on the wind—you know, the way glass will when it's exposed to sand blown by wind, sort of a ground-glass effect."

"So Alder gave you fifty dollars?"

"That's right."

"And then after a little while made it a hundred?"

"Uh-huh. A hundred more."

Mason said, "Alder's dead now. You could be released of your obligations to him, Pete."

"What do you mean?"

Mason said, "I mean this, Pete, that if you had just picked up the bottle the way you said, you'd have put it in your boat someplace and the next time you happened to be over around the yachts and saw the Thayerbelle anchored there you'd have got in your skiff, rowed over to pass the time of day with Alder, and casually mentioned this bottle you'd found. A man who has shaken the shackles of civilization the way you have doesn't go around telephoning collect because he finds a bottle."

Cadiz whirled around to face him. "You mean I'm lying?" he demanded belligerently.

Mason measured the man with his eyes, brushed the belligerency aside with a disarming smile and said good-naturedly, "Pete, you're not only lying but you're making an awful job of it."

Cadiz took a swift step toward the lawyer, then suddenly the anger left him and a slow grin twisted his face. "Okay," he said, "you're doing the talking."

Mason said, "My guess is, Pete, that you read that letter in order to see what it was, and after you'd read it you knew that Alder would be interested in it so you took it in to him and it was after Alder found out that you had read the letter that he gave you the extra hundred dollars and made you promise that you'd forget all about it."

"You're doing the talking," Cadiz said.

"What would you do, Pete, if you had to testify on the witness stand?" Mason said.

Cadiz thought that over for a while, then said, "Well, you're a pretty smart lawyer. I ain't saying anything right now. If I'd made any sort of a deal with George Alder, I'd try to live up to it, but nothing was said about getting on the witness stand. If I got on the witness stand—hell, I'd tell the truth."

Mason pulled a folded paper from his pocket. "Cadiz," he said, "this is a subpoena which I am serving on you, a subpoena ordering you to appear in court tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to testify on behalf of the defendant in the case of the People of the State of California versus Dorothy Fenner. Now, we won't be able to use you tomorrow morning, but you'll have to be in court in accordance with the terms of this subpoena. You're a witness for the defense, and there isn't any reason for you to tell anyone about this talk or what you're supposed to testify to. Now, while I can't give you any more money than is allowed by law, I can give you mileage

THIS FASCINATING WORLD



WILLIAM STEIG

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
LONDON	A man who was arrested for keeping a horse in his room in a boardinghouse explained, "I was lonely."
CHICAGO	A nudist society arranged to have a contest to select the most handsome and physically fit man and woman, to be named Adam and Eve.
CHICAGO	A research laboratory developed a sponge-rubber manger mattress for the comfort of cows.
MINNEAPOLIS	An auto dealer was sued by a motorist who charged that the suspense of waiting for a new car had given him ulcers.
TROY, ALABAMA	The proprietors of a beauty parlor applied for a beer-selling license, to accommodate patrons sitting under hair dryers.
PHILADELPHIA	A newspaper carried a Help Wanted ad for a piano player who could open oysters and clams.

—W. E. FARBSTEN

which will bring you to court and you'll be paid an amount which will compensate you for your loss of time."

Cadiz took the subpoena, folded it, pushed it down into his pants pocket and said, "That's the hell of getting mixed up with civilization. I thought that hundred and fifty dollars was a little too easy."

"You'll be there, won't you, Pete?" Mason asked.

"I'll be there," Cadiz said. "I'm going to hate the thing all to hell, but I'll be there."

THE crowded courtroom was charged with an atmosphere of excitement. Claud Gloster, appreciating to the full the dramatic possibilities of the moment, arose as soon as court had convened and said, "Your Honor, we have a witness under subpoena—a Ronald Dixon, whose duties are such that it becomes necessary for him to be excused at as early an hour as possible. I would, therefore, ask permission of court and counsel to withdraw the sheriff from the stand temporarily and put on Mr. Ronald Dixon out of order."

"Any objection?" Judge Garey asked Mason.

Mason was smiling, confident, as one who is magnanimous in victory. "No objection whatever, Your Honor," he said.

"Very well, on the strength of the district attorney's statement that it is necessary for this witness to be called out of order and, since no objection is made by the defense, it will be so ordered."

Ronald Dixon, tall, studious, slightly stooped, came toward the witness stand, and Mason, catching a quick glimpse of the man's profile as he walked by, whispered to Della Street, "I've seen that man before."

He turned to his left and said to Dorothy Fenner, "Do you know this man?"

"Night clerk at the apartment," she said.

Mason grinned. "Here's where they prove Alder's visit."

Ronald Dixon was sworn, gave his name, age, residence and occupation, settled himself in the witness chair as though he expected to be there for a long time and was making himself as comfortable as possible.

"You're acquainted with the defendant, Dorothy Fenner?" Claud Gloster asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You have stated that you are one of the night clerks at the Monadnock Hotel Apartments?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are your hours?"

"From four in the afternoon until twelve o'clock midnight."

"On the third of August of this year were you so employed and working those hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did at that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Dixon, directing your attention to the late afternoon of the third, will you tell us what happened of your own knowledge with reference to Miss Fenner's apartment?"

"Yes, sir. She came in about five thirty. I guess it was, about an hour or so after I'd come on and started work, and I congratulated her on—"

"You had a conversation?" Gloster interrupted quickly.

"That's right. I talked with her and she asked if there was any mail and I told her there had been about a million telephone calls. She took all the notes out of her key box and then went on over to the elevator to go up to her apartment."

"Then what?"

"Then about an hour later a gentleman came in and said he wanted to see her. He told me she was expecting him so there was no need to announce him."

Collier's for October 15, 1949

Well, that's against the rules of the place, but he looked like the sort of man you could trust—reserved, a gentleman—not the sort that would be apt to make any racket, cause any trouble or report a man for violating a rule."

"So what did you do?" Gloster asked.

"Well, I sort of hesitated, and then he handed me a five-dollar bill."

"So then what did you do?"

Dixon grinned and said, "So I did nothing."

"Meaning that you did not announce him?"

"That's right," Dixon said. "I let him go on up."

"Now, did you get a good look at that man?"

"Yes, sir. I had a very good look at him."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see him again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Lying on a slab at the undertaker's."

"In other words, this man was George S. Alder?"

"Yes, sir. I was informed that was his name."

"I show you a photograph, Mr. Dixon, and ask you if you recognize this photograph."

"Yes, sir."

"Who is it?"

"That's a photograph of the man who came to see Dorothy Fenner that afternoon and gave me the five dollars."

"And what time was this?"

"Oh, I'd say it was about probably around six thirty."

"How long was this man up there, do you know?"

Mason said, "He doesn't know that the man ever went to the defendant's apartment. All he knows is that the man gave him five dollars and said that he wanted to see the defendant. That conversation isn't binding on the defendant. Unless you connect it up in some way, I'll move to strike it all out."

"I'll connect it up," Gloster said grimly.

"Very well, proceed," Judge Garey said.

"Well," Dixon observed, grinning slightly, "if the man didn't go to see Dorothy Fenner, he wasted a five-dollar investment."

The courtroom broke into laughter.

POUNDING with his gavel, Judge Garey said, "That will do. The witness will please not volunteer any comments."

"Go ahead," Gloster said, a wide smile on his face. "Tell us exactly what the man did that you saw."

"Well, he gave me five dollars. He went over to the elevator. He punched the button. He got in the elevator. He closed the doors and the elevator went up, and about forty minutes later the man came down and said, 'Thank you' to me and walked out."

Mason laced his fingers back of his head, tilted back in the swivel chair and smiled good-naturedly. Now that his case had collapsed in a mass of legal wreckage, he was like a fighter in a corner, trying to measure the strength of his antagonist, to find some way of escape. However, his manner was that of one who is completely certain of himself, confident of the outcome.

Then suddenly his stomach tightened as he heard Gloster shoot in the next question.

"Now then," said Gloster, "did you see the defendant leaving the apartment house later on—during the evening?"

Dixon shifted a little in the chair before answering. Mason broadened his smile, but he knew in his heart that it was as false a smile as ever an attorney wore.

(To be concluded next week)

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The Marvelous Mounties

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

watch for this set of dies. The identification mark plus the fingerprints will be enough to convict.

1:00 P.M.: Squires clips a driver in Komarno for going through a red light. He will mail the man a summons when he gets back to his office.

2:00 P.M.: Squires spends the afternoon trying to run down clues on two old cases—the theft of 10,000 feet of lumber, and suspected arson-for-revenge in the burning of a barn.

He gets an important break in the lumber case. When the thief backed his truck up to the lumber pile to load the loot, he scraped a long, green-painted splinter off the body of his vehicle. Squires has the splinter in his possession, and this afternoon he spots a farmer's green truck with a gash in the tailboard the same size and shape as the splinter. Squires removes the tailboard to be sent to the laboratory along with the splinter for examination. If the splinter matches the gash under the microscope, and if spectrographic analysis shows the paint to be the same, Squires probably will have a conviction.

7:30 P.M.: Squires catches another driver going through a red light.

7:50 P.M.: Squires goes to the town of Inwood to investigate a complaint that a gang of hoodlums smashed beer bottles against the farmers' milk cans in a dairy the night before. He finds two witnesses who recognized one nineteen-year-old boy in the gang. Said nineteen-year-old nearly faints when he learns the Mounted Police are on his trail. He confesses everything. Squires then rounds up the rest of the teen-age culprits, who also develop weak knees and pale faces. Squires lets them off with a warning.

Making Friends of the Kids

Squires spends the rest of the evening with his Police and Youth Movement group back in Teulon. This is a recent Mountie innovation designed to combat juvenile delinquency and to get cops and kids to understand each other better. It originated in 1944 when, in the heat of ultranationalism during the war, there was a great clamor in Canada to set up a Mounted Police Cadet Corps for kids. The Mounties frowned on this as being too reminiscent of the Hitler Youth Organizations in Germany, and astute Deputy Commissioner F. J. Mead proposed the Police and Youth Movement as a substitute.

Its operation is simple. Each detachment is required to take part in recreational activities with the kids in their area (usually by running Midget Baseball and Football Leagues). They also teach the kids useful things, like first aid, and entertain them with specially produced movies, like *Dogs Go to School* and *Through the Northwest Passage*. This program has had remarkable success, with an enrollment of more than 1,350,000 youngsters.

In Teulon the major juvenile vice involved kids who shot the attractive green glass insulators off telephone poles with their .22-caliber rifles. Squires pondered this for a while. Then he decided that if the local small fry had something more interesting to shoot at, they would leave the insulators alone.

So he organized the Teulon Rifle Club for Young Men. He and about a dozen of the Young Men constructed a rifle range outside the town, and before long the Young Men comprised practically every boy and girl in the area between the ages of ten and twenty. A few Young Men with white hair and beards joined up for good measure.

Last July, Constable Squires received a letter from the local superintendent of

the power company. The letter read: "It is a pleasure to report that since the completion of your rifle range, there has not been a single recorded instance of glass insulators being shot from telephone poles."

Many Mounties, after being "on detachment" like this for a few years, begin to show talent in certain specialized fields. They are called back to either of the two Training Centers at Regina, Saskatchewan, or Rockcliffe, Ontario, for more training. They study sometimes under the finest scientists and specialists on loan from other government departments and from the business and professional world. Then they are reassigned to the two Mountie crime laboratories or to one of the 12 division headquarters as dogmasters, firearms experts, fingerprint experts, personnel officers, document examiners, plain-clothes investigators, communications men or photographers; and these specialists are on call constantly for any situation that might arise in the vast division area in which their talents are needed.

The dogmasters, for example, are required to train "brew dogs" to run down all evidence of illegal, untaxed whisky. It is sometimes a bit shaking to watch a dog go off into the woods on the command of "Booze!" and return a few minutes later with a bottle, once hidden, clutched firmly in his mouth.

The Mounted Police dogs frequently receive commendations for this type of activity, typical of which is the following excerpt from an official report: "Feroli (the suspect) had recently cut poles from about two acres around the shack, and the heavy fir and cedar limbs provided an impenetrable barrier from two to five feet deep. The dog, Cliffe, was given the command, 'Booze!' and encouraged to go over these slash poles, sniffing for liquor. After some 20 minutes, Cliffe buried his head in some green limbs and his teeth clanked on a hard object he was trying to retrieve. A constable then assisted him in dragging out an earthenware gallon jug containing one gallon of illicit spirits."

"The work of Police Service Dog Cliffe in this case was directly responsible for securing the required evidence. The liquor had been so carefully concealed that it could not possibly have been found without the assistance of the dog."

The ultimate in Mounted Police specialists are the men in outfits like the Aviation Section, the Marine Division, and the Special Branch.

The Special Branch handles subversive activities. It is the target for what little abuse is hurled at the Mounties in Canada—the main criticism being that, at times, the Special Branch has acted more like an antilabor organization than like an antisubversive body.

Airplanes Fail in Manhunts

The Aviation Section and the Marine Division are, as their names imply, the air and sea arms of the Mounted Police. The Aviation Section is made up of former air force men who fly a dozen small planes, mostly on passenger-ferrying missions to remote areas. Occasionally they search for escaped criminals from the air, an endeavor in which they have been inordinately unsuccessful.

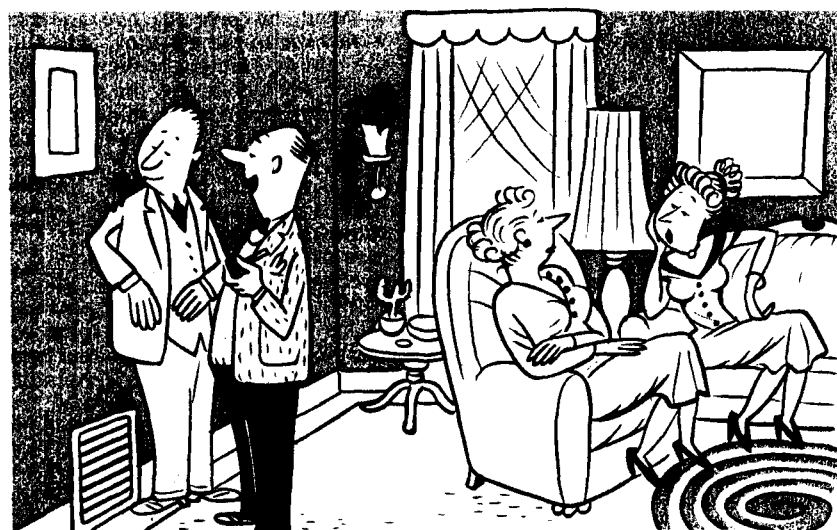
"But," says Inspector P. B. Cox, "we generally pin down a fugitive in the bush so that he's afraid to travel except at night. This makes it easier for our ground forces to catch up with him."

The Marine Division has two small boats on the Lake of the Woods, six large patrol launches on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, one 112-foot cutter on the Saguenay River, the arctic vessel St. Roch, and four large converted mine sweepers with three-pounder guns and 36-man crews which sometimes operate in the Atlantic.

On December 12, 1946, for instance, the Mountie ship *Irvine* got word from Marine Division headquarters in Halifax that the Dutch ship *Marleen* was in distress during a storm. She had been abandoned by her crew off Bonaventure Island. When the *Irvine* arrived on the morning of December 15th, the crew of the vessel was still aboard, but they were all nearly dead of cold, hunger and exhaustion. There was no fresh water aboard and the ship's galley could not be fired to make hot food.

The *Irvine* shot a towline across, but the *Marleen*'s crew was too weak to handle the line properly as the ship veered crazily on the storm-tossed sea. Nevertheless, the *Irvine* managed to tow her back to Gaspé, Quebec, and there a Mountie staff sergeant rowed over to the

VIEWPOINT



"That's a wonderful furnace. Just stoke 'er up before I leave mornings and she's set for the day"

"I dread winter! I'm either packing school lunches or shoveling coal all day long"

COLLIER'S

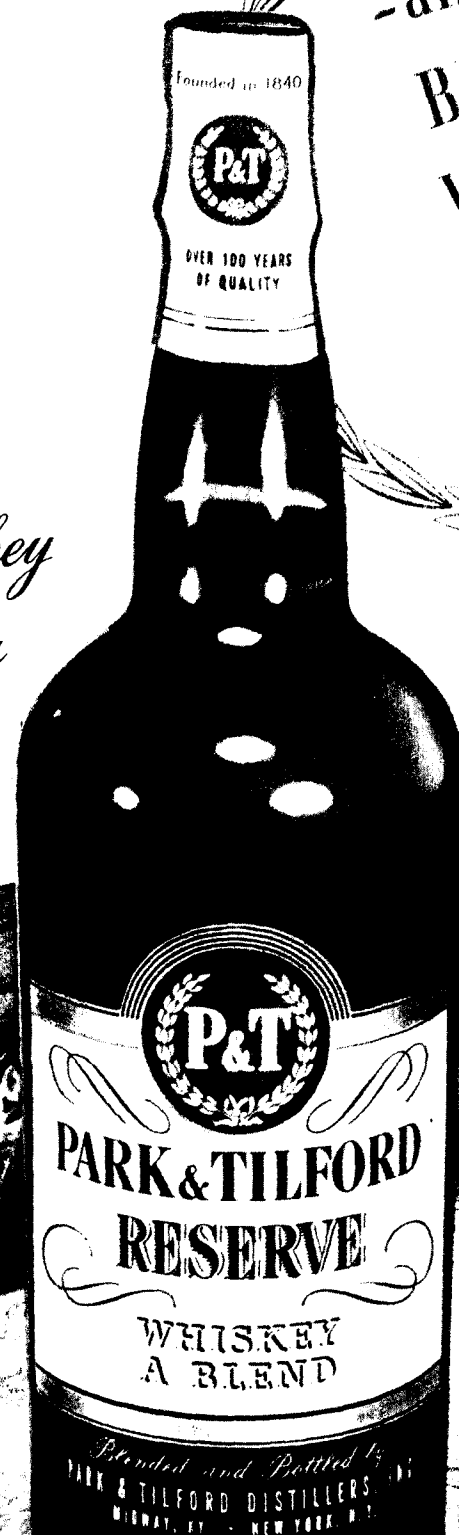
DAVE GERARD

Collier's for October 15, 1949

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Marleen in a dory and freed her frozen-in anchor by building a fire of mattresses and oil around her anchor chain.

The next day two other Mounties went over and completely rebuilt the Marleen's galley stove. The crew, in the meantime, was taken to the Irvine to be revived by warm beds and hot meals. Only one permanent casualty resulted in what could have been a wholesale tragedy. The Marleen's owner, P. E. Moes, of Amsterdam, still is writing letters of thanks to the Mounties.

Perhaps the most exciting of all the specialized Mountie jobs is the Preventive Service which works on smuggling and narcotics. In the United States these duties are the responsibility of the T-men. On June 7, 1947, for example, the Preventive Service Mounties got a tip that there was \$75,000 worth of heroin hidden among the clothes in a teal-blue suitcase checked through from Montreal to Vancouver on a Canadian National Railways ticket. They removed the dope from the suitcase, replaced it with harmless sugar of milk, then allowed the suitcase to resume its journey. Mounties went along with it, posing as porters, baggage handlers and the like.

Finally, in the Vancouver station, a man named William Dick came up to the baggage room and claimed the teal-blue suitcase from two disguised Mounties who were working behind the counter. Other Mounties closed in as he left the station and, after shadowing him through the streets of Vancouver, Dick was nabbed.

Later the Mounties got the accomplice who had sent the suitcase from Montreal by examining all transcontinental train tickets in Calgary, Alberta, a point through which all main-line Canadian trains pass. In a few days a traveler came along who held a railroad ticket with the same serial number (20291) that was stamped on the baggage check. The man was John Serniuk, and the Mounties were able to pin down their case against him because the shirt he wore bore the same laundry mark as the shirts in the teal-blue suitcase.

The Smuggler's Hollow Leg

However, all this is child's play for the Preventive Service compared with the simple smuggling that continually goes on across the U.S.-Canadian border. Recently, for instance, the Mounties arrested a man in Melochville, Quebec, who had an artificial leg. He had been repeatedly spotted going back and forth across the border. The hollow leg was filled with expensive watches on which he had neglected to pay duty.

The biggest headaches today are the smuggling of cigarettes (which cost 16 to 20 cents a pack in the United States and 32 to 42 cents a pack in Canada) and electrical appliances (a seven-cubic-foot refrigerator costs \$225 in the United States and \$375 in Canada).

The smuggling traffic worked the other way in 1946 when the United States removed most wartime price controls though they were kept in force in Canada. During that period smugglers tried to get carloads of comparatively cheap Canadian grain across the border to make a quick dollar on resales at skyrocketing U.S. prices.

As Preventive Service Inspector Karrow remarked, "Residents of border areas know all the tricks—ones that were known to border residents in the Roman and Egyptian Empires."

The Mounties, however, have modern as well as ancient tricks. They have undercover agents along the border and in border cities; they have high-powered boats and cars and an FM radio network that links them with authorities on the American side; and they make good use of that most ancient and efficient of antismuggling weapons—the well-paid informer.

In the Preventive Service, the Marine Division and all other sections of the Mounted Police, the ranks are the equivalent of Army ranks. A constable third class is the same as a recruit; a constable second class is a private; and a constable first class is the equivalent of a private first class. After that come corporals, sergeants and staff sergeants; and the commissioned officers (now exclusively promoted from the ranks): subinspector, inspector, superintendent, assistant commissioner, deputy commissioner and commissioner.

Good Wages and Pensions

An inspector, who wears the pips of an Army captain, gets up to \$3,270 a year plus allowances. A married sergeant living at home gets \$8.65 a day or \$3,114 a year; and a single constable living in a barracks gets \$4.25 a day, or \$1,520 a year. All Mounties can retire on generous pensions after 20 years or 35 years.

At the very peak of this hierarchy is the \$10,730-a-year commissioner, who wears the insignia of a brigadier. The current commissioner is Stuart Taylor Wood, whose father was a Mountie and who was born and raised on Mounted Police posts. Wood is the great-grandson of U.S. President Zachary Taylor and the great nephew of Confederate President Jefferson Davis. Wood's grandfather, who held commissions both as a Confederate naval lieutenant and as an Army colonel, escaped to Canada with a price on his head after the Civil War. That's how this distinguished American line found its way into Canada's Mounted Police.

Wood is a fatherly, gray-mustached man who is as famous and respected in Canada as J. Edgar Hoover is in the United States. High-ranking Canadians say that the commissioner himself is the greatest argument against any contention that the Mounted Police can become a potential Gestapo. This probably is true. Wood's oft-repeated credos are: "Ours is a policed state, not a police state," and "Our duty is to help the Canadian people, not to persecute them."

When you ask Wood about his favorite cases, his selections are not the slam-bang crimes you might expect. On the contrary, Wood's favorite case number one involves a city treasurer who had a fire in his office in which every dollar of collected tax money was burned to a crisp. There was not a shred of evidence on the treasurer's side to defend him against the charge that he had committed arson and made off with most of the money. But the Mountie laboratories re-created every dollar from the ashes and got the man acquitted.

The commissioner's favorite case number two was a murder in which a woman was accused of poisoning her husband. In this trial, the Mounted Police lent their own pathologist to the defense, which couldn't afford one. It was the Mountie's testimony which proved the woman they were prosecuting didn't commit the crime.

But to most Canadians, the commissioner's attitude on dogs—of all things—is the tip-off that they do not have to worry about the possible evolution of a Canadian NKVD. For years the Mounties have used German shepherds for tracking people in open country. And for years the Mountie dogmasters have been pleading for bloodhounds, which are supposedly more efficient for this task. Each time the commissioner has turned them down.

"Bloodhounds may be more efficient," he says, "but in the eyes of the world they are symbols of oppression. They conjure up visions of masters tracking down slaves. We have no masters or slaves in Canada, and I want no symbols of oppression in Canada's Mounted Police."

THE END

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Collier's for October 15, 1949

Tradition Can't Win Wars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

are fairly well known to everyone here in the United States. And we know the Russians are willing to wait five, 10, or even 20 years, to attain them. Time is not an important consideration in their plans. The longer they keep us on the anxious seat, the more economics tends to work for them. They carry on as a peace-loving nation, occupy satellite countries, annoy the democracies with a "cold" war—or act very friendly—just as they see fit. We wait for them to move, then we try to counter. Our objective, for the moment, seems to be to check the actions that Russia has already taken against us.

How long can we continue to match their military, diplomatic and international moves with our dollars? The best bomber of the early 1940 period cost us about \$300,000 to \$500,000; today we are paying anywhere from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. In 1940 the best fighters could be secured for about \$40,000 to \$60,000 each; today we are paying about \$700,000 for one of our jet fighters. When we start talking in terms of thousands of fighters and bombers, with hundreds of replacements every year to maintain a modern aerial fighting force, the cost is terrific. The modern carrier might be built for \$200,000,000; but the equipment, gadgets and accessories that go with it would add considerably to that price. So it goes for all types of equipment.

Under Threat of Bankruptcy

Does not the continuation of our armed forces on a constant emergency status for a period of 10 or 20 years—according to our present interpretation of the idea—threaten to leave us bankrupt? Is the handwriting not already on the wall, with the American people growling about the high cost of living and taxes? Is an economical-minded Congress not now so expressing itself?

The problem of our national safety is slowly but surely being pushed to one side. The time has come when we must match the *man-hours* used by the Russians in their long-pull objectives with our *brains* instead of our dollars. If we are to retain our present standard of living, scientists, engineers and businessmen must do their bit toward solving this problem. It is possible, if we take such aid seriously, that the expensive articles which we now blithely accept as necessities for our fighting forces may be replaced by cheaper, more effective ones.

This is a challenge to industry, labor, capital, engineers, scientists—all of us. We must find ways of securing the same

power in the equipment of our armed forces at much less cost. Yes, I know the armed forces are using scientists (I helped start that move back in 1936) but we are still far from an economical method of developing and processing our war equipment. It can be done.

Looking at our national security from a military viewpoint, all plans should have: (1) an objective for preventing war; (2) an objective for winning the war, if war is inevitable; (3) an objective for securing and maintaining the peace following the war.

In both World Wars I and II we had excellent plans for winning the wars. We carried them out most successfully. If we had an objective for winning the peace after the wars, we soon lost sight of it, in spite of the fact that it was just as important as winning the war. Our machinery for securing and insuring the continuance of peace should be as perfect as our machinery for preventing or winning wars. But we always seem to think the peace objective is something we can crystallize around a peace table.

We are a big nation now. We are not dependent upon any other nation in creating policies for our own national security. We should be able to stand on our own feet when it comes to consummating our own peace objectives after wars. Pacts and treaties with other democratic nations are a necessity if we are to prevent the conquest of western Europe. The part we play must be that of a leader who can help our allies with equipment, advice and dollars now, and armed forces when needed.

Our military policy needs a bit of inspection, and, perhaps, modernization. With all-out war the national problem is changed. No longer can the Army, the Navy and the Air Force—on their own—be held responsible for making our military policy, nor for making our plans for winning wars and securing peace. There are too many things that influence the creation of a national military policy, and planning for its objectives. For instance:

1. Capabilities and limitation of any potential enemy.
2. Probable intentions of the enemy, and the forces with which he can carry them out.
3. Our foreign policy.
4. The strength, composition and capabilities of our military forces.
5. Aid and assistance to be expected from our allies.
6. Our military objective for preventing or winning the war.
7. Our objective for winning the peace.
8. The part that our industry and labor



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COLLIER'S

"Maybe I'd better tell it over again"

CHON DAY

Collier's for October 15, 1949



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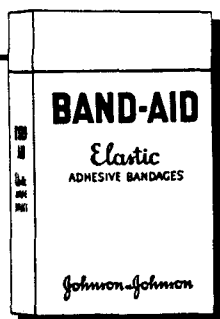
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will play in attaining our war and peace objectives.

9. Our vulnerability to enemy attack. A careful analysis of these things, with some others, gives a highly effective yardstick for evaluating the strength and composition of our own fighting forces, and, also, for determining the type and kind of weapon that should be used by us and by our allies.

We are now faced with the problem of securing the most modern and effective co-ordinated armed forces we can get. It must be done economically. It must not break the back of the taxpayer, nor bankrupt the nation. We cannot do this if the Navy gets everything it wants, if the Army gets all it asks for, and if the Air Force gets all the planes and equipment it demands.

Modern wars cannot be won by tradition, emotion, loyalty to a particular arm of the service, nor by historic achievements of the past. Some way must be found to have all officers preach the same fundamental doctrine. There is too much at stake, from the point of view of our national existence, to permit individual military leaders to continue to argue over which branch won the last war, and which will win the next one.

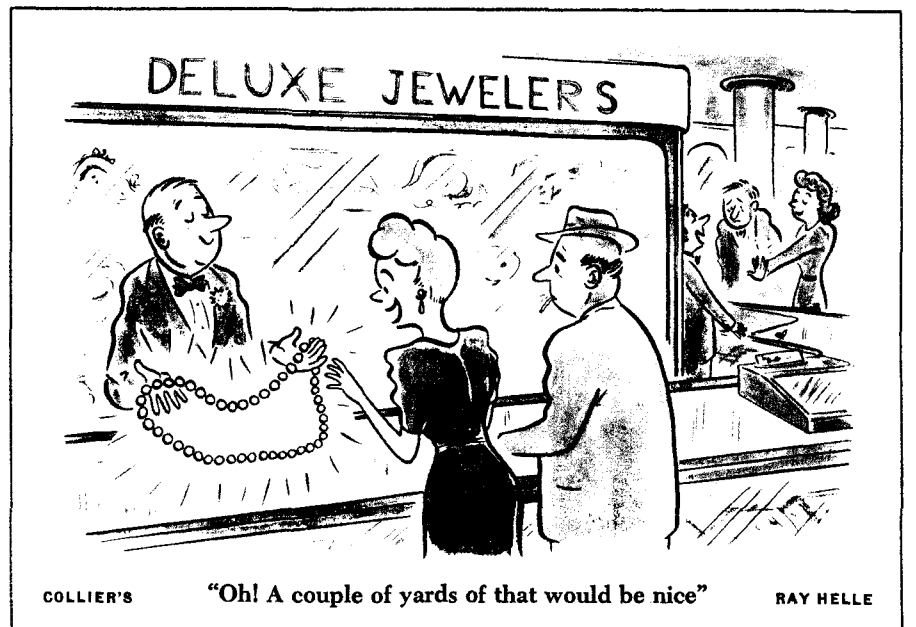
Danger in Wrong Estimates

Who knows today what the composition and strength of the combined armed forces should be? Should there be 2 carriers, or 20? Should we have 10 divisions, or 80? Should the Air Force have 48 groups, or 148? How can we find out? Certainly, we haven't done too well, so far, in determining those figures. During the past several months the authorized number of Air Force groups has changed from 48 to 70, and back to 48. The carrier situation has changed just as rapidly. Yet, within the same time, there has been no change in the international or national situation to justify this fluctuation. There must be some practical way of estimating our present and future needs; of making our plans, and sticking to them.

There is no reason why every officer should not be loyal to his own arm or branch. There is every reason why he should: the country expects it. But, with such a deluge of propaganda of one kind or another being spread, it is not surprising that the average American, be he in the service or out, is confused and befuddled about our armed forces, their proper equipment and composition.

As a matter of fact, I think the Armed Forces Committee in Congress must be as perplexed as anyone. Otherwise, why should the total sum of 15 billions, appropriated for the armed services, be divided by three, and the Army, the Navy and the Air Force each given one third, as was done last year? That certainly is not giving the taxpayer the most for his dollars; nor is it getting the most effective and efficient fighting machine.

No agency exists today that can put the various military "musts" (everything all three branches ask for is a "must") through a sieve and get a balanced armed force which will provide for our national security. Certainly, we should not expect either the Secretary for Defense, or the President, to do such a job. It will require far too much time—long man-hours which they do not have. There is no staff available to do the trick, other than the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and the members of that organization are all too close to their own problems to see the approved solution. The Secretary



for Defense has no staff, so the study cannot be completed in his office.

To be sure, when unification of the armed forces was first proposed, the Secretary for Defense was supposed to have just such a staff. However, all of a sudden, after the war, people began to think that perhaps the military men might start to run the country; so such a staff was considered unthinkable. It was out, thrown into the ash can. We had hoped the committees in Congress might be able to do it; but they, also, are too busy, and soon find themselves listening to, and heeding, the cries of the admiral or the general who talks the loudest and longest.

As military equipment becomes more and more complicated, efficient, effective and far-reaching in its range, it will be more and more difficult to prevent overlapping among the services. This points toward the necessity for even closer co-ordination of effort and greater reduction of overlapping and duplication of duties and responsibilities. Naturally, this means taking power from, rather than giving to, the Army, the Navy and the Air Force.

The latest bill passed by Congress did not help much: it put the responsibility for the economy, the effectiveness and the co-operation of the three armed services on the Secretary of Defense, and then hedged him in with so many restrictions and "must nots" that his problems will probably be increased, rather than decreased. Navy Air must not be disturbed. Nor must Army Air. Nor can the Air Force be unified. The Marines cannot be touched. Yet the Secretary for Defense is to be held responsible for the unification, co-ordination, co-operation and striking power of our armed forces.

Where will the necessary economy come from? How can the Secretary of Defense prevent and eliminate duplications?

Now I am going to stick my neck out, and present what I hope is a practical solution.

With modern warfare presenting hazards and risks which require the best efforts of men and women from all walks of life, the day for our military policy and the strength and composition of our armed forces to be determined by military experts alone should be over. Too many other factors enter the picture. Yet we must have the best-equipped, the most effective, the most powerful,

co-ordinated Army, Navy and Air Force in the world, with the minimum money. Note I did not say "largest." It must be a force that may prevent the next war. If it doesn't—if that war should, unfortunately, ever start—then we, together with our allies, must have armed forces so powerful that we will win it and be prepared to win the peace as well.

Here is my idea:

Create a new kind of War Advisory or Planning Board, its members named by the President. The board should be nonpolitical and nonpartisan—one Congress will not think biased, whose recommendations Congress may accept. The board could well be composed of: a civilian chairman, a ground general (five-star, or retired four-star), an admiral (five-star, or retired four-star), an Air Force general (five-star, or retired four-star), a statesman well versed in international affairs, an industrialist, a labor leader, a scientist.

Must Ignore Self-Interest

All the board members would have to be outstanding men who will pay no heed to their own interests but who will think exclusively in terms of our national and international problems, using their experience in their various fields of activity as background. They would have to accept the positions knowing they have little, if anything, to gain, except personal satisfaction. The board would be called once a year, or at the discretion of the President. Its reports and recommendations would be made to the President.

This board would not be a staff for the President, nor for the Secretary for Defense. It would be an agency that could give careful, experienced thought to the enthusiastic plans and ideas of the leaders in our armed services. It could evaluate such ideas and plans in relation to our foreign policy, our war and peace objectives, international conditions and our economic situation.

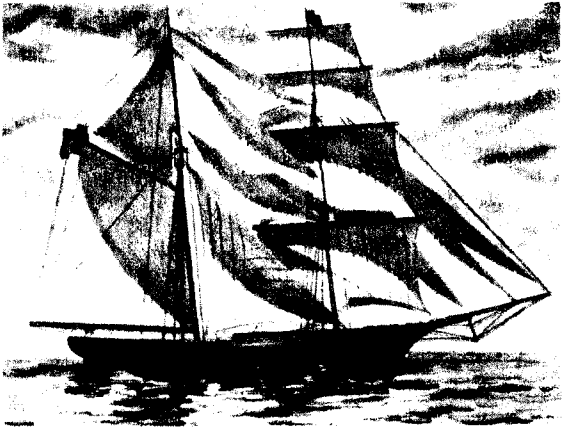
It could come out with a practical military policy, and with recommendations that might eliminate all discussions in public by military men concerning such matters as the relative effectiveness and destructive powers of carriers, B-36s, jet fighters, the atomic bomb, or the possibility of a six-week, push-button war. We might even get our armed forces built up in size and composition based upon the job they have to do. THE END

Next Week

How much government can free enterprise stand?

By U.S. SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

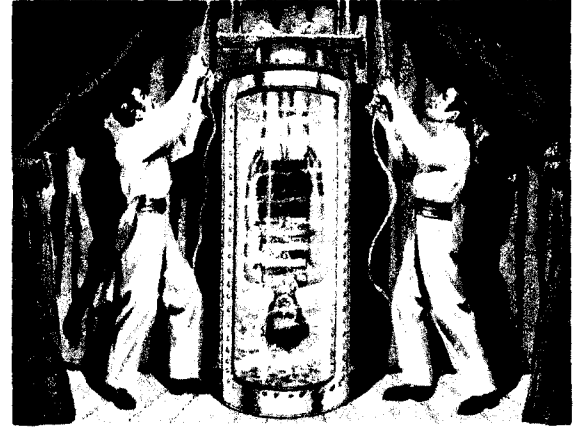
Famous mysteries that baffle us all



1872 **Not a soul**, living or dead, was aboard the Mary Celeste when she was found sailing off the African coast in the 14th year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada. Yet there was no sign of storm, sickness or violence. The fate of her crew? Still an unsolved mystery of the sea!



1924 **No one knows** whether man has ever scaled 29,141-foot Mt. Everest. Two intrepid climbers were seen within 800 feet of the top when the name Corby's reached its 66th year of fame in Canada. Then mist shut them out. Whether they reached the top is a mystery to this day.



1926 **How did he** do it? Feet locked in stocks, a renowned escape artist was bottled up in a water-filled tomb like this. But a moment later, he was free . . . bowing, smiling, and dripping! The secret of this famous trick died with the magician, 67 years after the name Corby's came to Canada.



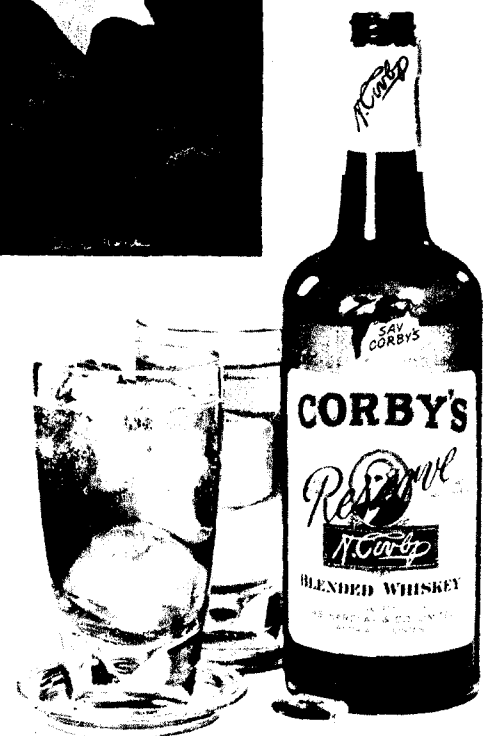
1949 **Mysteries?** Life's full of them! New ones in our everyday life continually arrive to baffle us. Remember those flying disks not so long ago? Were they real or imagined? We're still not sure. But there's no mystery about the growing popularity of Corby's. *More and more people favor this light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name.* The low price of Corby's will open your eyes, too!



CORBY'S . . . a grand old name in Canada since 1859

AN AMERICAN PRODUCT

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SPUD is a *real* cigarette, made of choicest tobaccos. Contains just a "touch" of *genuine* menthol to allow the full flavor of the tobaccos to come through. That's why SPUDS keep you "mouth happy". Yes, SPUDS are so refreshing!



It's Ed Wynn Again—in Video

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

moments of excitement, replied blandly, "Oh, the same sort of thing I've always done. You know—I'll just come out and do some stuff, and we'll have a singer or something and a couple of variety acts. You know."

The writers suggested that, for technical reasons like camera work, the agenda would have to be more definite.

"Well, I'm not much good at plots," giggled Wynn. "When I tried to write them for my stage shows, I would always come out at the end engaged to marry myself!"

Still seeking to pin Wynn down to some definite routine, the writers pointedly handed him a pencil as a start toward getting something on paper.

Wynn's immediate reaction was to scrutinize the pencil, hold it up to his ear, and shake it.

"No good," he said. "It doesn't make any noise—no gag."

Finally, however, they drafted a traditional Wynn mosaic of variety acts and guest stars, integrated by a succession of Wynn antics. And crossed their fingers.

Everything went fine at the first rehearsal until the cameras suddenly lost Wynn. He was discovered down in the audience section of the darkened studio, clambering up a rickety ladder to get a view of the scene himself.

"By the way," he shrieked, "ith the bottom of thith ladder paid for?"

By a system of mathematics as unconventional but as undebatable as his "inventions," Wynn reckons that he is playing to no less than his fifth generation of spectators. Scientists variously calculate a generation at 20 to 30 years. Wynn, however, figures that each decade substantially reconstitutes theater audiences with newcomers.

"The boy who was eight years old," he explains, "in 10 years is eighteen, and taking his girl to shows. I made this rule up myself," he acknowledges, "but I don't see why it isn't just as good as some rule the chamber of commerce or somebody else makes up."

This doesn't seem so unreasonable when you consider that his audiences have included *at least* three generations—grandparents, parents and children—since he started.

Wynn can't remember how he first found out about the theater. But he does distinctly recall forming, at the age of eight, a consuming ambition to be an actor and "make people laugh."

First Successes at Clowning

As a little boy, he cut up before customers in his father's Philadelphia hat store. His father was a well-to-do manufacturer and retailer, and the family usually summered in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Wynn soon became a fixture as the leading clown on the beach.

At fifteen he ran away from home and in Norwich, Connecticut, joined a touring repertory company he'd become acquainted with in Atlantic City. He did everything from posting bills to playing seventy-year-old Methodist ministers.

His father lassoed him briefly and brought him back into the hat business, but in a few months Wynn was in New York. With another theatrical hopeful, Jack Lewis, he formed the team of Wynn & Lewis in 1902. His name, which has been his legal cognomen for years, he synthesized from the middle name on his birth certificate, which reads Isaiah Edwin Leopold.

Although it made the big-time vaudeville, this partnership broke up after two years and Wynn began evolving the goofy stage character for which he became famous. First, harking back to his days in the millinery business, he

became "Ed Wynn—the Boy with the Funny Hats," using a trick headpiece that he twisted into 28 different shapes. After a few more transmogrifications, he wound up as "Ed Wynn—the King's Jester," which in retrospect seems presciently apt.

"The King's Jester" was perhaps one of the funniest acts of the greatest days of vaudeville. As old-timers remember it, the king, seated on a throne at the left of the stage, was in an ugly mood. He wanted to laugh. Ed Wynn, the jester, had to make the king laugh or lose his head. Time and again Wynn tried but failed. Though not with the audience whose bursts of laughter almost drowned out the lines.

On came the headsman with his block and ax. Wynn fluttered with desperation. The king was unsmiling. Finally Wynn called the king down to a corner and whispered to him. The king laughed. Wynn shouted: "I didn't know you wanted to hear that kind of joke!" He gave the king a kick in the pants.

The act was funnier than that, of course, but it makes an important point about Wynn's career. He has never told a smutty story, and no parents ever fretted because they brought the kids along to see the comedian.

Wynn has been compared with the "august," or punctured-dignity, clowns of circsdom. But his characterization is even more specialized, and probably comes closest to the court buffoon of ancient times who did foolish things with a thread of wisdom or truth running through them.

Like the court jester he will, by agility of wit, maneuver himself out of seemingly hopeless positions—as when, in his noted drink-identification sketch, his burly antagonist recognizes one of the potions as gasoline, only to be challenged with: "Yes—but what *company*?"

Or, informed that the man who he has just ignorantly suggested should get a haircut is the eminent scientist, Albert Einstein, Wynn will, in a sly reverse-English allusion to Einstein's mathematical wizardry, persist: "Well, at least he could see a barber and get an estimate!"

In a monologue, Wynn can spin more humor out of nothing than nearly anyone with the possible exception of Joe Cook, whose famous explanation of why he can't imitate the four Hawaiians is matched by Ed's saga of how his uncle nearly became mayor of New York.

The Lowdown on His Uncle

Challenged on this boast, Ed executes a fantastically complicated retreat, asserting first that his uncle was nominated for the office, or *almost* nominated. Anyway, he had a *desk* in the mayor's office, or the next office, or *almost* the next office. At least he worked in City Hall. It finally turns out that his uncle's sole connection with the municipal administration was that, if things had been a little different, he might have got a job as a street cleaner.

Wynn fans cherish as the most memorable example of his variegated jape a sketch that he did in the musical comedy, Simple Simon, called I Love the Woods.

Attired in his characteristic motley clothes and a funny little hat, Wynn tiptoed into a beautiful forest glade.

"I," he confided to the audience, "jutht LOVE the woodth. . . I love the tall treeth . . . and the little treeth . . . and the middle-thithed treeth . . . and the chathmth . . . and the poithon ivy . . ."

From a large picnic hamper, he took a tablecloth, spread it out on the ground, smoothed out every wrinkle, brushed off every speck of dust—and then



COLLIER'S

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LEW FOLLETTE

Collier's for October 15, 1949

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Collier's for October 15, 1949



COLLIER'S "It wasn't easy to wangle an introduction that made it look as though fate had destined us to meet" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

walked across it. Next he extracted a ham and a couple of unopened cans, and near them on the ground laid a small baseball bat.

Then he took out a book of fairy tales, sat down on a stump, and started reading aloud. The story was a deft satire on the Seabury investigation into municipal corruption in New York. The audience howled.

As Wynn prattled blithely away, there hopped onto the stage behind him a huge green frog—actually Ferry the Frog Man, a noted contortionist. After much suspense, Wynn became aware of the frog, which hopped over and, placing its forefeet on the two cans, went into some elaborate balancing contortions. At long last, Wynn made comment. He turned to the audience, hoisted his acrobatic eyebrows, popped his bug eyes almost through his horn-rimmed glasses, and giggled in astonishment:

"Imagine doing that—on canned food."

Then the frog, in pantomime, attempted to warn Wynn of approaching danger. But he continued reading unconcernedly. Suddenly there came a rumbling of thunder, and out of the woods strode a giant with a papier-mâché head half as big as a house, a huge mouth and a great red tongue that licked out menacingly. It quickly gobbled up the ham—"Jutht a thnack!" Wynn observed in awe—the cans, tablecloth and hamper, and seemed to be considering ingesting the comedian. Wynn picked up the ball bat, proffered it to the giant, and giggled solicitously:

"Have a toothpick?"

Wynn's first "invention," concocted in 1906, was a mousetrap consisting of a cigar box with a hole cut in the lid and a lighted candle inside.

"You put out all the lights in the room," the comedian explained, "and

hide behind a screen. The mouse comes in, and the only light he can see in the room is the candle. So he climbs into the cigar box. Then you run out from behind the screen and blow out the candle. The mouse can't see his way out of the cigar box, and you've got him."

He later improved on this invention with another mousetrap consisting of a glass dome with small holes in it and a piece of bacon underneath.

Head Mouse Solves a Problem

"The mouse," he confided to his audience, "smells the bacon but he can't get at it. He calls the other mice, but they can't get at it either. Finally they call the head mouse, and he can't figure any way to get the bacon. So he says, 'Heck, this is impossible. Let's go to some other house.'"

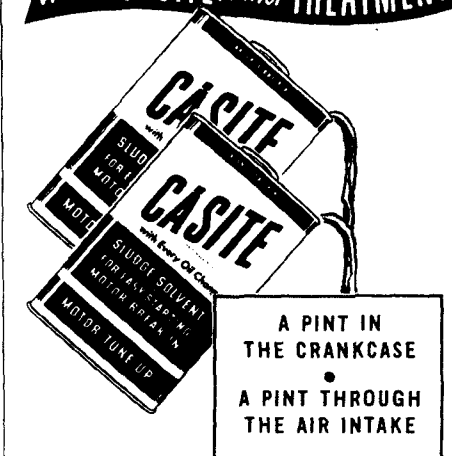
Wynn played with his gadgets in vaudeville, in Ziegfeld and Shubert musicals, and in shows of his own in which he wrote book, music and lyrics and played the star role. The long list includes The Perfect Fool, The Grab Bag, Manhattan Mary, Simple Simon, The Laugh Parade, Hooray for What!, Boys and Girls Together, and Laugh, Town, Laugh. His ludicrous contraptions became so celebrated that whenever he played Newark, New Jersey, Thomas A. Edison, a rival inventor, used to come over from his home in Menlo Park to admire them backstage.

Some of Wynn's "inventions" exist purely verbally, like his bell-less alarm clock for people who don't have to get up. His most successful creations have been the ones he patented—the "piano-cycle" and a giant typewriter activated by the show girls' legs.

The typewriter he concocted for a song number, I Love You. An infatuated boy and girl sat at small typewriters and



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tapped out sweet nothings which, as the chorus girls' legs swung up and down, were spelled out in illuminated letters on the giant machine.

The pianocycle came to him in a flash when Ruth Etting, singing *Ten Cents a Dance*, said that, rather than always lean against the proscenium arch, she would like to move around. Wynn had the cycle structure built by his New York prop man, Fred Corwey, and on it mounted a custom-made five-octave midget upright. Giving the stunt the typical Wynn touch, he was not content just to cruise around while playing, but punctuated the songs by carefully pedaling in tempo.

The old era of musical comedy drew to a close in the 1930s, but Wynn maintained his momentum, making a success in radio while still keeping a hold on the stage.

In his whole career he counts only two ventures as real failures. One was when, after three successful years as the "Fire Chief" on radio, he tried a new formula as "King Bubbles" and it didn't come off.

Why The Chief Laid an Egg

The other was his essay into talking pictures—especially in an M-G-M film called *The Chief* in 1933. It presumably made money but laid an egg from a comic standpoint because they tried to squeeze the stage Ed Wynn into a stock part, both figuratively and literally.

"Can you believe it?" he says. "They tried to make a fellow of nineteen out of me. They stuck tape on my temples and pulled my face up until my mouth was so tight I couldn't talk. Just then the producer came along and said, 'Gee, that's great, Ed—they'll never recognize you!'"

Television is not an entirely new experience for Wynn. Back in 1935, when many people had never heard of it, the comedian did a monologue in a test telecast from Rockefeller Center to the Empire State Building 16 blocks away in New York City. The possibilities of television being nil at that time, Wynn ignored the field despite many lucrative offers.

Then, a year ago, he moved to Los Angeles with retirement in mind. He rented the 12-room Tudor house of Joe E. Brown, the comedian, in Brentwood, a Los Angeles-Hollywood suburb.

His household consists of his third wife, the former Mrs. Dorothy Nesbitt of New York City, her four-year-old son by a previous marriage, and six

servants. Wynn has no secretary, no business manager and no press agent; he handles all his business affairs himself. An aspirant performer who got hold of his private telephone number the other day and called up about a job was so surprised when Wynn himself answered the phone that he got flustered and Wynn had to put the words in his mouth.

From his years of touring, Wynn had costumes, props and assorted possessions scattered around the country in so many places that for the last couple of years he has concentrated on just centralizing them for transfer to California when he finds a home big enough to hold everything.

Most of his celebrated repertoire of 300 coats and 800 hats is in storage in New York. But he has with him 22 coats and 30 funny hats—enough, he figures, with what he can rent from Hollywood costume houses to tide him over in TV.

Wynn doesn't want too big a wardrobe for his television show, as a matter of fact. There are too many funny gimmicks he can't use any more because everyone else is using them. But that is not a new problem with him and he can be expected to surmount it.

"When I first came to Hollywood," he recalls, "they said: 'You'll have to take off those horn-rimmed glasses—that's Harold Lloyd. You can't flutter your hands—that's Zasu Pitts. You can't go 'Woo-woo' like that—that's Hugh Herbert.'"

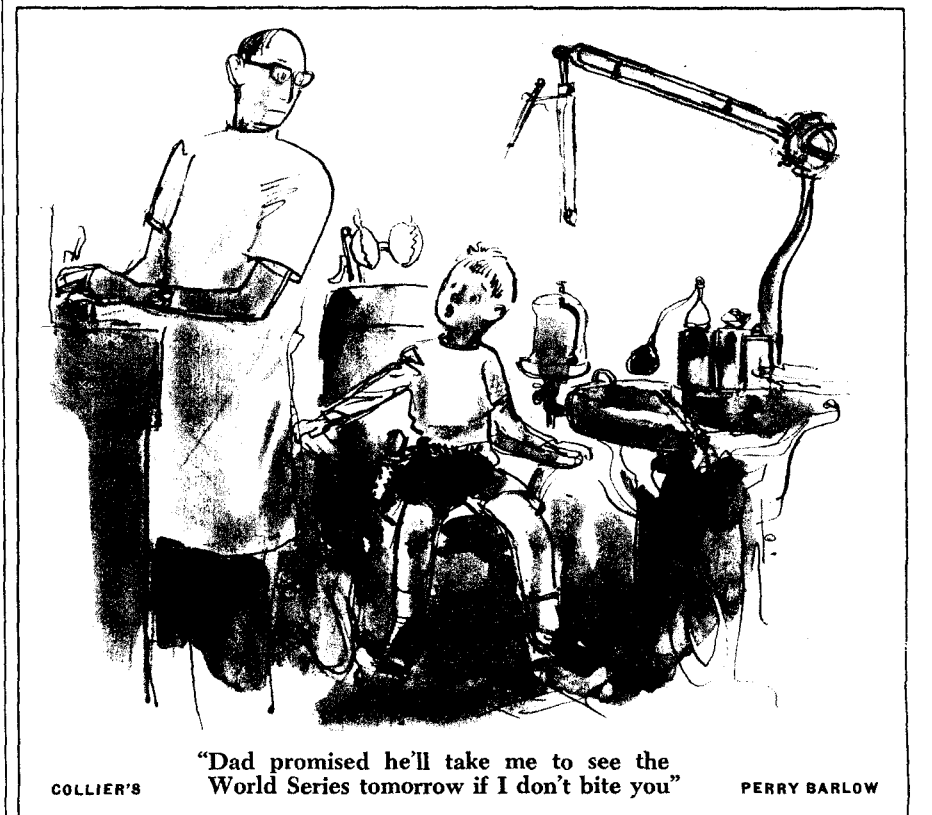
For years Wynn got laughs with a trick of flipping cigars into his mouth. He's giving that up because so many other comedians have chewed all the humor out of cigars.

One Wynn asset no other comedian ever will be able to borrow is his size-13 shoes, which he bought in 1907 and has worn while performing ever since, by the grace of around \$1,000 worth of periodic repairs.

The shoes are insured with Lloyd's of London for \$5,000 under a standard theatrical-jewelry policy. In New York, Wynn used to keep them in a safety deposit box in the Chase National Bank between engagements. In Brentwood there is a convenient built-in safe in his home. And at CBS they are toted between shows to a similar repository in a vice president's office.

Wynn fits them and they fit him so well by now that he can safely start his third "complete new career" with his zaniest foot forward.

THE END



"Dad promised he'll take me to see the World Series tomorrow if I don't bite you"

COLLIER'S

PERRY BARLOW

Battle of Calabash

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

had learned that Mr. Yuitt kept a hair ribbon of Miss Fresian's in an old tobacco box and slept with it under his pillow at night. The verses drew a portrait of a pathetic old man, his hair low cut in bangs across his brow, his mouth agape, his mustache all over his face, pawing a ribbon stolen from a lovely young maiden who was revolted by the very sight and smell of him and shuddered under his ivory eyes, which turned up like fishes' bellies afloat in yellow whisky.

Mr. Yuitt stayed away from work for half the next day. When he came to the shop he had had his hair cut and he smelled of cologne. He had nothing to say to anyone. He went through his work with a grim preoccupation. He was feeling low—that was obvious. Miss Fresian sat at her desk humming a tune and paid no attention to him at all.

At the end of the day Mr. Yuitt stalked in to her and said abruptly, "Lucy, are you revolted by the sight of me?"

Miss Fresian said, "Linwood, don't be so silly."

"Say the word and I'll get my hat and go on my way," Mr. Yuitt said.

"You won't do any such thing," Miss Fresian said. "That's what he wants you to do." They looked at each other for a time, then Miss Fresian said, "You're my printer and I need a printer. If you and John can't write these poems without losing your heads, then stop writing them."

"I don't like the way he dragged you into it!" Mr. Yuitt said.

"He didn't say anything to injure me, did he?"

"I ain't any old man!" Mr. Yuitt shouted. "I ain't even forty! If I'd shave I'd look younger'n he does! He can't even grow a mustache!"

Miss Fresian began to laugh, and he said, "Listen, do I smell?"

"Just of printer's ink and whisky and tobacco."

"Well, is it revolting?" Mr. Yuitt demanded.

"It's what I was born to," Miss Fresian said.

Mr. Yuitt tugged at his mustache. He said in a voice like a croak, "Are you still going to the musical with me to-night?"

Miss Fresian made her eyes wide and said, "Why on earth shouldn't I?"

MR. YUITT'S poem in Friday's Democrat was an ode to a corset on a broom. Now whether John Broom really wore a corset or not was never settled; but his clothes were up to the last mark of the pinch-waisted style and he could have worn a corset. Emotionally, Calabash was convinced by Mr. Yuitt's merciless couplets that John Broom did wear a corset, and that he clung to the bedpost while his trained dumbbells drew the strings and hooked it up for him.

Calabash expected something special now in each round of this poetical war, and the town was never disappointed. When it would seem that one or another of the contestants must have outdone himself, the poet next week would produce a broadside still more exalted, more cruel, more lyric or heroic as the case demanded.

It was a battle of the giants, the gods rolling mountains upon each other, and it was no wonder that the harvesting was a little later that year.

The two bards were fairly evenly matched, but there was a basic difference in their styles. John Broom liked blank verse and he stayed closer to earth in his allusions. He liked to talk in hard country language. Mr. Yuitt was more of the high-flown school. He favored the heroic couplet and he usually introduced himself with a prayer to Demeter, or a

line beginning "O that my Muse," and so forth, or, "When to the skies I reach to pluck my lyre." Mr. Yuitt also elided vowels freely.

The town didn't divide on partisan lines. There were too many angles. Red-hot Democrats would be more likely to favor John Broom, as the voice of the Democratic paper; but the Democrats had a natural fondness for Mr. Yuitt, while aristocratic Republicans, as typified by the Walter Howard Plinges, whose outhouse was built in the style of a lavish Oriental pagoda, were attracted by John Broom's fine manners and imposing presence. John Broom's most ardent supporter, in fact, was Mrs. Walter Howard Plinge.

But old folks were alienated from the Broom camp by repeated attacks on Mr. Yuitt's alleged old age, and the town dandies were displeased by Mr. Yuitt's scorn of John Broom's up-to-date dress and accessories.

OTHERS sided with John Broom because his poems usually ran longer than Mr. Yuitt's. But Yuitt enthusiasts claimed that John Broom heaped up his words for effect, such as talking about them "sturdy strapping galluses, them long-bowed snapping galluses, that Ma used for the greaser in the pan," and, "Towser et them snapping galluses, them sturdy long-bowed galluses," and so on—something about they stretched and came up looking like a man, presumably Mr. Yuitt. Mr. Yuitt, they said, didn't need to pile his lines together to hide the fact that they weren't well made, or that his images were weak. He hung the hide of his opponent on the barn door of heaven and nailed it there with stars in lines that were as clean-cut as so many Green River knives.

A decision couldn't be forced either way; something had to give sooner or later, and Mr. Hochsettler came up with the answer. It was arranged that at the harvest festivities in Foster Park the two poets would each read a poem. A committee headed by Mr. Homer Tucker, a full-time professional poet from Indianapolis, would judge between them. The winner would be given a suitable trophy. The rivals would shake hands in the presence of the entire town. And the war would be over.

My sentiments were all for Mr. Yuitt. I was confident of his victory. But on the evening before the battle I overheard his ruin.

It had been a busy day, but Mr. Yuitt was grinning to himself and was in a wonderful humor. Whenever the office was clear of people he would go in and say to Miss Fresian, "Listen here," and Miss Fresian would stop her work and say, "Yes?" and listen, and Mr. Yuitt's jauntiness would desert him. He would shuffle his feet and his Adam's apple would dance and he would say, "Well," and then he would see me and holler at me to get back in the shop where I belonged.

Then after a while I would hear him say, "Listen here," again, and Miss Fresian would say, "Yes?" again, but he was never able to get any further.

At the end of the day he made a great effort and said, "Listen here," in a voice like a shout; and when Miss Fresian said, "Yes?" he struggled manfully with his tongue and blurted at last, "Maybe we better talk about it tomorrow." Miss Fresian asked what they would talk about tomorrow. Mr. Yuitt tugged his mustache, swallowed several times, and said, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come." He charged out of the office and went loping away down the street.

When I came back after supper to sweep out the shop Miss Fresian was



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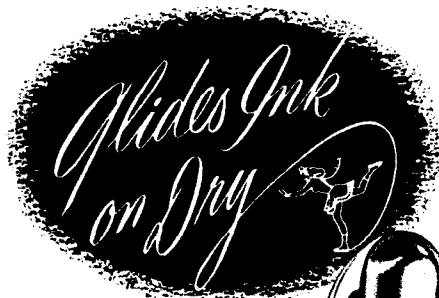


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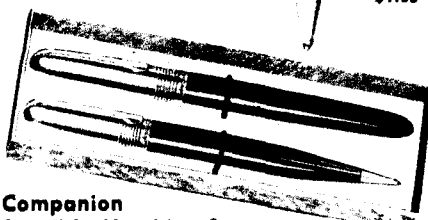
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still in the office, and John Broom was talking to her. They looked as if they had been talking a long time. They were very solemn.

I sat down in the shop just beyond the office door and listened.

"Then forget all that and just give me your straight answer on a straight proposition," John Broom said.

"I can't give you an answer," Miss Fresian said. "I can't think what to do. I promised Papa, that's all."

"You can't live on a promise," John Broom said. "You don't know how to handle a small town like this, that's your big trouble. Anyhow, it takes a mighty smart man to make any paper give him a living these days."

"I've been making a go of it," Miss Fresian said.

"No use kidding yourself," John Broom said. "Like I say, you don't know how to make the community support you. You can't be contrary and independent in a small town. You've got to be as slick as a politician, and agree with everybody. I can take this paper and I can own this town before I'm through. Lucy, I told you I've been saving my money because I want to settle down and amount to something. This is the chance I've always been looking for. You can't expect me not to grab it, can you? Be sensible and say yes."

Miss Fresian began to cry. She said, "There doesn't seem to be anything else I can say now."

I lined out the back door of the shop and went looking for Mr. Yuitt. Somebody told me he was in the Main Street Saloon but when I tried to go in there after him, the bartender, Mr. Gulahy, a Broom man, threw me out.

Then I saw Peppersauce Sal on the street, carrying a pink parasol. She was very beautiful. I supposed hell would swallow me up if I ever spoke to Peppersauce Sal but I went up and spoke to her anyway.

I told her that Miss Fresian had said yes to Mr. Broom. She said Mr. Broom was a little piccolo. I said it wouldn't matter if Mr. Yuitt won the battle or not now, because he would probably go out and cut his throat when he heard about Miss Fresian and Mr. Broom. I said that anyway Mr. Yuitt would be fired from his job because Mr. Broom was going to own the Democrat. Peppersauce Sal said we'd all be damned and that Mr. Yuitt would keep, in there in the saloon, and that she'd better have a talk first with Miss Fresian. She snapped up her parasol, although it was dark by then, and sailed away.

ALL of Calabash turned out in Foster Park the next day. Mr. Broom was up on the speaker's platform with Mr. Hochsettler. Homer Tucker sat to one side with the literary committee, all ladies except for Mr. Tucker.

I couldn't find Mr. Yuitt or Miss Fresian but a few minutes before the poetical contest was to get started I saw Peppersauce Sal again. I spoke to her, although the whole town was there to see.

She shook her finger at me and said, "Everything's just fine." I said what about Miss Fresian saying yes. "That little piccolo was trying to buy out the paper," Peppersauce Sal said. "Lucy didn't want to let it go because she promised her papa she'd keep it in the family, but he'd bought up those notes Mr. Plinge held. Mrs. Plinge made that spineless husband of hers sell them because she said he hadn't promised not to sell them, even though he had promised not to call them for ten years, and Mrs. Plinge thinks that little piccolo told Lucy she could either sell out to him right now or meet the notes on the first of the month."

I said Mr. Broom would get the paper anyway, because Miss Fresian didn't have any money. "Just let Mr. Yuitt han-

dle that," Peppersauce Sal said. "She didn't have the face to tell him about it, but I sure did."

I pointed out that Mr. Yuitt, being a more typical printer than Mr. Broom, didn't have a red cent.

"He's got something worth a sight more," Peppersauce Sal said. "He's got gumption. Just see that you yell your head off at the right time. I've got all the musicians and the ladies of the ensemble from the opera house scattered around to lead the yelling too. All we need is to get 'em started." She told me not to worry, everything would be just fine, and then my aunt grabbed me and dragged me away.

A great shout went up from the crowd, and when my aunt turned me loose I climbed a tree and saw Mr. Yuitt on the platform. He took off his derby hat and waved it.

When there was silence Mr. Yuitt said, "I've thrown away the poem I aimed to read to you. Instead of it I've got a bigger poem than a piece of paper will hold. It's a poem you folks will have to help to write."

There were a few questioning cheers. "A man started a newspaper in Calabash County because he liked it here," Mr. Yuitt said. "He could have settled anywhere else in the world but he concluded that Calabash County was the best danged spot in the universe."

The ladies of the ensemble shrieked and Mr. Yuitt was silenced again by the enthusiastic roar of the crowd.

"When he passed beyond," Mr. Yuitt went on, "he asked his daughter Lucy to keep on agoing the way he'd been headed. He never had a mean thought and he never spoke a dishonest word, and the only tune he ever played was the one he believed was right, regardless of who might not like the music. His daughter Lucy has tried to follow that same road."

Folks began yelling for Miss Fresian, but she didn't appear.

"That's the way she's tried to handle things too. But now she has been given an offer to either sell her newspaper or get put out of business."

There was a low growl from the crowd, like a sudden roll of thunder.

"The party that made this offer said this town was against her," Mr. Yuitt said. The thunder became a lightning clap. "She wants to keep her life here in Calabash County where it belongs. But if Calabash County don't want her run-

ning the Democrat, why, that's a different story. So she'd like to hear from you folks right now."

The crowd bellowed and the band played, before the ladies of the ensemble could even lead them off. Mr. Yuitt got them quiet again.

He said, "The way she wants to hear is with hard cash. If she's going to keep the Democrat she needs cash and plenty of it. You folks that owe back bills, and any of you folks that want to pay for subscriptions and advertising in advance, it's up to you."

BEFORE the exuberant voice of the crowd could drown him out again, he said, "Now you're wondering where I've got a right to get up here and talk this way about a poem that by rights ain't mine. Well, we're coming to the part that really sounds like poetry to me. Miss Lucy Fresian has just now become Mrs. Linwood Yuitt at a quiet ceremony performed at noon in the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The crowd yelled so loud it stripped leaves off the trees.

"The happy couple," Mr. Yuitt continued, "will leave on the three-fifteen from the Nickel Plate depot for a short wedding trip. But right now the proprietor of the Calabash Democrat is waiting in her office to see whether or not you folks want her to keep that job. Until three o'clock she will accept payments in cash or goods for bills past due or for subscriptions or advertising space in advance. There's the poem, you folks finish it."

He waved his derby hat and jumped off the platform and tried to make his way through the park. The crowd took him up on its shoulders and marched behind the band to the Democrat office.

It was said that John Broom recited a fine poem, his very best, worthy of the silver-plated shaving mug Mr. Tucker presented to him as the prize. But not many heard it, most of the town being over at the Democrat office paying bills, and later marching Mr. Yuitt and Miss Fresian over to the depot to catch the train.

Miss Fresian said a few words from the step of their car, about how proud it made her to belong to them, and then the crowd wouldn't let Mr. Yuitt go without one last poem. He said he'd give them one.

He stood up and said, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come." THE END



COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

Confessions of a Congressman's Son

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

consideration before pouncing upon the hapless policeman.

"Good, sir," he said in his crisp boom. "I want your badge number and name." Then: "Give me a piece of paper!" he yelled at my mother.

"Now, sir"—he turned determinedly back to the phone—"answer me another question. Are you a man?"

"A what?"

The sergeant, who probably had his share of moral courage and some experience in dealing with situations of this kind, began to quail in spite of himself before the driving, righteous onslaught of my father's voice.

"You imply that you've never had any dealings with women or you would not be persecuting that boy. Or else you're a liar and a hypocrite—and we don't want either kind on the District of Columbia police force."

"Now, I have no time to argue with you—don't you dare interrupt, sir!—and when I have finished, you release that boy, with an apology, within two minutes, and with a double apology to the young lady you have insulted."

He banged up the receiver on the wall phone and strode back to bed, not triumphantly, my mother said, but ploddingly and wearily in his old-fashioned, split-up-the-side nightshirt.

My friend was released, but without the apology.

Neither of us was proud of that second incident. My father gave me a twisted smile and set his glass down.

"This damn' job is not worth having," he said with conviction, lifting his heavy, graying brows. "Will Rogers used to make cracks about the terrible things Congress did to the people. He was joking. It's no joke about the terrible things the people do to us!"

Seniority System Criticized

He sighed. "But it's not the people's fault, altogether. You mustn't lose faith in them. We've pandered to their lowest instincts in order to stay in office. Now we seem to be in collusion with each other to destroy a wonderful system of government as well as all mutual respect." He pulled his chin. "How did it start? I don't quite know. But I do know this seniority system alone is sufficient to guarantee that the feeblest talents in Congress shall run the works."

"Don't quote me on that," he chuckled wryly. "I'll very likely get a committee chairmanship next year because I've outlived and outstayed enough colleagues."

"The new congressmen—fresh from the people, still full of ideals—are the most valuable," he went on. "This seniority system muffles their influence. By the time seniority gives them a voice, they've compromised themselves and their principles to death to stay in, and they aren't any good any more."

"Does a congressman have to compromise himself to stay in office?" I asked him.

My father gave me a long stare, under which I became uneasy. But he was not offended.

"Probably not," he said at last. "But they think they do and the people think they do, and in the end it amounts to the same thing."

Then he quickly changed the subject and went back into the past, where he increasingly liked to be in those final months.

Before noon we drove home, stopping at a little stationery store on Pennsylvania Avenue where we bought a roll of mints to disguise our breath from Mother.

"The terrible things the people do to us." The words turned in my head on

Collier's for October 15, 1949

the way home. Then for long intervals I forgot them. In recent years, with the prestige of our once awesome legislative arm slipping more and more ominously, the words have pounded back.

During my father's first two or three terms he devoted about 25 per cent of his working day to the "errand boy" role which every Representative has had to endure since the days of the Continental Congress.

But in his final term he estimated that 70 per cent of his work consisted of chores which had not the remotest connection with lawmaking for the American people. They were simply personal favors for individual constituents—some of them absurd, some of them ignoble, many of them matters the constituent could have effected himself with a little plugging.

Some, of course, were corrections of patent and intolerable miscarriages of justice. Some; but pretty few.

He Must Do Favors—or Else

In any case, all had to be attempted if he expected another term. Because this is the activity that picks up more votes than any fight on any measure involving a national or international problem. The morning mail always contained more requests for such services than those relating to anything else.

A father would write with indignant urgency to say that little Joey had been convicted of assault and sentenced to a long term at hard labor after going A.W.O.L. in the Army and cutting an alcoholic swath through four states.

My father would betake himself for a personal call on the Judge Advocate General, or even on the President himself. And if little Joey chanced to be in an accessible hoosegow, then a call on him would be in order, to insure that his next letter home carried mention of a congressman who was genuinely trying to help.

Or a disappointed applicant for postmaster in a small town would take pen in hand to protest the injustice done him. Or a constituent's emigrant relatives were stranded on Ellis Island and would my father please get them admitted at once and lend them railroad fare to their destination?

And there was the case of the richest man in my father's district, who had also been his largest single campaign contributor (\$100). Twice a year he came to Washington and stayed with us to save paying hotel bills.

He came to clip coupons. He maintained a large safety-deposit box in a Washington bank, in which he kept fabulous sheaves of tax-free U.S. bonds. He would go down in the morning and clip and clip. Around eleven he would call up my father and say, "My hand is tired." And my father would go down and clip with him—for several hours, always missing lunch. But my father didn't complain. He said it made him feel vicariously like a millionaire.

Multiply these cases by x , their variety by n and envision bulging mailbags rolling into an office staffed by one congressman, a secretary and a clerk.

For the standard letter of request, my father developed a form reply in which he alleged that sickness in the family or recent unwise investments had divested him of his savings, so that he was himself on the point of destitution.

The fund-requesting letters from virtually every organization in the district consisting of more than three souls, posed a tougher problem. I have seen a thousand if I have seen one of the following type:

"We know you are an upright Chris-

Ride the Streamlined EAGLES

West-Southwest

via

MISSOURI
PACIFIC
LINES



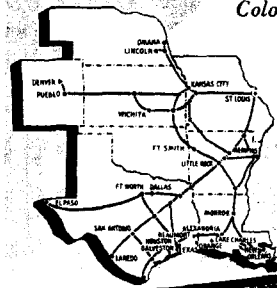
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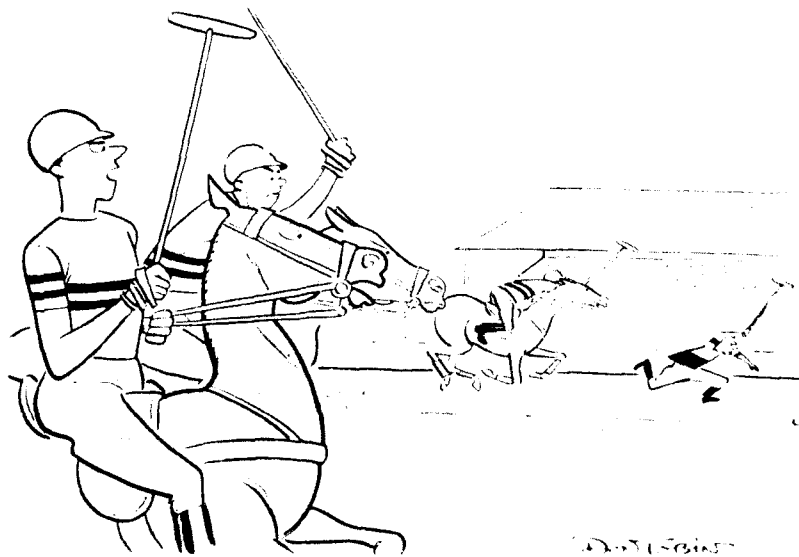


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Fancy footwork a big help to base-stealer Jackie Robinson, too! "A big bowlful of Wheaties with milk and fruit helps set me right for the day,"

says Dodger flash. Famous training dish—nourishing 100% whole wheat flakes. Had your Wheaties today? Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions!"

Time for a Toast with ~ *The Champagne of Bottle Beer*



Touchdown in the final minute of play—a fitting climax for a thrill-packed afternoon. The toast—with MILLER HIGH LIFE, of course.



When it's time to lift a glass in friendship —

make famous MILLER HIGH LIFE your choice.

You'll like this fine beer's *uniformly smooth* flavor.

It is always mellow — never bitter. No wonder it's the beer

America is talking about — the national champion of quality.

Drink *your* toast with the Champagne of Bottle Beer,

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MILLER BREWING COMPANY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ENJOY LIFE WITH MILLER HIGH LIFE



tian man. That is why our people keep you in Congress. And so, now that our poor, small church (membership 500) is in need of a new organ (or a new roof or a new coat of paint), we know you will not disappoint us. We are asking you for \$500, or more, because we are certain it will be a pleasure to you, and during your next trip home you will want to come and inspect the (organ, roof, paint) and tell our congregation about your fine work in Congress."

This was the sort of thing which enraged my father most. He knew full well that if he actually succeeded in offending even one such group, it could mean defeat in a close election. So he worked out not a solution but a palliative. He sent \$3 in every case, along with an honest computation of the number of such requests received a year, a photostat of his \$500 annual check to his own church in his own home town, and an offer to come talk to them, the next time he was home. He always suggested the topic, *Why Your Pastor and Your Congressman Remain Poor Men*.

About seven o'clock one snowy Saturday evening I went in our old car to get my father to take him home. The car was old, I might say, not because we couldn't have afforded a new one, but because, like most congressmen, my father was always saving against the omnipresent ogre of political defeat. Anyhow, on that cold Saturday I walked into my father's unlocked office and found him standing by the big window in a state of great perturbation.

He was flapping his bent elbows against his sides in the way he had when greatly agitated.

He scarcely saw me.

"I'm going to resign this rotten job! I'm going to resign it!"

"What's up, Dad?"

"Up!" he snorted. "Up!"

And then he told me that a delegation from his district was in town and had telephoned to inform him that they would meet him at 8 A.M. the next morning for a round of sight-seeing, after which he would escort them to church. Thus the pitiful few hours of genuine relaxation he occasionally contrived for himself were again to be forfeited.

"If there were only a little variety!" he complained once, after chasing all over town to help solve terrible little dilemmas. "A man's got to expect a good deal of this stuff here. But, there's no letup!"

He sat back from the dinner table that night and gave my mother and me a look that was a sort of sardonic glitter.

Father Got the Last Word

My mother was, as usual, undaunted. "What do you do it for? Why don't you tell them where to get off and refuse to run around all day on silly errands?"

My father didn't blow up. He said, "That's a fair question. Here's another: Why don't I resign? Why don't we all? Because most of us can't earn a living like this any other way."

"What do you believe I'm most noted for in our district? I'm celebrated for answering every letter, no matter how idiotic, the day it's received; and for being democratic enough to have spent a generation doing the not-worth-doing for the not-worth-serving."

"That's a cynical remark," my mother said disapprovingly. "If I felt that way, I'd rebel."

"Some have rebelled," my father said archly. "They're ex-congressmen."

"Well, then, if there's no help for it, do what the people want and stop complaining."

My father laughed.

"All right, Mother," he said genially. "But there's a limit. Someday the whole thing will go *poof*."

Actually there is no time in a congressman's day for any of this errand-boy routine. I do not say he shouldn't perform it; he must. But there is so little time—less now than when my father was alive, and even then there was practically none. Mornings devoted to mail and the grind of committee meetings. Afternoons are devoted to attendance in the House during debate on legislation, to visiting delegations, conferences on legislation, and the plotting of strategy to get it through committee, onto the floor and passed.

Few congressmen actually write the bills which bear their names. Not many could. And they haven't time anyway. They're over at the White House with a delegation from home, calling on the President to urge appointment of Marcus Mixmark to the job of Collector of Customs in the Port of Tabasco Springs.

A Question of Wet or Dry

Once, during a Sunday-morning session about Big Issues versus Little Issues, I asked my father why, when liquor was a national question, he drank Wet and voted Dry.

He was unabashed.

"It was an easy decision," he said. "Matters of real importance were coming up. In order to stay here and take part in the really important issues, I had to vote Dry. It was a trivial thing. Prohibition weighed against other matters

HAIL, HAIL!

Brisk football weather I adore—
It stimulates me to the core,
Paints roses on my cheeks the while
I sit, enveloped in a smile,
And hitch this rocker I admire
A little closer to the fire.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

facing the country. So a couple of hundred of us made the same compromise. All life is compromise."

Nevertheless, on another occasion, he brought the subject up again.

"Maybe I was wrong. Maybe there are no trivial issues."

After a long pause, he studied me. "Son," he said, "don't lose faith in the people. They get mixed up en masse just as the individual gets mixed up. They'll be all right, but there will be mischief first, after I'm dead."

He wriggled his heavy brows, thinking. Then: "The trouble is, there is no way to dramatize the serene beauty—the *workability*—of a republic. But democracy is easily dramatized. It can be translated into one word: Gimme."

He looked at me. His eyes were very tired. "Don't misunderstand. Democracy is the guts of a republic, but only the guts."

"People get confused. When the republic was first formed the people accepted responsibility for the men they sent to office. They knew they would occasionally suffer injury to their selfish interests, but they trusted the better judgment of the men they'd elevated to office."

"Now that point of view is growing obsolete. Democracy is being twisted into a burlesque of itself—into an avoidance of all responsibility, a system under which the people shake one another down endlessly."

"That's Washington today. Just the same, when I die I don't want my carcass escorted home by a bunch of half-baked congressmen. I want to be buried here. This is where I've had the most fun."

And two weeks later my father was dead.

THE END

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The Picture and the Frame

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

never another guy in her life until the war, when she fell in love with a paratrooper and married him. They had about a week before he shipped, and on his first combat jump, the pilot forgot to throttle down the engines, the slip stream tore out the canopy of the chute, and he came down like a sack of soft grapefruit.

That had put out the light again. Once more Mary carried on, but there'd been no more guys until just recently. I thought I'd detected a spark of interest on her part in a pretty nice Joe named Hartley, a merchandising character who was still having a pretty tough time trying to climb over the gold bricks who'd fought it out on the home front while he had slogged along with the Infantry for three and a half years.

There'd been nothing definite, understand. This Hartley, a nice-looking guy in his middle thirties, would just come in, have dinner and a drink or so, and, if she wasn't too busy, Mary might come over and have a drink with him around eleven o'clock. He was obviously nuts about her, but he was a pretty sensible guy and didn't try to push it. He seemed to realize that a girl like Mary could only have so many loves in her life, and that the old bearded character with the scythe had already crowded her limit. If Peter had lived, there'd only have been one; and, although I didn't know him, if the paratrooper had lived, that would have been it.

So, this is the kind of a girl that Conron went for. After one look at her, he was practically drooling. I don't blame him too much for this—a lot of nice guys have drooled after Mary, but there was something about Conron's look that made me shiver.

And now I'm afraid I've given the wrong impression of Conron. You probably see him as a cross between Gargantua and Frankenstein, with blood-red saliva dripping from his two-inch fangs. The fact is, Conron is not only large, but well built. His face isn't bad, if you want to look at it that way. I guess it's only a guy who really knows him, like me, who can see the nasty expression round his mouth and the mean look of his eyes. Furthermore, the guy can sweet-talk with the best of them, if he finds it convenient, and a lot of times I've heard people say, "Isn't he a nice guy? Not a bit like a cop."

WHEN he and I came in that first night, Mary was sitting with Hartley at a corner table in the bar.

Conron nudged me and asked, "Who's the kid with the big eyes?"

"It's the owner," I told him. "She's not your type. Lay off."

"What's the matter? Saving her for yourself?"

That's the way Conron's mind works, and nothing's ever going to change it. I tried to steer him up to the bar, but Mary said hello to me, and asked if we wouldn't sit down at the table. Before I could say no, we were just going to have one nightcap, Conron was down and I had to introduce him.

From the very first moment, Conron didn't pay any attention to Hartley. It was just as if the man weren't there. But Conron paid plenty of attention to Mary.

Only a few weeks before, it would have been a cinch for him; Hartley would have excused himself and gone. But recently, Mary had been allowing Hartley to drive her home when the place closed, instead of taking her usual taxicab. I'm quite sure this was the beginning and end of it, at the time, but it was enough to give Hartley the feeling that he had, and had earned, the inside track.

When closing time came, we were all still sitting there, although the other cus-

tomers had cleared out. By this time, Conron had decided that he'd better notice Hartley.

"Junior," he said to Hartley, "it's kind of late out for a kid like you, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if I were older than you," Hartley replied. "You just look older."

"Ho!" Conron cried, and there was a nasty gleam in his eye as he looked Hartley over. "A wise guy, huh?" He sat back in his chair and let his coat fall back in such a manner that his Police Special was clearly visible under his arm. It was obvious that Conron wanted it to be seen, but Hartley's reaction took him a little off balance.

"Are you off duty?" he asked.

"Yes," Conron replied.

"Then," Hartley asked, pointing at the gun, "why are you trying to scare me with that thing?" Hartley's blue eyes were snapping angrily, and, while I couldn't blame him, I sat there wishing he'd lie back and not charge. But, no—not him.

"When you're on duty," he continued, "all right—you're on duty, you don't come into cafés and throw your weight around by flashing your gun."

BY NOW, Conron was so mad he *couldn't* talk. I grabbed his arm and said to Hartley, "Look, kid, why don't you take it easy?"

"I was taking it easy," Hartley answered, "until this guy showed up and started flashing his artillery at me. All I'm trying to tell him is that right now, he's not in any different spot than I am, and I don't have to take anything from him."

Conron looked at him for a long moment before replying, "Maybe not." Knowing Conron, I knew he didn't believe this at all. Conron believes that anyone who isn't a policeman has to take it from anyone who is, and at all times.

Mary was rather used to this kind of thing, but not on such a direct level, and she figured it was time to break it up.

"All right, fellows," she said, "let's all spread out to our little baby homes." Hartley looked at her questioningly, but she avoided his look and that meant he wasn't to drive her home that night. So he said good night and left. When I was sure he had had time enough to get in his car and get out of the parking lot, I said, "Let's go, Conron."

"I'll bet," Conron said, looking roguishly at Mary, "that if we asked real pretty, the little lady would pour us a nightcap."

"It's after hours," I said sharply, "and I've never known Mary to serve an after-hours drink yet." This wasn't so, and I knew it. Mary, with old friends, will frequently lock the doors, and then sit around talking and drinking with them most of the night. But this wasn't the time for Conron to know that.

Conron gave me an annoyed glance, but I got up resolutely, and there wasn't much for him to do but go along with me.

"Look, Conron," I said, when we reached the parking lot, "I know you and I've known that girl for a long time. She's not for you, believe me. Lay off her."

"Why," Conron asked me, "don't you take care of your own girls, and let me take care of mine?"

"Because Mary's not yours," I told him, "and she never will be. Lay off her."

"You must have been getting some wrong ideas from that guy inside to think you can talk to me like that!" Conron said angrily. "What do you want—some trouble?"

I snapped, "If you don't think it would be silly for people to have to call the police, on account of two cops are milling around in a public parking lot, I'm will-

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1/3 cup honey
1 cup cultivated blueberries



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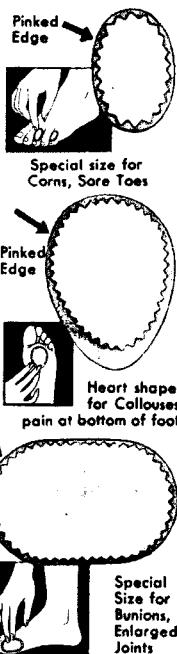
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ing to see what happens. And don't try showing your gun to me. I've got one just like it."

Conron looked at me doubtfully for a moment, then he laughed and said, "Let's not be nuts. We both must be tired. See you tomorrow."

We got into our cars and drove off.

THE next night, the last before my vacation, Conron didn't say anything after we had checked the car in at the garage. He just said good night, in a very absent way, and I knew right away where he was going. Ordinarily, he'd have given me some off-color advice as to how to conduct myself while I was gone, and so on.

I beat him there by a moment or so, and found Hartley sitting alone at the bar. Mary wasn't around and, presumably, was in the office. I didn't waste any time.

"Look, kid," I said. (I don't know why I called him "kid." If he's older than Conron, and I believe him, then he's also older than me.) "Why do you have to charge on this buddy of mine like you did last night?"

"Did I charge?" he asked.

"Well," I snapped, "whatever you did, it ain't a good idea. You can't lick a cop, whether it's on a traffic citation or a homicide charge. You're dead."

"Even when he's off duty?" Hartley asked.

"Look, kid," I said, angry because I knew that what I was saying was lousy. "Look, it's like the Army. So I'm a general. So I'm out of uniform. Does that change it? I'm still a general. Get it?" "No," he said. And at just that minute, Conron came in. First, he looked surprised to see me there, then obviously displeased. He came up to the bar and sat next to me.

"I'm only having one, Raftery," he said to me. "How about having one on me for your vacation?"

"Good show," I answered. This shows that even a cop can pick up Anglicisms if he spends enough time in England.

We had our drink, ignoring Hartley, talked a little shop, and, before Mary even came out of the office, Conron was gone.

Hartley and I then talked for a little while, and I finally said, "You see, that other cop isn't such a bad guy."

Hartley merely asked, very quietly, "Isn't he?"

I didn't pursue that conversation, but I did stand around there, after Mary came out, and they must have thought I was just as much a schmoe as Conron, because I stayed so long that finally Mary got in her taxicab, instead of letting Hartley drive her home. I didn't bother to explain to the guy that I'd been hanging around only in case Conron had decided to come back.

As long as Conron hadn't come back, I felt, rather optimistically, that he had seen the light, and that my point had been proved.

Mary wished me a happy vacation, and so did Hartley, and at four that same morning, I was off on it. . . .

I got back to town a couple of days before my vacation was up and, the first night back, I dropped by Peter's and Mary's for a drink. The first thing that hit my eye was Mary sitting at the usual corner table, and it wasn't Hartley sitting with her. It was Conron. I stopped dead in my tracks, not because Conron was there, but because there was something indefinable in his attitude—and in Mary's—saying plainly that he'd been making time.

Mary finally spotted me and beckoned me over. Conron was jovial on the surface, full of bad gags about how many fish I hadn't caught, and Mary was Mary—pleased and happy, as always, to see one of her old friends who'd been away for a while.

After a while, Conron went out to the

washroom, and I said to Mary, "How's Hartley?"

Her face clouded, and she said, "He got into some trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Drunken driving." She added hastily, "He didn't get that way here. It was on our night off. He took on his load somewhere else. We'd had a little quarrel, and I suppose he thought he'd show me by getting drunk. Well, you know that kind of stuff doesn't impress me very much."

"I suppose," I said tartly, "that Conron just happened to be the arresting officer?"

"I knew you'd think that!" she cried, triumphantly. "Well, you're wrong. Paul didn't have anything to do with it. In fact, it was his night off."

Of course, I thought to myself, Conron wouldn't make the pinch himself. I also got a load of this "Paul" business. In case I haven't mentioned it before, that's Conron's first name.

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"Just a couple of days after you left."

"What did the guy get?"

"Thirty days, a five-hundred-dollar fine, and his license suspended for a year. It was in all the papers."

might turn into a pretty good cop if he doesn't serve too many details with guys like Conron and Kuntze.

The next morning, I went down and checked the court record on the case. Hartley had had another bad break, and had come up in front of Judge Paff, a miserable little shyster who had got himself elected to the bench by performing a lot of dubious political favors for various obnoxious characters in his district. This Paff was now trying to make a name for himself in traffic court by handing out sentences all out of proportion to the offense, together with holier-than-thou press releases.

Someone had given Hartley a bum steer and he'd pleaded guilty. There's only one way to stay even with a maniac like Judge Paff, and that's to plead not guilty at the hearing and take your chances with a jury.

Figuring that Hartley still had a few days of his sentence to serve, I went on over to the county jail to see him. I wasn't surprised when he didn't receive me like a brother.

The exact greeting I got from him was, "What do you want?"

"Look, Hartley," I said, "I'm here to



"Didn't you try to help him?" I asked.

She looked at me, surprised. "When someone does something silly like that, how can you help him? You know he usually doesn't do things like that. As I said, he was just trying to show me."

"Show you what?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely. "The way little boys try to show people by hurting themselves, or doing silly, dangerous things."

Mary is pretty sharp at business, but sometimes she doesn't make any more sense than any other woman.

I left before midnight and went on over to the station, where I gassed with some of the boys for a while, then looked back through the blotter for the first few days after I'd blown town. I wasn't surprised at what I found. In the Hartley case, the arresting officer had been Kuntze. His partner had been Van Bleek. The book had been thrown at Hartley, together with the shelf on which it rested. He was charged with drunk driving, weaving at fifty-eight miles an hour through medium traffic in a thirty-five-mile zone, abusive language to a police officer, and resisting arrest.

Kuntze is an old buddy of Conron's and the only thing I can say is that I don't know any two guys in the world who deserve each other more. Van Bleek is a rookie, at that time on the force somewhat less than six months. He's a nice-looking, closemouthed kid who

help you if I can, and if you'll let me. First of all, were you drunk?"

"What do you think?"

"Well," I told him, "obviously I don't think so, or I wouldn't be here."

"Oh, all right, then," Hartley said. "Neither was I going fifty-eight miles an hour. And I wasn't weaving. I didn't resist arrest, and I didn't use any abusive language. But in spite of that, I've been in the can for almost thirty days now, I've been disgraced, I've lost my job, I've lost my driver's license for a year, and I had to sell my car to pay my fine. Outside of that, everything's fine."

"On the job deal," I said, "I might be able to help you. The rest of the stuff, there's not much can be done about."

WHILE I was still downtown, I went over to the Hammond Department Store and went up to see the owner, Cyril Hammond. He is a very nice guy for whom I was able to do a favor once—the right kind of a favor which a cop can perform occasionally without compromising justice or the law. The favor had consisted merely of keeping his name out of a situation where it didn't belong. Later, Hammond had sent me a hundred-dollar bill in a plain envelope, and I'd sent it back to him, which shows you how dumb I can get.

Anyway, I told Hammond about the Hartley case, and by the time I got through, the boy had a new job—prob-

Collier's for October 15, 1949

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ably a better one than he'd had before. I couldn't get him back his automobile, or his driver's license, or his lost thirty days, but I was doing what I could.

On first getting back into harness, I drew the dog watch, from midnight to eight in the morning. As my partner, I pulled Van Bleek, the rookie who'd been riding with Kuntze when Hartley was arrested.

I tried to draw Van Bleek out on what had happened that night, but, as I've said, he's a pretty closemouthed kid. Finally he said to me, "Look, Raftery, I'm new on the force and the sure way for me to get in trouble is to go around talking out of turn. If I did see anything funny that night, I've already forgotten it. Understand?"

"All right," I said. "I'll go for that." I saw his point and let the matter drop.

HARTLEY finished his sentence the next morning. I was at the jail to meet him, and took him right on over to Hammond's, where I introduced him to the old man. Hammond, in turn, introduced him to the department head, and it was arranged that Hartley would begin work on the very next day. Then I ran the kid on out to his apartment. As I left him off, I said, "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

"Sure," he answered. "Where?"

"Peter's and Mary's," I said casually.

Hartley stiffened, and his look, which had turned friendly, became suspicious again. "Why would I ever go back in there again?" he demanded bitterly.

"Are you going to quit that easily? Mary's still the same girl you were nuts about until all this happened."

"She never came to see me, she never even inquired about me. I might have been sent up for twenty years, for all she cared."

"Look, Hartley," I told him, "don't forget that you were just beginning to get to first base when you had your trouble. So far as Mary was concerned, you were just barely beyond the casual-customer class. You've still got some work there if you want to become anything else. Of course, if you don't think it's worth while—" I shrugged. He looked undecided, and I added, "And I'll see to it personally that nothing ever happens to you because you go in there!" . . .

Mary is a naturally friendly, kind girl, so that night, when Hartley and I came in, she waved at him just as pleasantly and casually as if he'd been away on a few days' business. We had our dinner, and while we were pecking away at our dessert, she came over and sat with us, and everything looked fine. Except for whatever time Conron had made, it looked like Hartley could pick his campaign up right where he'd left off.

That night Conron didn't show up until about ten o'clock. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Hartley and me at the table, then he came over and sat down.

"So," he said to Hartley, "they finally let you out, huh?"

"Yes," Hartley said steadily, but his eyes were burning.

"Well," Conron said, "like I always say, whisky and gasoline don't mix." He laughed as if this line should be stolen by Hope or Benny, and Hartley started to say something, but I shook my head and he kept his lip buttoned.

At about half past eleven, I drove Hartley home, then went over to the station and took over my shift with Van Bleek.

After that, Hartley went in almost every night. Most of the time I'd drop by, too, if only to take him home. He didn't get a lot of time alone with Mary, because Conron was usually there, and on his best behavior, going out of his way to seem like a real nice guy. But he could see he was losing ground to the kid, and sometimes I'd catch him looking at him in that nasty way of his that usually

means eventual trouble for the person getting the look. Also, by now, I was getting the looks, too, because it wasn't too tough to see that I'd aligned myself solidly on Hartley's side.

One thing a cop learns is to be patient and wait for the right setup. You learn patience in a lot of ways—long hours of waiting on a stake-out, long periods in the patrol car with nothing happening, and so on. I also knew that eventually there'd come the right set of circumstances which would fit into Conron's behavior pattern and he'd hang himself. The right time came about three weeks later.

Mary used to come to the restaurant about four o'clock in the afternoon to bring in the cash and take care of any clerical work. Sometimes, when off duty, I'd drop by and have an early drink with her, then drive her to her apartment. Then she usually didn't come back until seven or seven thirty.

This day, while I was there, her sister called, invited her to the opera for that evening, and as usual, on the infrequent occasions when the two girls went out together, Mary was to spend the night at her sister's. After our drink, I drove Mary to her apartment, wished her happy listening at the opera, asked to be remembered to her sister, and drove off.

Around eight o'clock, I went over to Peter's and Mary's, had a couple of Martinis, and a good dinner, and then sat in the bar waiting, nursing a bottle of beer. No hard stuff, naturally. Not only was I going on duty at midnight, but this was one time I wanted to be strictly on the ball.

Conron, who was working the day shift at this time, didn't show up until about ten o'clock. From the flushed appearance of his face, I could tell that he was already off to a good start. Knowing him, I could figure that he'd been clubbing the bottle, off and on, ever since he'd checked in his suit at four that afternoon.

From my table, I could see Hannah, the cashier, talking to him and I knew he was asking her the whereabouts of Miss Mary, as she is known to the help.

When he left Hannah, he came into the bar and sat down by me.

"Where's your pal Hartley?" he asked.

I shrugged and said, "Home, I suppose."

WE SAT there, with me drinking beer and him double bourbons, and talked department and precinct gossip, but his mind wasn't on it. He was thinking about Mary, and he was thinking about Hartley, and if I knew his mind, by now he'd established a connection between their absences.

Finally, it came out. Right in the middle of a sentence about something else entirely, he stopped, stared at me for a minute, then said, "Look, Raftery, if I thought for a minute that your little buddy was over there in his shack with Mary, I'd be taking myself a trip over there."

"Oh, cut it out!" I said testily. "What makes you think she'd be over there? Mary's not the type."

"There ain't one of them," Conron declared, "who's not the type when the right minute comes."

"Well, you're wrong," I said, "but even if the right minute had come for Mary, what could you do about it?"

"Plenty!" he snapped.

"If you'll take my advice," I told him, "you'll stay away from Hartley's. It's a one-way road to trouble."

"Trouble?" he said angrily. "If anyone has any trouble, it's going to be Hartley, not me, see? Some guys never learn, and I guess he's one of them."

He was so sore and drunk and upset that he didn't even notice he'd just tacitly admitted having had Hartley framed.

It was a quarter to twelve by now, so

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COLLIER'S

"Just bring me some of that—whatever it is!"

LARRY FRICK

I said good night to him, went over to the station, checked in and drove out of the garage, with the rookie, Van Bleek, riding the right-hand seat.

I figured that nothing would happen until after two o'clock, closing time, when Conron found out that Mary wasn't coming back. Therefore, I stayed out of Hartley's neighborhood until about two, then drove onto his street, stopped the car about a hundred yards down and turned out the lights.

"I'll drive for a while if you're tired," Van Bleek offered.

"It's all right," I said carelessly. "I feel like stopping for a smoke."

Before I had finished my cigarette, a car came screaming around the corner up ahead and pulled up in front of Hartley's apartment building with a squeal of brakes. This would be Conron.

"That guy was really tearing," Van Bleek said. "Maybe we better squat him."

"Aw, let him go," I said. "He's stopped now. He can't do any harm."

From down the street, we heard a loud pounding on a door. Van Bleek sat up sharply, staring down the street. I remained relaxed, saying lazily, "Some guy sore because the old woman isn't answering the door soon enough. He'll get his lumps when he gets inside."

The pounding resumed after a moment, then came the ripping noise of splintering wood.

"We'd better see what's going on there."

"Yeah, I guess we should," I answered. Just then, the radio started to crackle and the call came through: "Someone forcing entrance, first floor, 2837 Alder Street."

The car jumped away from the curb like a frightened salmon, and I was out of it a moment later practically before it had stopped. While tearing down the street, I had seen Conron finish crashing

down the door, and he had disappeared inside.

I beat Van Bleek into the house, where I found Conron, gun in hand, busy breaking down a bedroom door. Conron wheeled, recognized me, and saw the gun in my hand.

"Rastery!" he bellowed. His shot went past my ear, and I was in close now. I let him have it, right along the side of the head with the barrel of my gun. If his head had been a baseball, it would have gone twenty feet over the left-field fence.

THE trial was a snap. Mary and Hannah told what they knew, which wasn't much; the bartender told of Conron's threat, and how I'd tried to talk him out of it; and Hartley, Van Bleek and I told what we knew—and that was plenty.

Conron got two concurrent sentences of five years, which doesn't give him much chance for parole. As he was being led out of the courtroom, he said to me, "Rastery, I'll get you when I get back."

"Don't be stupid," I told him. "When you get back, you'll be right back up there in that iron bedroom."

So, that sort of made up for Hartley and for the little guy who died in the detention ward, and for all the people that Conron has cuffed around and persecuted in his time. A penitentiary is the only place for a guy like Conron, and while he'd have made it eventually anyway, the faster he gets in, the better it is for everyone.

Hartley and Mary got themselves hitched not long ago, and I got a big kick out of serving as best man. I sent a copy of the wedding picture up to Conron in the pen. I heard later that he set up such a yammer they had to give him a couple of days in solitary. Sometimes I suspect that maybe I've got a streak of mean cop in me.

THE END

Collier's for October 15, 1949

"Doc" Dorton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

such institutions run by Doc Dorton. Everything that happens to Doc has a way of converting itself into fairground atmosphere. In 1929, for instance, while Doc was driving just outside the city limits of Charlotte, a wild motorist drove him into a ditch. As soon as Doc got his wife, Marie, and their daughter, Betty, out of the car, he took one look at the countryside and shouted, "By damn, honey, what a spot for a fairgrounds! We could have the race track right around that little lake and at night the fireworks would be reflected in the water." Then he got the car back on the road and didn't think much about it for 10 years.

Meanwhile, North Carolina's big state fair at Raleigh was running at a loss, under private operation. And in 1937 a plain-speaking, bushy-browed mountain of a man named Kerr Scott (now governor) ran for Commissioner of Agriculture with this plank in his platform: "State operation of the state fair."

He Didn't Forget the Lake

Scott won the election, and put Doc Dorton in as manager. Raleigh Fair began to make money, a modest share of which went to Doc, who—now with two salaries from the fairgrounds—retired from veterinary practice. Freedom from the rounds of a barnyard sawbones enabled him to start a third fair on the meadow and around the pretty lake where his car had gone off the road a decade earlier.

For this last enterprise, Doc teamed up with the late Earl M. Teter, pioneer "hell driver," and a group of Charlotte folk. They planned a fair which would draw entrants and exhibitors from neighboring states when it opened in 1939. The Southern States Fair was a revolutionary event. Most fairs are held in bare fields, but this one inhabited 100 acres of landscaped, tree-shaded lawn.

Dorton's office in Charlotte, where he is always to be found during fair week, is an insulated, soundproofed room decorated in pale green, with comfortable leather furniture.

It occupies a niche at one end of the grandstand up under the roof: a winding staircase leads up from it to a private observation platform next to the announcer's booth.

A few years ago Doc had a narrow escape while occupying this apparently impregnable aerie. A radio-controlled target plane, performing by remote control in an air show over the track, had its control beam jammed by a bank of

6,600-volt transformers. It plunged through the roof, missing the office by a few feet.

"Not a soul was hurt," Doc says thankfully; "they had all moved down front to watch the air show. But in this business you just have to be ready for anything."

At Raleigh in 1941 a male elephant named Teddy, belonging to a carnival, went on a rampage around the parking lot, pushing his tusks under cars and turning them over on their backs. Doc was in a "swivet" for fear the animal would charge down the crowded midway. A boy from the monkey circus, wearing a bright red coat and cap, agreed to run around the lot and let the elephant chase him, while Doc got carnival wagons drawn into a circle.

"We set out buckets of water, figuring that Teddy was thirsty. Then the boy who was playing bait ducked into the wagon corral and out the other side. Teddy stopped inside the wagon circle and went to work on the water—and the boys sneaked up and got cables around his legs."

To an outsider, the job of organizing a fair is as intricate as making a watch. At Raleigh last year exhibits were divided into 18 different departments, including livestock, horticulture, home and educational. There were 38 separate classes of awards for cut flowers alone. An exhibitor in Beef Cattle, Aberdeen Angus, subdivision D-14, "Best Summer Yearling Heifer calved between May 1 and August 31, 1947," stood a chance of winning one of ten different ribbons with cash awards from \$25 down to \$5.

All entries must be carefully recorded, judges' verdicts entered on score cards, premium checks made out and handed to the winners as soon as the judging is over. Most of the premium money is spent right at the fair.

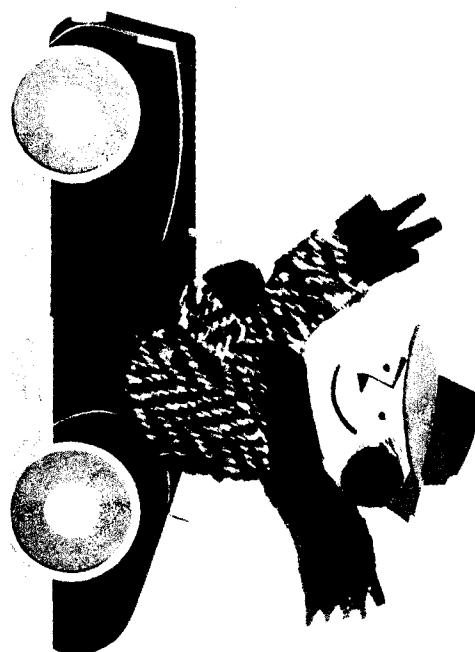
In spite of the endless detail, Doc has found time down the years to serve as president of fair associations, take part in American Legion and fraternal activities, organize the North Carolina Saddle Horse Association with his friend Kerr Scott, and head civic committees. Last year he took time out from planning a new home to help build the town of Shelby a swimming pool (park and athletic field yet to come). His own new house, he assures his wife, is sure enough coming next. Meanwhile Shelby's private citizen number one lives comfortably with his family in an old mansion with a wide veranda just off Court House Square.

On the desk in Doc's study is a signifi-

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cant collection of literature: a Bible, a dictionary, a volume of Emerson's essays and a stack of back issues of Billboard, the encyclopedic trade weekly of show business.

Tapping these copies, Doc Dorton told me, "The fair business is the backbone of the carnival industry. And a fair without a carnival won't draw crowds. Carnivals have cleaned house and streamlined themselves in recent years. Today it doesn't pay to oversell an attraction. You give 'em their money's worth and they'll come back next year. You build up an audience of fairgoers and they have kids."

Last year at Raleigh he had a troupe of real mountain fiddlers, dancers, callers and backwoods singers. "This year," he said, "we're having prizes for the best fiddling, calling and so on. And afterward, we want to get everybody that likes square dancing out there on the race track. Man, that's going to be one king-sized sukey jump!"

Cheering Up a Shabby World

In the depression years after 1929, the glitter of a fairground revue lifted people into wonderland for an instant, only to drop them again, when it was over, back into a world of worn clothes and worried hearts. Doc wound up his show in those days with a different kind of music. Adapting the idea of the mechanical rabbit in greyhound racing, he put a tame red fox in a steel cage and sent it around the track on a monorail carriage of his own invention; and top foxhounds, led by national champion Dangerous Fancy, competed in the world's first mechanical fox chase. The sound was sweet to Carolinian ears.

"Every season brings out a crop of new ideas all over the country," Dorton explained. "The Ohio State Fair thought up a bicycle race for newsboys. In Iowa the fair managers are talking about landing fields near the grounds for flying farmers. Big national advertisers are taking the fairs to heart as a promotion

medium. One big Wall Street brokerage house took display space at 20 fairs this year: wealthy farmers are an untapped source of investors. Yes, sir, in this country things grow fast—fast as our old kudzu vine that's crowding out the roses on the fence."

Doc paused. When he spoke again it was with a deeper concern than he usually shows on the surface. "We're all in one great race—it's a race of population increase against productivity of the land. And as a nation we've got to keep winning it—or go hungry."

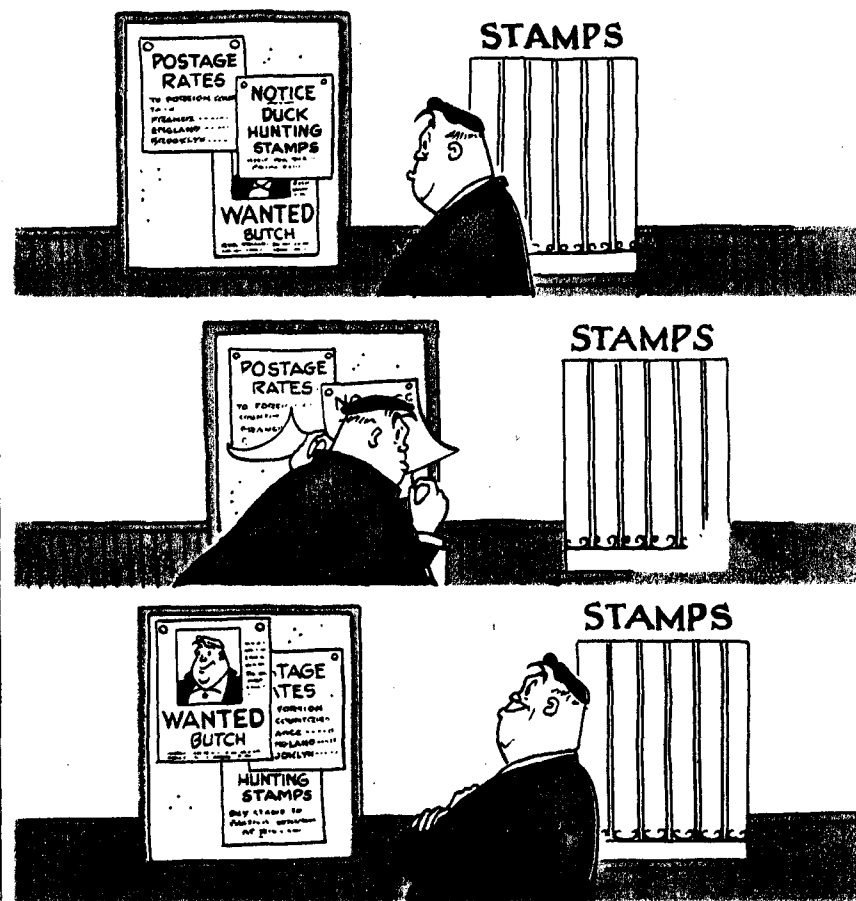
The corn crop failure of 1947 threw out a challenge to which Doc Dorton made a characteristic response: he started a Corn Contest with a \$1,000 prize at each of his three fairs for the first farmer to produce 200 or more bushels of ear corn from a single acre, the yield to be certified by the county agent. Average for the state was around 20 bushels.

Last year one farmer grew 148 and received two encouragement prizes of \$100 each. The average yield per acre is steadily rising.

In April of this year the North Carolina legislature voted \$2,000,000 to make the Raleigh fairgrounds into a permanent state exhibition of arts, industries, agriculture and wild life. Kerr Scott, the farm boy who grew up to be governor, drawled softly, "All right now, Doc—you been campaignin' around for this thing since away back yonder. Meanwhile you been buildin' stuff out of scrap lumber and chicken wire, making it look like a million dollars. Well, now you got a million dollars. You got two million. What you going to do with it?"

Dorton's blue eyes crackled. "Commissioner"—he still doesn't use the title Governor—"just you sit tight and watch. I've been studying this over in my mind too long to talk about, getting up at night when I couldn't sleep and writing down ideas in my notebook. Just you watch us—we're really going to come a-tearing out of the woods this time!" THE END

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

THEATRE - HOME & AWAY

STAY TUNED

By MARTIN SCOTT

Visiting firemen can be dismal false alarms



ROBERT DAY

HAVE here a free particle of advice for anyone planning to move from his home town to another city: if possible, don't. If you must, follow these simple rules: don't announce it beforehand; dye your hair, wear dark glasses and live on an obscure side street. Otherwise you'll be afflicted with Scott's disease, or The Home-Town Haunts.

Ever since I made the mistake of moving from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to New York, New York, I've been receiving roughly half the population of my old home town. The minute I left, everybody I knew—and many I didn't know—decided that what I needed most was a visit, preferably an interminable one. I imagine that I've doubled the business of good old Lancaster Penn Station, and I hope the railroad people are properly grateful. I'm properly fatigued.

I should like to emphasize that I love the Lancaster people, in their own place where they are gracious, friendly and hospitable, and no more talkative than folks anywhere else. When they get shot of their own city limits, however, and arrive on my doorstep, they behave as though they've spent the train ride figuring out ways to complicate my life. I use the word complicate in its most complicated sense. I've found, through bitter experience, that my old Lancaster pals can be divided into a number of categories:

The Distant Relative. This man is a cousin, or something, of an uncle of my father's stepbrother. This makes him, he says, my third cousin once removed. Before I can mention that I wish he were, indeed, removed, he begins rattling off names: Emma Kutz, Horace Harsh, Merle Frippple, Kitty Schlegelmillick.

"You remember Kitty, don't you?" he inquires. "And you know, Birdie Stoner's niece. Or was she her great-aunt on her mother's side?" I confess I don't remember Birdie, but he kindly overlooks my faulty recollection. "Let me tell you what happened to Brose Klemmer two weeks ago," he says. "You know Brose—Jbner Wirsegger's brother-in-law, Rafe Tradegresser's nephew. Well, he was working down in Bird in Hand, and..."

There follows an anecdote as exciting as anything I ever read in the Bobbsey Twins books. Four hours later he leaves, having convinced

me that I am related to every single soul who ever settled in central Pennsylvania—and that I'm a terrible snob for not keeping in touch with them.

The Theatergoer is one of the most difficult visitors to handle. He wants to see six shows, invariably ones that are sold out months in advance. He knows I must know somebody who can get tickets. When I tell him that no seats are available, he smiles and says, "I'm not particular—any kind will do." I wind up by pulling so many wires that I feel like a puppeteer, and manage to get him a pair for South Pacific.

Thus far, *The Theatergoer* and I have conducted all our business by correspondence—all his business, that is. Now, at last, he arrives in town, bringing his wife and an aging auntie whom he had neglected to mention previously. He, his wife and the old girl are understandably hurt that I couldn't have divined that Auntie was coming—but she takes it like a good sport. While *The Theatergoer* and his wife trot off to the show, Auntie stays with me, regaling me with a two-hour description of an exciting covered-dish social that her Ladies' Aid tossed the week before.

The Man Who Wants To Make A Killing. This one, Harness Columb, arrives in town with \$23, which he figures will tide him over for a couple of months until he makes Connections. He bunks down on the couch in my front room for three or four days, "just until I get settled," as he so gracefully phrases it. In no time at all, he tells me, he'll be "in like Flynn." The only place he's ever going to be in, so far as I'm concerned, is the park—but it finally takes me two weeks, and the price of a train ticket back home, to make this clear to him.

A variant of the above species is *The Song Plugger*, Rummy Cormishle, who shows up with a hamper of his own compositions. From time to time he sings one of these gems in a grating boyish contralto.

Once he asked me if it would be all right if he brought in an accordionist friend to practice. When I hesitated, he said it was no trouble; the man was right outside in the hall. He and Rummy "rehearsed" until three in the morning, which delighted our landlady so thoroughly that she inquired as to my future prospects; she gathered that I wanted an eviction notice, she said.

I don't have space, here, to go into the case of *The Gourmet*, whose stomach is so delicate it can't digest any meal that costs less than twelve dollars; or *The Hypochondriac*, whose arm becomes suddenly paralyzed in night clubs when the check arrives. I've known them all, and loathed every minute of it, and I have only this to say:

The very next Lancastrian who rings this buzzer or calls this telephone number is going to get a royal welcome—a similar one, that is, to the welcome that Mary, Queen of Scots got from the headsman. Old home-town buddies, stay in our own home town.

THE END

Tape it easy.... by L. C. Carter



"Twins this time? You'll need two rolls of cellophane tape this year, Laughing Water!"

HOW EXTRA ROLLS OF THIS THRIFTY TAPE

Make home repairs easier



TORN PLASTIC APRONS can be mended quickly with a strip of firm-holding "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.



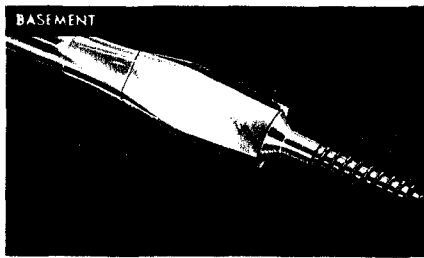
WINDOW SHADE RIPS need immediate attention—use that handy roll of cellophane tape for invisible mending.



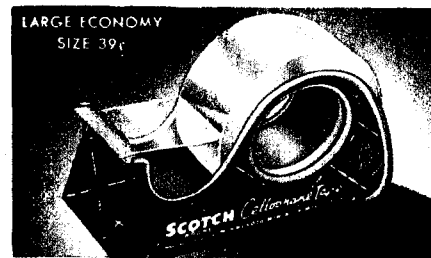
CRACKED DOLL HEADS are easy to repair—cellophane tape does a neat plastic surgery job.



SHOWER CURTAIN TORN? A strip of cellophane tape on the dry side of the curtain makes a good temporary repair.



HARD-TO-REACH REPAIR JOBS are simplified by putting "Scotch" Brand Tape (sticky side out) on screwdriver end. Screws and slotted bolts stick tight.



IMPORTANT: There's more than one brand of cellophane tape—for quality always insist on the "SCOTCH" brand, in the bright plaid dispenser.

Get the tape habit—it's thrifty!

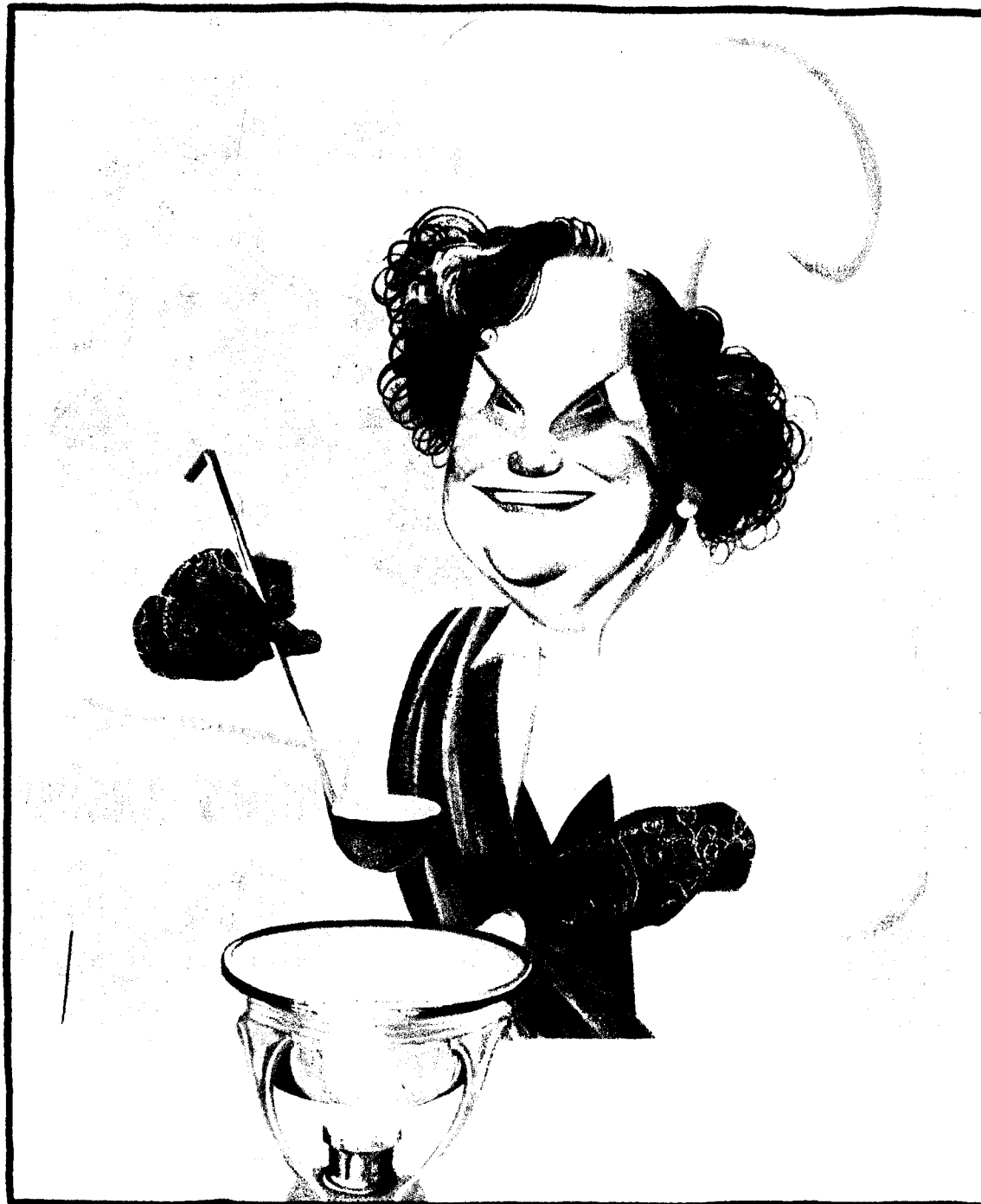
SCOTCH Cellophane Tape

BRAND

Made in U.S.A. by MINNESOTA MINING & CO., St. Paul 6, Minnesota, also makers of other "Scotch" pressure-sensitive tapes, "Underseal," "Scotchlite," "3M" Abrasives, "3M" Adhesives.

General Export: DUREX ABRASIVES CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y.
In Canada: CANADIAN DUREX ABRASIVES LTD., Brantford, Ontario

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AL HIRSCHFELD

CHAFING-DISH DIPLOMACY

IT IS MORE THAN A MONTH now since Mrs. Perle Mesta, our Minister to Luxembourg, landed in Europe with the noble intention of ending the cold war with a hot bird and a cold bottle. There haven't been any great diplomatic changes to report as yet. The addition of Mrs. Mesta's celebrated terrapin soup and boned squab to Europe's political caldron has produced no noticeable chemical reaction. But we intend to keep on watching.

The new minister, of course, is the famous Washington hostess and Democratic fund raiser. She is an old and close friend of the Truman family, having "discovered" the President when he was a senator. But in spite of this close association she is one of the chief exponents, if not the originator, of the bipartisan social policy. A reformed Republican herself, she has entertained for Democratic and Republican bigwigs alike with a fine impartiality. Some of her more flippant acquaintances refer to her as "Two-Party Perle."

Mrs. Mesta had got no farther than Paris on her first diplomatic mission before the press pinned her down with questions about her future policy. The purpose of her Washington parties, she told reporters, was "for getting people together—if they are having trouble in the House and Senate, for example, to get things worked out." Pressed to say whether she thought this technique would work as well on the trouble between East and West, she modestly replied, "I think so."

Well, we hope she's right. And she will have certain advantages riding with her in her brave attempt. Luxembourg is handy to much of Europe. It puts her within easy reach of the best champagne and Rhine wine. She isn't far from Strasbourg, where the finest *pâté de foie gras* comes from. Her headquarters, in short, are ideally situated for the care and rich feeding of Continental diplomats.

But she will also find a lot of insistent, raw-nerved reality bothering European statesmen

that is likely to persist through repeated infusions of pheasant au plumage and cherries jubilee. There is even some question about whether the same prescription really resolved any "trouble in the House and Senate."

It is true that only one member of Congress, the austere Senator Donnell of Missouri, voted against her confirmation as Minister to Luxembourg. It is true that the Senate debate of her qualifications consisted of a "deluge of vocal bread-and-butter notes," as the New York Times's Arthur Krock put it. But when the adulation cleared away it appeared that she had only succeeded in making everybody like her, without solving any legislative difficulties.

If Mr. Truman felt impelled to reward Mrs. Mesta's many kindnesses with a diplomatic post, little Luxembourg was probably the place to send her. Her duties probably won't tax her income or intelligence any more severely than did her social career in Washington. Yet even the comic-opera aspects of this appointment to a tiny principality cannot be divorced from the serious part that all American representatives must play in the critical struggle that underlies European politics today.

For that reason we cannot feel that the President chose the best possible means of showing Mrs. Mesta his gratitude. But we could be wrong. And if party giving can settle the momentous differences of East and West, we'll do more than eat our words. We'll launch a vigorous movement to have Elsa Maxwell appointed Secretary of State.

Good News for Touts

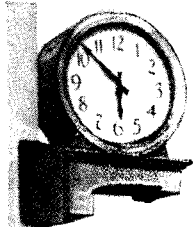
IN READING ABOUT THE MAN at the Pasteur Institute in Paris who has discovered another new "youth serum," we noted that he had tried out his elixir on an ancient race horse, with alleged success. And it suddenly occurred to us that this seems to be standard practice among the hopeful renewers of vanished youth. We've no idea why, but it seems that through the years we've read as much about that ancient race horse as we have about the late Man o' War.

Maybe the practice has become routine because of its dramatic possibilities. This department likes to fancy that all the experiments are performed on the same horse. We picture him getting a last-minute reprieve at the very door of the glue factory when someone rushes up with a beaker of the latest youth restorer. The aged nag partakes and then, neighing happily, gallops off to the track and wins the big race by a nose.

But this practice might involve some practical and embarrassing difficulties. For the trick of rejuvenating an ancient race horse temporarily is not an art known only to scientists. It is a secret shared by many. It is also a ruse that is frowned on by racing commissions. That is why at most tracks the winner of each race gets a saliva test which reveals whether the horse has won legitimately or whether it was hopped up.

We're afraid that if this new "youth serum" gets on the market the supercharged septuagenarian, like the winning horse, may automatically become an object of suspicion, and for the same reason. We can even foresee some sort of final examination, along the lines of the saliva test, to determine whether the new twinkle in Grandpa's eye is a permanent illumination or only a fleeting spark.

Collier's for October 15, 1949



After work or play

When day is done you

deserve **SCHENLEY**



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Divot Digger or "Birdie" Maker.

Whether you're still trying to break a hundred, or have just shot under par, there's no better way to climax your pleasure at the 19th hole than with smoother Schenley, the whisky of unchanging perfection.



Good Friends... Good Talk... Good Schenley! How deeply satisfying they can be! After work or play — when day is done, *you* deserve the best...and the **BEST** is mild, friendly Schenley, always friendly to your taste.

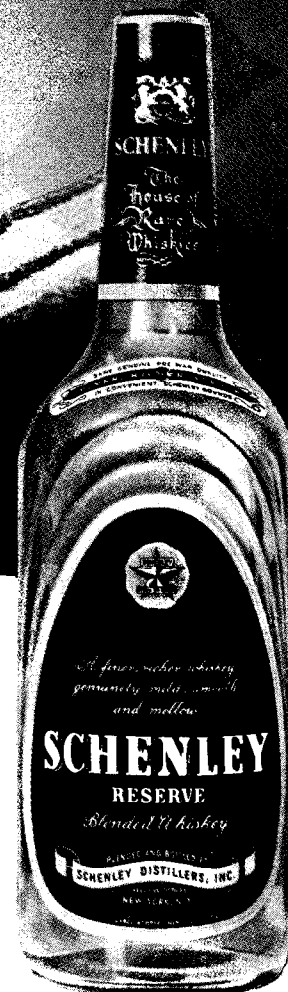
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L. MURRAY MANGUM, independent tobacco buyer of Oxford, N. C., says: "Year after year, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy the kind of tobacco that tastes good and smokes good!" Mr. Mangum has smoked Luckies for 20 years. Here's more evidence that Luckies are a finer cigarette!



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So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw